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# ADA REIS,

*A TALE.*

Τοιαῦτα μὲν περὶ τούτων ἱπαιζει, ἀμα σπουδάζων.

Xenophon. Memorabilia, lib. i. cap. iii. s. 7.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO

LYDIA WHITE.

To you, who, without paying undue deference to what is termed the world, have succeeded in retaining around you, even when sickness has rendered you incapable of exertion, many who are distinguished by superiority of intellect and literary talents, to you I venture to dedicate these pages ; not that I think them worth your acceptance, but that I wish to prove my grateful recollection of your kindness to me in the time of affliction, and also the admiration I feel for the courage and patience you have ever manifested

under all the irritating circumstance which necessarily attend a protracted illness. To cultivate your own understanding, to consult the feelings, and to promote the happiness of others have ever been the principal objects of your life. The consequence is, that even at this moment, when malady presses heavily upon you, when amusement would naturally be looked for in other circles, your society is eagerly sought by those anxious and affectionate friends, who find their pleasure in the enjoyment of your conversation and in the contemplation of your fortitude and magnanimity. Though scarcely venture to add my name to the list, I cannot refrain from ex-

pressing the interest I feel for you, and my respect for the high qualities which you possess and exert. If a tale, but lightly written, amuse you even for a moment, I am satisfied; and when you have read it, you will know the meaning of what I add,—“ may Zevahir be ever with you ! ”

Your grateful and

affectionate friend,

THE AUTHOR.





# INTRODUCTION.

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**Nil spernat auris, nec tamen credat statim.**

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**ACCORDING to the doctrine of Manes, there are two principles from which all things proceed, and by which all things are governed: the one is a pure and subtle essence, called Light; and the other is a corrupt substance, called Darkness. Each of these is subject to a superintending Being, whose existence has been from all eternity. The ruler of light is supremely happy, benevolent, and good; the Prince of**

darkness is miserable himself, and desirous of rendering others miserable.

These two Beings are said to have produced an innumerable multitude of creatures. The offspring of Light are all beautiful and intelligent ; whilst the children of Darkness are in every respect the reverse.

The following history was written probably with the intention of exemplifying the dangerous power of the evil agent, if his influence be once admitted : all violence of feeling, pride, vanity, love itself, if not kept within due subordination, lead to his abode. These two principles, and their emissaries, are permitted in this fable, as they are in the Legend of Faust, and in

many other works of fancy, to approach the children of the earth in human shape, and to endeavour, by every art, to draw them into their power. The precepts, both of the good and of the evil spirit, are originally planted in the human breast; and if the evil agent appear the more dexterous assailant, and to meet with the greater success, it is that the good principle is less suspicious than his opponent, and leaves his followers to the guardianship of Innocence in a probationary world of difficulty, allurements, and temptation. It is to be remarked, that in this fable the good spirit, in the beautiful and youthful form of a boy, hovers around his charge, and continues a favourite

until passion awakens in her breast ; her violence then drives him from her, whilst the tempter, by encouraging her errors, endeavours to obtain her for his own.

The moral of the tale appears to be, that he, who remains amidst the busy scenes of life, himself without employment, is in constant danger of becoming the prey of wicked feelings and corrupt passions ; for as use preserves iron from rust, so labour and exertion purify and invigorate the soul.

There is beauty in this fable—there is excellence in its moral : but he who attempts to relate it is unskilled even in the common rules of composition, and fears he shall not do his subject

*justice.* No friend ever requested me to write; no flatterer, no admirer seeks my door: I have been struck too, in the midst of my undertaking, by affliction; and neither my mind nor my frame are equal to the task proposed. The beast of prey, when weary and wounded, retires to his lair and effaces even the track which leads to his retreat; but he retires growling, and at enmity with every thing around him. I, too, have left the world, yet my heart is with those I have left. My fellow-creatures are the objects of my unceasing interest, sympathy, and affection. I write, then, in the hope of pleasing them. I write also for myself; it is society to

me ; it is a link which yet binds me, for one moment at least, to those who are journeying on the same road with myself, and to the same end. To those who, like myself, in this busy scene, live and enjoy life as it passes by, taking its goods and ills, its ups and downs, as they occur, not indeed with indifference, but with resignation, remembering how soon it must end, catching at its brilliant appearances, or gazing upon its beautiful varieties, with the mournful, but endearing certainty, that it is for the last time, even as they pass, that they behold them. From my solitude I can contemplate the actions of others, and join in their passions, in-

terests, and afflictions, with a deeper, although a calmer, feeling than when mingling with the crowd.

For it is, when alone, that the heart can appreciate the pleasures of friendship; can feel how, by neglect or error, it has chilled and sent far from it all that made life delightful. It is when alone, that the beauties of nature—the loveliness of virtue—the goodness and beneficence of God burst upon the mind; and our own faults, in all their sad realities, appear before us. The only communication the wretch, who has exiled himself from the world, or is sent from it, holds with his fellow-creatures, is by books: with what delight he reads over the thoughts of others! how he admires the excellencies

of their works ! how he forgives their blemishes, even if he perceives them ! if he occasionally receive a guest, with what a warmth of heart he greets and hears him ! for solitude, while it calms the mind, strengthens the feelings and the affections. Yet after all, it must still be continually felt, that it never was intended to be the condition of man—he is not generally fitted for it ; it is only, therefore, when a human being finds himself unable to submit his mind to the guidance of reason, when the occurrences of life grieve and perplex, or please and attract him more than is meet, that it is wise to retire from society, and view from a distance those scenes in which he finds himself unfitted to engage.

•



Should those, who are of a temperament thus painfully susceptible, remain amidst the ordinary commerce of the world, all around them will continually play upon and harass their feelings, without, perchance, intending it. The rude and the thoughtless may work upon the passions without comprehending their force or their extent: they may break the heart without malice or design. Let us then spare both others and ourselves; let us cease to run the hazard of continued suffering, nor obtrude our imperfections upon our fellow-creatures. It is time to wean ourselves from society, when we feel that we can no longer contribute any thing to its amusement; that, though we have not lost the feelings of bene-

volence, we have lost that congeniality of disposition, which alone can render us agreeable to the world. Let us abstain from borrowing, when we know our circumstances to be such as disable us from repaying. When the experience of years has convinced us, that such is the settled habit of our mind, we have surely received, both from time and from reason, an admonition sufficient to induce us to withdraw—

Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age  
Come tittering on and shove us from the stage ;  
Leave those to trifle with more grace and ease,  
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Ada Reis, the once-famous Corsair, the merchant, the traveller, the Don Juan of his day, wrote his life, and left it as a legacy to his successors. His

treasures he buried, his slaves he strangled, his wives he suffocated, but this MS. he left for the benefit of mankind; I have not translated the part which related to his amours, not the confession of his crimes, not the catalogue of his wise sayings, but the simple narrative of what occurred to himself and to his daughter, that those who read may place the awful record in their hearts and learn to worship God, and to be humble in themselves.—Yet need this lesson be taught by Ada Reis?—Is it not impressed upon every object? Is it not the sole certain discovery of all our travels, and the termination of all our undertakings. Like Humboldt<sup>1</sup>, should we traverse the vast

.

Savannahs, or climb mid-way up the Andes, till our breath cease and our brain grow giddy ; like Park<sup>2</sup>, should we perish in following the course of the Niger ; or sail through rough seas, and mountains of ice, to pass the dark and dreary winter with the white bears and the Arctic wolves : still the greatness and goodness of the Creator is manifest in every thing. Man has no reason to be proud. Napoleon, having conquered the most powerful nations of the civilized world, was left to die a prisoner upon a barren rock ; and Belzoni, having with difficulty opened a temple, the wonder and pride of man, perchance the sepulchre of kings, found in it a loathsome toad, its sole

proprietor.—Alas! man has little cause to be proud. If ambition impel him to exertion, let him note its end; if learning attract him, he may

“Drudge,<sup>o</sup> like Selden, days and nights,  
And in the endless labour die.”

If beauty—if love allure him, let him remember the founder of La Trappe; raise, like him, the funeral pall, see what youth and beauty will be in one little hour, and, like Armand de Rancey, divest himself of such illusions, turn to a monastery, and dote no more. But to return to my tale.

The sun had set, and the stars were seen reflected in the vapour of the vast desert, as if it had been in the bosom of a lake. Thousands of years had

caused that black dye with which the rocks and the beds of the waters of the Oronooko are deeply tinged<sup>3</sup>: in this solitude, where the great river, with its frothy boiling waters,<sup>4</sup> seemed to have burst through the thick uninhabited woods and huge masses of granite, Religion, in these latter days, had consecrated one single spot, where, with the trunks of palm-trees and bananas, far above the plain upon a jutting rock, a small chapel had been built, as it is said, by the Jesuits. The natives affirm, that a female, who was a child of the Sun, had come there in a pirogue<sup>4</sup> from the Rio Negro, and had remained there until the day of her death. Many years had not changed

the beauty and serenity of her countenance ; many years of solitude and labour had but little impaired the vigour of her mind : severe austerities, bad food, and little sleep, had taken from the outward form some of its lustre and freshness, but the countenance, the smile, the vigorous mind still remained,—she had repented of errors—perhaps of crimes ; like the golden serpent with the bell<sup>s</sup> she had thrown off the outward skin and the renewed one was fraught with beauty:—she had severed herself, it seemed, from every earthly tie ; she had fixed her hopes in heaven ; she might be said in that wide desert to exist alone in order to pray, repent, and succour the unfortunate.

Like a pitying saint, she descended from her solitude, when called upon by the voice of lamentation; and she, who was now invulnerable to the incitements of worldly vanity, passion, and interest, was more open than ever to those of humanity. She attended the death-bed of the friendless: from plants she extracted food and opiates, to soothe the pain and sickness of the poor Indians; she wept with the afflicted, and prayed by the couch of the dying sinner.

In this manner she passed her days, until she grew so old and infirm, that her senses and limbs began to fail her; she was afraid heaven had forgotten her, and that death would never release



her. There was a Greek air she much wished to hear again, for she had heard it in her youth ; but her memory now was almost gone, her eyes were dim, and her voice was feeble. One evening the remembrance of that song returned ; it came to her, she said, in a dream, just as she had heard it heretofore ;—she sung it, and her voice was sweet and full ; that very evening she died. A Bible was in her cell, the calm of faith was still upon her countenance. She was buried by Jesuits at the foot of that lonely chapel where this MS. was found ; it is part in the Arabic, part in the Spanish, and part in the Inga tongue. This history is undoubtedly that of the fair stranger, and of her

father ; for the name of Ada Reis and Fiormonda are inscribed upon the stone of rough granite, which has been rolled down upon her grave, as an index of the spot in which by Christian hands she was interred. She died herself a Christian :—yet the manzanillo<sup>7</sup> grows upon her grave ; no herb, no creeping thing, not even the wild beast can live within the circle of its poisonous influence : it rears its proud head higher than other trees, as if reaching to the skies, and its tempting fruit hangs upon its branches, alluring the passing traveller ; but nature in the meanwhile seems to warn the most ignorant, by the loneliness of its vicinity, that to approach it is dangerous, and to eat of it is death.

# ADA REIS.

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## CHAPTER I.

ADA REIS appears to have been one of those daring characters which human nature produces now and then: one of those men who awe and overpower all the feeble and many of the stronger minded, by the success of their enterprises; and who at last satisfy and silence reproach and indignation by the suddenness of their fall and the greatness of their punishment. In the history which he gives of himself, he dwells long upon the little peculiarities of his boyish feelings, whilst he mentions but briefly his birth and early adventures. The account is,

that he was a Georgian ;—that he was sold by his parents for a trifling sum ; that when he parted from her, a jewelled ring was tied into his cap by his mother, to save him from the power of witchcraft ; and that, after a variety of narrow escapes, he fell into the hands of one Adamo Remolo, a Genoese merchant, who gave him the best education he could afford, placed him in an academy at Pisa, and, when he died, bequeathed him a small property and his name.

From Pisa, the young Adamo, after a long series of adventures, was taken to be page of honour to the grand duke of Tuscany, at whose court he soon distinguished himself by feats of early prowess, and a most untameable spirit. His violent temper, his extraordinary talents, his surprising beauty, and fearless disposition, soon gained him a suf-

ficient number both of friends and enemies. He was flattered by the women, commended by princes, feared by dependents, and trampled upon by superiors. In this school he became cunning and corrupt enough for a court: but, in order to succeed in palaces, caution, reserve, submission, dissimulation, are also necessary; and for these he was utterly unfitted by the violence and impetuosity of his disposition. The consequence of repeated error was his final dismissal.

Stung to the heart and enraged, instead of entering the army, according to the orders he had received, he escaped, and hired himself to a merchant bound to Spain. His imagination had been excited, by reading the histories of Corsairs and of their exploits; he ardently desired a life of peril and adventure, his turbulent spirit ill

enduring any species of confinement ; and, young as he then was, he appeared already to have studied and to have detested European manners. In this part of his narration we meet with vehement censures of kings and men in power (censures ever loudest from the mouths of those who are themselves the most tyrannical) ; appeals to established laws, and invocations of national justice ; both very incongruous, when proceeding from Ada Reis, —he who knew neither how to submit himself to the one, nor to act according to the other.

Omitting these and other reflections, we hasten on to the period of his embarkation, at which he tells us that, for the first time in his short life, he felt himself independent. Gazing upon the ocean, he knelt down in transport, and solemnly vowed to de-

vote himself entirely to that element. From that hour he became indefatigable in the pursuit of what he calls glory and gain. From the merchant ship he entered an Algerine galley, on board of which he served above a year ; but the Algerine Reis, or captain, broke his engagement with him, and treated him with contumely : he resolved to be revenged. He had gained, by his talents and courage, the affections of the crew : he seized his opportunity, murdered his enemy, declared himself a convert to the religion of Mahomet, and, with the assistance of the second in command, gave every order, and assumed the title as well as the authority of Reis <sup>8</sup>.

He fought many well-contested battles, and visited many countries, where his spirit of defiance, and thirst for novelty, continually led him into

some desperate and perilous adventure. He was once made prisoner and carried into Spain, where he fell deeply in love with a lady of rank, by whose favour he was liberated; and after again meeting with much of strange and marvellous fortune, he finally settled at Tripoly, in the twentieth year of his age. He there paid court successfully to the Reis of the Pasha's fleet, and by his means obtained much power and many privileges. The light of true religion once, he confesses, had dawned upon his mind, but he now gave himself up entirely to infidelity, and its usual concomitant, idle superstition, and a blind belief in wizards and sorcerers. The sacred rites of christianity became the subject of his derision; and though, in fact, he believed as little in Mahomet, he had the policy to disguise his in-



credulity, and never publicly to offend the opinions of the people of the country amongst whom at any period he resided.

At length the Pasha<sup>9</sup> of Tripoly, having heard much of his courage, himself sent for him, and intrusted him with a secret commission, which he executed so speedily and successfully as to gain considerable credit and influence with that prince. It was even rumoured that one of the Pasha's daughters would be given to him in marriage. However this might be, he was placed in a very high situation near the Bey<sup>10</sup>, as his own particular Reis. That title too was confirmed to him, and he was treated with every mark of favour and respect.

Ada Reis, as he was now commonly called, was of a commanding stature: he had a vigorous mind, at times even

rising to the sublime ; but he was fond of low company and buffoonery, and in particular of making bad jests and telling long stories. His passions, ungovernable beyond all control, betrayed him to the very verge of madness : he was stubborn as well as violent ; he could bear the most acute pain, and intense fatigue, with the passive endurance of an Indian. He spoke the Turkish and Greek languages like a native, and, from having occasionally accompanied the Bedouins across their deserts, he acquired their dialect.

He visited Mecca in company with two of the caravans from Morocco. He was once overtaken by a dreadful storm, on his passage from Constantinople, with some Greek slaves for his master the Bey, on which occasion, had it not been for his extraordinary skill and courage, the vessel and crew

must have perished. But that which gained him the highest estimation amongst the Tripolitans was the bravery and cunning with which he opposed the Arabs, who were making formidable incursions on their territories. Yet in despite of these successes nor ladies' love nor a monarch's favour could detain him long on shore. His delight was in active pursuits and rash adventures; and these he was sure to meet with whilst cruizing about with his fearless crew: then would he exult, whilst sailing on the beautiful Mediterranean, and, throwing aside his pipe and perfumes, sing with his merry followers, and laugh triumphantly, as his swift vessel glided amongst the Islands of the Archipelago. He would drink, too, and that with such intemperance, that many, afraid of its injuring his health, or inflaming his

already furious passions, besought him to refrain ; but, deriding their counsels, and mocking at their fears, “ Not drink ! ” he cried, “ by Allah, or by Mahomet, or by all the holy saints of Christendom, wine and spirits are the soul of life ! ” And early he had learned to quaff the intoxicating draught, which opened every cell where fancy slept, putting to flight each sluggish and dormant thought, and adding light and fire to those that remained.

Gaily and prosperously passed the first years of his youth, till ambition, overcoming the love of pleasure, possessed itself entirely of his mind, and he became acquainted with a man as wicked and as desperate as himself. In the morning early, and in the evening late, he had continually observed a Jew passing before the Reis of the Marine’s house looking long and fix-

edly upon the sea, as if expecting the return of some vessel. He inquired of many the name and business of this man, and their answer was always, "It is Kabkarra, the Jew."

"And who is Kabkarra?"

"He who has sold himself to Zubanyánn, the son of the famous Shaffou Paca, who came from Egypt to take care of the Pasha's harem <sup>11</sup>, and who now lives with Lilla Amani <sup>12</sup>."

"And who is Zubanyánn?"

"He is the evil spirit who is seen in the desert, and often destroys the weary traveller."

This account Ada Reis received from the gaping multitude, and, wild and absurd as it appeared, it still gave him a desire to become acquainted with this mysterious individual.

## CHAPTER II.

A GREAT rivalship and contention existed at this time among the merchants at Tripoly, in the sale of certain pearls of a particular size and colour, which were in the greatest request, and highly valued at some of the African and Asiatic courts. Two of the Moorish merchants being aware that Kabkarra alone possessed any quantity of these pearls, proposed to Ada Reis to assist them in obtaining them from him. Kabkarra had refused many, but it was thought he would not refuse the insinuating and all-powerful Ada Reis, who upon being asked by Muley Hadgi and Yusuph Seid, the two merchants in question, if he would risk a part of

his property in this enterprise, “Not a part,” he replied,—“the whole; for in whatever Ada Reis takes an interest, he considers his life and fortune as of no account, and this ensures his success.” Kabkarra had besides these pearls, in his possession a famous sabre, a Damascus blade<sup>13</sup>, said to have belonged to Melchior, one of the three Magi Kings: this also was to Ada Reis an object of the most intense desire; but upon inquiry, it was discovered that Kabkarra had just departed with the caravan for Egypt. It was not, however, in Ada Reis’s character either to abandon or to postpone the execution of his intentions; and therefore, in the hope of either overtaking him or meeting him on his return, he made hasty preparations for his journey, and set forth with the two merchants upon this expedition. Their provisions were

scanty, and soon exhausted ; the weather was intensely hot, and for many days they traversed the burning sands with no other refreshment than a bag of meal and some water in their girbas, whilst at night they were pierced by insufferable cold<sup>14</sup>. Muley Hadgi and Yusuph Seid, who were neither gifted with courage nor fortitude, immediately insisted upon returning, observing that the pearls and sabre would be of no avail, if their lives were lost, which must be the consequence of this unexpected detention of the caravan, and tedious sojourning in the desert ; but Ada Reis laughed at their fears, and showed them, by his own example, how to bear privation and danger without a murmur, observing that now it were as well, in fact, for them to proceed as to return.

They shortly after met with a pil-



grim who had been wounded, and who informed them that a horde of Arabs having fallen in with them, had, after a severe contest, pillaged and put to flight Jews, Christians, Mussulmen, and Pagans; many were left dead or mortally wounded, others had returned, and some had been utterly lost in the deserts. The sands were strewed with the booty which had fallen from the grasp of the plunderers; and the merchants found bags of gold-dust<sup>15</sup> and other treasures, as they pursued their way. As it grew dark, Muley Hadgi and Yusuph Seid reiterated their urgent entreaties to Ada Reis that he would return. An evil spirit, however, had taken possession of his heart, and he resolved to murder his two aged companions, and pursue his course alone. He seized the opportunity whilst they slept, and, having slain them,

possessed himself of their camels, and the treasures which they had with them. The horrid deed was no sooner done than he looked fearfully round, and beheld, to his amazement, on the boundless desert before him, one human being who had witnessed his cruelty, and who now appeared watching him with immoveable calmness, enveloped in a dark heiram: he was armed with a long match-musket, the weapon of the wandering tribe to which he appeared to belong<sup>16</sup>; he wore a belt inscribed with Arabic characters: his air was noble and haughty, his figure above the middle size, his features were perfectly regular and strongly marked, his complexion nearly black. “Who are you?” at length said Ada Reis.

“I am,” replied the stranger, “a sovereign of the desert, and I know you, and the deed you have done.”

"Whence come you?" rejoined Ada Reis, undauntedly.

"Like the bird of passage," said the Arab, mournfully, "I have no settled habitation: sometimes, like the gazelle, I roam the plain of the desert; sometimes, like the eagle, I make my nest upon the summit of the mountain."

"You are not an Arab sheik<sup>17</sup>," said Ada Reis, looking steadfastly at him. "The arms you bear, your belted girdle<sup>18</sup>, and that dark heiram, cannot disguise you from me; you are a Jew, the Jew I am in search of. By the prophet, you are Kabkarra!"

"Sayest thou so," retorted the stranger, and laughed.

Ada Reis prepared to strike his yattagan into the heart of the Jew, for he feared him. The stranger moved not; but the blunted weapon struck as upon a breast-plate of iron, and Ada

Reis, confounded, threw himself upon his face at his feet, saying, "I am lost!"

"Arise!" said the stranger, "fear me not. I am the Jew, who, by distant travelling, and a courage like your own, have possessed myself of hard-earned wealth. I know a place, not sixteen fathoms deep in the sea, where pearls grow bigger than the eider's egg. I have in my pay many slaves, who bring me gold-dust in abundance. We have been attacked and plundered, but seeing the danger, I joined the enemy, and having seized upon this habit, was in quest of assistance. I wear triple-steel upon my breast, on my back, and round my throat a collar, which once resisted the Hamper's shawl<sup>19</sup>. I am rich and powerful; but, alas! Ada Reis, what are all the riches of the earth without a

friend? You are well known to me; we are both in the prime of youth; the world lies before us; swear upon this sword the Arab's oath,—swear that treachery shall never enter your mind or heart; let us henceforward be united.” Saying which, the stranger opened a sack, and displayed the pearls of which Ada Reis had heard so much.

But Ada Reis only begged to have the sabre, at which the Jew smiled, and, drawing it from a plain scabbard, the air was scented by the perfume of the blade; and the mystic device of the Magi King, beautifully and curiously engraved, excited his utmost admiration. Ada Reis eagerly accepted it; the Jew gracefully presented it, bidding him not only retain the sword, but in future adopt the sigil of the King of the East as his own; after which he conversed upon a variety of subjects

with the grace and ease of one bred in the most polished courts, so as entirely to win the heart of his companion. They then returned to the camels, and proceeded upon their lonely journey. In replacing the baggage upon the animals, Ada Reis shrunk back on touching the stiff cold hand of Muley Hadgi ; at this Kabkarra laughed.

The following day, as they were slowly proceeding on their way to Tripoly, they were joined by several of the dispersed travellers of the caravan. The sky, clear till now, became dark and heavy ; the sun appeared to lose its splendour, and assume a violet colour ; the atmosphere became thick, and filled with dust ; the beasts could scarcely breathe from the excessive heat ; Ada Reis felt unable to support himself ; the Jew alone seemed not to heed the coming storm. As gasping and faint the travel-

lers and the camels proceeded, not a leaf, not a tree, was to be seen; no shelter near for thirty miles; one burning waste of endless sand met the eye; not a drop of water, but what they had with them, could be procured. When the wind rose, the sands flew like the waves and spray of the foaming ocean, and enveloped them: it was then that, with a laugh and a yell, Kabkarra destroyed, one by one, the wretched beings who were dragging along a part of their property, and desiring Ada Reis to assist him, placed what booty appeared most valuable on their own camel. They then slew the rest of these animals, in order to procure the water they contained, and, mounted upon the only survivor, reached a Moorish hut, drank of the lakaby<sup>20</sup> presented to them, and ate of the plain fare offered to them, with rapturous delight.

After all these horrors Ada Reis fell asleep upon the mat prepared for him, nor awakened till the ensuing morning, when opening his eyes he found his companion was gone. The sabre he had left, with some of the most valuable of the pearls, and a paper written in the Arabic tongue, which said, "Farewell! beloved: we shall meet again. Remember the Jew Kabkarra. Continue thy course: a monarch's crown awaits thee, in a land where diamonds and emeralds shall be strewn under thy feet, and where the blood of the innocent may flow, without fear of revenge."

Ada Reis was alarmed, and yet delighted by this epistle; the vainest hopes of ambition filled his mind. He returned, however, to Tripoly, and thought more of the promise made to him, than of the wicked deeds he had done. In the space of a



month after these events, he was offered the place of the Great Chiah <sup>21</sup>, the late Chiah being dead. This is one of the highest and most powerful offices of the state, and for that very reason the most envied and suspected, so that it was more than probable the successor to it would be strangled or poisoned, as the last had been. Ada Reis most earnestly besought that he might be permitted to decline the honour intended him : and after presenting some of the pearls he had obtained to the Pasha, with considerable difficulty he gained his reluctant consent, that he should depart, with other merchants, who were going to Constantinople.

He asked for no favours, no letters—freedom was all he desired ; and he boasted that he was prouder of the title of Reis than of any other whatever,

because he had laboured for it, and won it by his own energy. To impose upon the ignorant, he claimed kindred with princes and kings, nay, with the sun itself; but in fact he was proud of his low origin, and of having risen to the highest dignities by his own exertions. When he spoke his real sentiments, he boasted that he owed nothing to man, not even to his parents, who, after bringing him into the world, had abandoned and sold him. But the orphan, he said, was the child of Providence, the citizen of the world, free and independent; the subject of no law, the follower of no religion, the slave of no custom; and in this vain belief he again set forth in quest of adventures. In the course of a five years' absence, he was again taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and again liberated; after which he visited France,

Italy, Constantinople, and finally returned once more, crowned with wealth and success, to Tripoly: yet he returned not this time alone;—he brought with him the child Fiormonda.

Previous to his return, when at Constantinople, while standing alone to admire the beautiful and delicious gardens which surround the shores of the Kara Dengis, a wizard appeared to him, and repeated to him the prediction of the Jew: “You shall be king in another land,” he said, “and the offspring of your body, the child of blood, shall wear an imperial crown.”

Ada Reis, enchanted, and deeply struck with this prediction, with more boldness than ever pursued his course. Wherever he appeared, wealth awaited him; at every court at which he was presented, he was received with admiration: but the attention which was

paid to him by others could not be greater than that which he paid to himself; upon that subject he expatiates at the greatest length. He cannot for a moment cease to commend himself; whole pages are filled with descriptions of his person. His clear auburn hair hanging in curls over his fair brow and white neck, his eyes beaming with love; his smile irresistible, his voice most melodious; he had only to speak to persuade, yet did he ever use but few words. He acknowledges, however, that he delighted in low company, in throwing off all restraint, and in giving unbounded licence to his conversation; confesses more than once that he was a strange compound of every excellence, and every vice. But where is the excellence he found in his own character? The bad ever thus deceive themselves;

and their desperate crimes assume, in their own eyes alone, an appearance of greatness. Ada Reis, when offended, broke into violence, as if he were mad : his fury then exceeded every thing terrific ; his eyes brightened, whilst his dark soul rushed through his lips, and poured itself forth in execrations.

Vanity and vehemence being thus amongst his principal characteristics, it may be expected that his narrative will dwell much upon his successes in love. In fact, for pages together he does nothing but boast of the advances made to him by the fair sex : he speaks at great length of a young English lady, with whom he became acquainted during his short and unwilling stay at Madrid. Alarmed at the war then breaking out between her country and Spain, she placed herself under his protection, and he undertook to convey

her safely to her own country : to use his own words, “Under the snow of the cold climate from which she came, lay concealed the glowing embers of passion ;” for if credit is to be given to his relation, the lady died of her love, and was not the only lady who perished by a similar fate. Numerous are the attachments, of which he proceeds to detail the circumstances ; endless the list of names he enumerates—Zoe, Orrellana, Issaline, Aura, Zemyra, Orgyilia, Mania, Kala, Drossora, Rhoda, Heliodora, Morosa, Levidolche, Muskatina ; but the one alone to whom he soon surrendered his mind and soul was Bianca di Castamela, the mother of the heroine of this tale.

## CHAPTER III.

It was in the spring of the year 1729, that Ada Reis having landed in Calabria, in order to dispose of some merchandise, became acquainted with a beautiful young Italian maiden, whose father was, like himself, a merchant, and whose hand had been already promised in marriage to a kinsman of her own. She was then seventeen years of age, the admiration of all who saw her ; and she, alas ! too soon perceived and returned the interest she had excited in Ada Reis's breast.

The history of unfortunate love, or short or long, or well or ill told, is in substance every where the same. The maiden, after becoming difficult, yielded to the irresistible Ada Reis :

his manly haughty air, his high stature, and superb dress, added to his charms and his costly gifts and polished manners, soon captivated her affections; he, besides, assured her, swearing an oath, which she believed to be a sacred one, that he would return and marry her; in token of which he gave her his amber beads to keep, and a griffin's claw made of rubies and diamonds, which the Bey had given him from his own turban.

Bianca expressed no regret for her error; she had yielded to her lover's suit, and she was now the mistress of a man, whom all her countrywomen beheld with enthusiastic admiration: they paid her greater court for Ada Reis's sake, and envy itself was silenced in order to flatter him. But the time for his departure drew near, and, finding herself in a situation



to excite the suspicions of her parents and relatives, she implored her lover to take her with him to his own country.

“ And I will, loveliest girl,” he said, bearing her along with him upon the night of his departure to the coast, where his vessel was moored, and the crew were all impatiently waiting for him. “ Come with me, if thou darest ; for, by Allah, I never will abandon my chosen bride !”

It was a fearful sight for these fond lovers, as they yet stood upon the shore, to see the little bark tossed to and fro upon that tremendous sea, the waves foaming and breaking against the rocks, whilst the hoarse sailors and slaves, with their shouts and halloos, seemed to overmatch the storm. It was a quick transition, to turn from the delights and repose of successful love to all the horrors and

dangers of such a night ; and Bianca, with a woman's charms and frailty, had, it seems, all a woman's fears : she sighed when her lover thus addressed her :  
“ I will bear thee with me, my beloved, if thou hast spirit and courage to be the mate of Ada Reis ; and, if not—Ha ! dost thou shrink already ? ”

Bianca trembled, her bosom heaved, as in her dark hair she hid her face and wept, shrinking back. “ Not to-night,” she cried, timidly. “ Ah, go not to-night ! My father will pardon us—another time—oh, heavens !—another time, Ada Reis, I will leave all and go with thee.”

“ And another time, sweet one,” said Ada Reis, with a scornful smile, “ I will return and make thee my bride.”

Bianca cast her eyes down with shame at this reproach. Ada Reis embraced her.

“Thou hast not courage,” he said, “to come with me, have it then to live for me, and I will return.” Saying this, he sprang into the boat, whilst cheers from his merry crew echoed along the shore.

Bianca knelt down, praying for his safety; straining her eyes to see him once more. She remained upon the spot, until the vessel became as a single speck in the distance: she then returned home to all the discomforts of family surmises, her own heart’s reproaches, and a long widowhood of absence from her lover.

One month passed thus, and the beautiful Bianca began to repent of her conduct: at such a moment, dreading her father’s anger, and persecuted by the continued addresses of her kinsman, Giulliano, she had the weakness to give him her hand in marriage; and

Giulliano's love for her was such, that, upon her sacred promise never again to see her seducer, he received her into his house, and, from the day she became a mother, cherished her infant as if it had been his own.

Two years passed for Bianca and Giulliano in peace ; a third was opening upon their view, when Ada Reis returned, and having sought for her, traced her to her dwelling, where he found her with her child amusing herself innocently during her husband's absence : he first snatched up the child, and gazed upon it wildly, then reproached the mother with her infidelity.

“I have been deceived,” she cried, “and thought you had abandoned me to shame. By the gray hairs of my father, by our first vows of attachment, by your cherub infant's smile—see, Ada Reis, is not Fiormonda your

child?—oh, in pity I implore you, show me mercy! I never loved but you.”

“And you never shall!” he said.

At half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three-quarters before the full of the moon, Ada Reis first strangled, and then plunged his scimitar into the bosom of Bianca de Castamela; then enveloping the child in his mantle, he fled from the spot.

As he hurried to regain the shore, it appeared to him that a form, horrid as the deed he had done, walked before him. He seemed to see an eye of fire, as through a misty cloud; and when he thrice exclaimed, “who goes there?” the word “Kabkarra” was distinctly pronounced. Remorse rendered Ada Reis, at this moment, almost insensible even to this prodigy. His heart was torn by the recollection of

the deed he had done, for he loved the woman whom he had murdered. He wept—he had often been seen to weep; hard hearts and wicked beings weep the soonest. The uncontrolled passions, the hasty impulses, the ungovernable desires, which hurry a man to every atrocity, are also prone to melt into floods of tears, and to wear every outward mark of sympathy and feeling; real, perhaps, whilst they last, but transient, fallacious, and without beneficial effect upon the heart or the conduct. When on board his vessel, with the first dawn of day the infant awoke, and stretched out its little arms, as if seeking for its mother, then again he shed tears of bitterness; but he soothed the child's cries, kissed it to rest, and smiled at its beauty. "And never more," he cried, "thou little flower, shalt thou

see the stem upon which those beauties grew. Farewell to Calabria, farewell to women and to love, and farewell, dearest of all, to the remains of Bianca di Castamela! For her sake, I will bring thee up with more than a mother's care; and as nature has given thee thy mother's charms, it shall be my fault if thou art deficient in wisdom or acquirement."

After this adventure, he returned to Tripoly, for there his treasures were concealed, there he had purchased land, had made friends, and was not abhorred, although his crimes were in part suspected.

## CHAPTER IV.

ADA REIS presented many jewels of great value and rich merchandises to the Pasha. He then, with his permission, purchased a country-house, provided with baths, gardens, and every possible earthly delight. In this retreat he placed his treasures, his harem, and his infant, under the charge of Aura and Zoe, once his favourite wives. For himself, he sought, in the indulgence of his passions, for one moment's forgetfulness and tranquillity; he possessed every thing he most desired; and he said to himself continually, "who in the wide world is greater, or ought to be happier, than I am? Who can boast of firmer nerves, higher spirits, fairer expectations, or



more admiring followers? Does not my child smile upon me, like a little cherub of light? Who has greater power and wealth than I have? What eastern queen can boast of richer jewels than I shall bestow upon Fiormonda; and for steeds and slaves, has the Pasha finer or more numerous than myself; yet in the midst of my success and my splendor I am miserable, and wherefore?"

Under the influence of these feelings, he was unable ever to rest long in the same place. From the city he hurried to his residence in the country, and from thence to the city again with feverish disquietude and impatience. The only hours that he appeared to enjoy were those during which he remained upon his terrace to inhale the inbat<sup>22</sup>, after a parching day; or when in the calm of the night a visitor

chanced to enter and partake of his pipe and sherbet<sup>23</sup>, or his favourite lackaby. But deep cares overpowered his mind when alone, and the least noise startled him with strange apprehensions. Often the remembrance of past deeds awakened in his soul, and he thought of the days he had passed in the desert, and the dreadful night when Muley Hadgi and Usuph Seid had perished by his hand; then memory pictured to him the promises of love, his jealous rage, and the form of his murdered mistress. Ada Reis was superstitious, because he had long ceased to be religious. When the marabut<sup>24</sup> sounded to announce the prayer at sunset, he never prostrated himself upon the ground; he never turned his face to the east, nor breathed to his prophet, or his Creator, one single thanksgiving. Into mosque or

Nor did he watch with eagerness and parched lips for the 1 of Ramadan<sup>25</sup>, but himself, his family, and his servants, in secret, ate and drank during the sacred fast, regardless of the commands of shrief or pasha; and, when the castle guns and those of all the batteries announced the feast of Beiram<sup>26</sup>, he would walk by night amidst the noise and roar of the great festival, and the riot which took place during that time. Then would he gaze upon the bright glare of the illuminated mosques—enter the coffee-bazaars, and witness the revelry with dancers and musicians, and the lowest slaves giving

Was this happiness? No! He felt it was not; he found, what all run the same course, sooner or must find, that he who yields understanding to the allurements of vice, submits himself to the dominion of an hypocritical and deceitful tress, of one who clothes herself in an assumed character, and who, when she drops the mask of brilliant beauty which for a time she wears, discloses herself to be pain and sorrow under the semblance of pleasure and gratification.

## CHAPTER V.

At length, as is the ordinary course, these pursuits began to lose even their temporary power ; they could no longer withdraw Ada Reis's mind from the reflection which he dreaded ; and, satiated with debauchery and buffoonery, he had recourse to study. Possessing that comprehensive genius which can, in a moment, seize upon and master the difficulties of science, he became acquainted with many of the wonders and mysteries of nature ; but he traced back the clue to no origin higher than this life ; and in all that excited his admiration, he marked not the hand of a Creator. He assembled around him the learned and the travelled,

and he listened to their discourse ; but he found their wisdom degraded by envy, vanity, a desire of petty distinctions, a pedantry, and a love of display ; and he soon became weary of their society.

In the meanwhile Fiormonda was left at his country-house, where she grew in years and beauty ;—she added to the gaiety and grace of childhood a depth of thought and feeling uncommon to that age. Most children think deeply, if left to themselves, if leisure be allowed to the mind to expand, and a succession of lessons and trifles follow not each other too rapidly ; but Fiormonda had even a greater share of reflection than other children. Thoughts concerning religion already agitated her mind ; and love, although the object was, like herself, a child, had already warmed her heart. Ada Reis

soon perceived that his daughter's disposition required a firm and skilful discipline : he had long been searching for a person qualified to undertake the office of her preceptress.

At this period a marabut, using the privilege of his calling, terrified her with continual intrusion, came repeatedly even into her chamber, and warned her of approaching danger.

One evening, on returning to his country residence, Ada Reis found him in Fiormonda's apartment : a serpent hung around his neck, and he was dancing his wild and frantic dance. Ada Reis was beginning to express surprise and anger ; but the marabut spinning round, soon betrayed himself by his horrid laugh and malignant eye.

“Ha! Kabkarra!”

“Well met, Ada Reis.”

“I know,” said the former, “what it is you seek, and I have prepared every thing for you. Shaffou Paca, my mother, you well know, still lives with Lilla Amani; at my request she will leave the Pasha’s harem, and take charge of my Fiormonda.”

“By the prophet, I think thy impertinence has no bounds—thy Fiormonda! Thou art but a mendicant Jew.”

“Ay,” said Kabkarra, “but a Jew who can purchase all that the vanity of man can desire. Have you killed more men or women since we parted?”

Ada Reis started, and looked upon him, but his eye could not long endure the stern regard of the being who stood before him. Daunted and confused, he turned the discourse to other matters, and Kabkarra now presented Fiormonda with a set of chess men, made, as he said, of a metal he had



found in his travels, and constructed with such exquisite art, that they appeared alive. This bauble, he continued, would amuse his little bride when she grew older; and in the meantime he entreated Ada Reis to consider him as a friend, and to call upon him whenever any difficulty arose.

To the infinite surprise of Ada Reis, Shaffou Paca arrived some days after this interview, bringing a flattering message from the Pasha and his eldest son the Bey, by which the former bestowed upon Fiormonda the title of Lilla, and the latter asked her hand in marriage.

Ada Reis accepted the offer in the name of his child, and sent in return both to the Pasha and Bey splendid presents. It now appeared probable that his ambition would be gratified; and that his daughter would wed a

sovereign : for, like most pretended philosophers, he valued above all things the honours which he ever affected to despise. But such is the inconsistency of man ; and Ada Reis, though he talked, at times, like a wise man, ever acted like the veriest of fools.

It has been said, that he was an admirer of beauty. It required, therefore, all his self-command to conquer his excessive repugnance to the new governess's deformed and undignified appearance ; so that whilst he was obliged to attend to her discourse, he averted his eyes, that he might not see her hideous countenance. Shaffou Paca was, indeed, ugly beyond all parallel : she was of Egyptian origin ; yet her countenance was not of simple Egyptian ugliness, but seemed to exhibit a characteristic mark of every original nation. Her legs appeared

to have been put together by mistake ; the right one being considerably shorter and thicker than the other. She was corpulent ; and her eyes, which saw even more than other eyes can see, never looked in the same direction <sup>27</sup>. She had, besides, the peculiar power, like the chameleon, of fixing the one upon an object while the other turned leisurely round, as if seeking for somewhat else. In her voluble conversation no idea was distinct. It seemed as if an endless memory, stored with the beginnings and endings of all that ever had been, was running over the heads and hints of what she wished to express. Learning appeared to have overpowered her ; she had dabbled in metaphysics until it was hardly possible to understand what she meant, and she was continually misquoting pas-

ages in the dead languages. Under these circumstances it is not much to be wondered at that Ada Reis could not bear to converse with her : indeed from the first he had spoken to her with such extreme harshness, that the fright into which he had thrown her increased, to the greatest degree, the confusion of her ideas, and consequently the natural tediousness of her discourse. In his first interview he asked her a few questions concerning education ; and as he knew that there is a great deal to be said upon that subject, he was not surprised that she took much time and many words to answer. But though not surprised, he was fatigued ; and in order to get rid of her, he sent for the child, and delivered her into her hands ; for it is a common practice to condemn children

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to the society of those with whom parents cannot endure even for a moment to associate.

Fiormonda fell into hysterics at the first sight of Shaffou Paca; but the governess, no ways disturbed, restored her in a few moments, by certain words and gestures, and soon became a tolerable favourite. She talked to her pupil of the princesses of the Pasha's harem, of the Bey, of Lilla Amani. She gave her sweetmeats and trinkets, and instructed her in the science of chess, displaying to her admiring eyes the beautiful box and the wonderful men her son, the Jew Kab-karra, had given her.

Fiormonda laughed, as she viewed the pieces marshalled before her; but Ada Reis bit his lips, and seemed uneasy, murmuring betwixt his teeth — "I like not this gift, this is no mor-

tal gift, this is enchantment. I have heard or read of such things only in the old legends of fayerie and romance; these imps possibly are alive and the servants of Kabkarra!"

Shaffou Paca now thought it prudent to put in a few words, and with a stream of eloquence proved, that was the mere power of mechanism which, when the pieces were wound up, put them thus in motion. Still Ada Reis doubted.

When the board was placed upon the floor, it covered a breadth and length of nearly six square feet. The white squares were of polished ivory, the black of jet; the rim around was gold studded with gems. The cask contained the greatest wonder of all. The chessmen were habited in ruby and emerald suits: the dark knights were upon black steeds, richly capar-

soned ; their antagonists upon greys ; all formed with precision, delicacy, and exquisite art. They could smile, they could move their fingers and feet ; the horses pranced, the horsemen showed off their skill. The ecclesiastics moved with dignity. The castles were borne slowly forwards ; two were made of rose-coloured diamonds, and two of black : upon the battlements men of small size were discovered, busily preparing for the attack. The kings had brows which bespoke command ; the queens were graceful ; the pawns, with plebeian rudeness, appeared eager for the combat ; and every piece placed itself, as it started from the box, according to order.

Ada Reis, as well as Shaffou Paca, instructed Fiormonda in playing at this scientific game, in which she took surprising delight ; indeed, for many

months she did little else. The chessmen were removed to a favourite golpha<sup>28</sup> which Ada Reis had constructed, a retreat, which, however intense the heat of the sun, was always cool; it being so contrived, that he could at pleasure press from the reeds fresh air, and raise soft music like that of an *Æolian* harp. This apartment was placed in a wilderness, it is true, but it was one of sweets, beneath thick orange and lemon groves, where white marble channels, with rapid clear streams of water, crossed the gardens in many directions. Fiormonda veiled was conducted there at times, and from a distance gazed upon the gardens, in which she was now no longer permitted to wander. She was kept with strict care, and closely watched ever since the day when the page Zevahir had been found conversing with her.



The youth, in consequence of this liberty, had been dismissed from the service of Ada Reis ; and, indeed, except when her father was with her, this lovely child was confined like a state prisoner, Shaffou Paca scarcely permitting her to breathe the air from without.

## CHAPTER VI.

It happened that shortly after the arrival of Shaffou Paca, Ada Reis left his child, and remained away many months, when he heard suddenly that she was ill. He immediately returned to his country residence to see her, and was struck with the air of debility and melancholy visible in her once cheerful countenance; he reasoned with Shaffou Paca as to the cause, and made some observations to that lady upon her system of education, which displeased her.

Whilst they were engaged in dispute, a message was brought, informing Ada Reis that on the ensuing morning the Bey would visit his de-

ted bride. This was not customary ; but the honour was so great that no objection was made ; and when the young prince arrived, Ada Reis led him into his daughter's apartment.

The chamber was in the form of a tent, entirely lined with light blue satin, ornamented with gold fringe, and costly embroidery. The couch, beautifully adorned according to the Moorish taste, was placed upon a Turkish carpet in an alcove. Shaffou Paca was employed in attiring her little charge in the splendid habits worn only by the ladies of the Pasha's harem, and all Fiormonda's care was how to look beautiful. Hers was a happy mixture of Circassian and Italian beauty, with a countenance original and peculiar to herself. She was dressed in a light Persian jellique<sup>29</sup> and white under vest; her arms bare, white muslin trowsers, and her little feet, like

alabaster, ornamented by solid gold bands, such as the ladies of the blood royal are alone entitled to wear<sup>30</sup>. These, and a girdle of charms to save her from evil eyes<sup>31</sup>, were her only ornaments. Her hair, as yet unbraided, hung carelessly around her beautiful neck and face. An old gray Iman was standing near her, prescribing for her ill state of health.

The Bey knelt in admiration at her feet, presenting her, at the same time, with a string of pearls. She raised him immediately; and afterwards waited upon him and upon her father, offering them sweetmeats and refreshment: she was not, however, well; her pulse was quick, and her manner hurried, like that of a wild bird caged, or a tender gazelle caught in the net and kept from its herd. The Bey expressed great anxiety upon her account, and the Iman advised Ada Reis

that she should be left more at liberty, that the tediousness of her toilette should be shortened, the number of her ablutions diminished, and that she should not be wholly fed upon coffee and sweetmeats; but, above all, he insisted much upon her not being opposed in her desire to walk: for her present languid state, he said, was occasioned by heat, pampered luxury, and confinement. Her happiest years seemed condemned to be passed in show and dress. Three times in the twenty-four hours Shaffou Paca attended her to the bath, where Zoe and Aura employed themselves, the one in washing her beautiful ringlets with orange and rose-water, and the other in drying them with scented perfumes: the plaiting them in fifty tresses, and adorning her lovely person with every ornament, would now take several

hours more; besides which, Kabkarra had terrified her with his live serpent and strange contortions, and had given her nearly half the sentences out of the Koran, in a cup mixed with sherbet of pomegranate juice. By Shaf-fou Paca's superstitious decree, the right eye of a crocodile of the Nile, and the middle feather from an ostrich's wing, were placed under her pillow at night: amulets, charms, Egyptian hieroglyphics, and other incantations, were wound either in scrolls or linen all over her body. She might not walk, she might not play, nor might she stand by the lake calling together from the mountains the troops of wild gazelles, who once came to Zevahir's voice, nor must she hear his soft songs, for, alas! he had been sent from the harem for singing too sweetly the air she most admired. All these

complaints the gentle Fiormonda murmured forth to the young prince, whilst the old gray Iman, fixing his dark-shining eyes upon her from a corner of the room, seemed to smile with triumph whilst she spoke. Negresses in the meantime wetted her forehead with their third finger dipped in a charmed liquor, and uttered spells and prayers to save her from the contagion of those eyes; but it was in vain, they had fixed hers; she felt their power, hung down her head, and durst not raise it up again. Her women were standing near her, some stringing beads for her, and others arranging the feathers of birds in the most beautiful and fanciful order. Looking-glasses, crystal vases, superb chests of mother of pearl and ebony, tablets and golden ornaments adorned her apartments; loose mattresses and cushions in the form of sofas not five inches

removed from the ground served for seats. The Bey had little to say: "If you will leave this house, and come with me," he said "you shall have no reason to complain."

"Shall I see Zevahir again?"

"Who is Zevahir?" said the Bey.

Shaffou Paca was about to explain, when the Iman frowned, and she was silent.

Coffee was now brought in filigree cups adorned with pearls and rubies; it was strongly scented with mace, cinnamon, and cloves. The Bey took it from his little mistress's hands, and seated her by him whilst he drank it; he was fifteen years old, and kept in as close a state of confinement as herself. The rank of Bey had been conferred upon him, but he was only now permitted to go out with his troop on account of his extreme youth.

It was natural that after some time



the conversation should rather flag, and both the young prince and Fiormonda had nearly arrived at the end of all their remarks, when the old iman laughed with a hollow laugh, which greatly alarmed them; then turning to Shaffou Paca, "I know the mother of an Arab sheik can cure Fiormonda," he said, "and I will fetch her; her name is Zezel Peer Banyan, an Arab fairy; she lives far hence, but shall be here ere long. Take care of your charge, tease her no more, let her be free as her own thoughts and feelings. Hers are the years when the mind should be left to expand, and the limbs to grow. All this confinement and state make the silly fools we see around us. Let Fiormonda be the child of simple nature. I will return, and teach her to braid her beautiful hair, and to cast her dark-blue eyes, with their long

and jetty fringes, with more art than you can."

The Bey stared, and took his leave: having but few ideas himself, he was surprised at the novelty of this discourse.

"Leila, here is a bird will amuse you; take it, and follow it around your garden and groves," said the Iman; "become, like it, gay and lively. Beauty such as yours, in such a land, is only a fatal dowry; for of what avail are teeth like rows of pearl, limbs straight, long, and light, and all your other fascinations, if that air of melancholy saddens your countenance? Alas! I am not to you what he has been—Kabkarra is not as dear as——."

Fiormonda coloured, and concealed her beautiful face, and played with the bird, which was as small as the Indian piccaflore<sup>32</sup>, and whose plumes were of

an emerald green, with a ruby-coloured ring around the neck: it had until this moment been concealed in the Iman's bosom. Ada Reis had been so intent upon honouring the Bey, and upon seeing all due respect and ceremony observed towards him, that he had not heeded before, nor did he observe now, the strange conduct of the Iman. He tenderly embraced his child, and then attended upon the Bey; but as they quitted the chamber, he thought he saw the figure of Kabkarra walking out before him.

## CHAPTER VII.

As soon as Ada Reis returned asked Shaffou Paca if her son had there. She answered, No. The boy was gone. Ada Reis then desired Fiormonda might be left entirely to herself, and freed from all unnecessary restraint and fatigue, whilst he remained with her.

To no prisoner was ever liberty so delightful than to Fiormonda, who escaped from the thralldom of Shaffou Paca. With renewed strength and spirits, she bounded before the other women and nurses, the very moment Ada Reis gave her permission to go about the garden: "Now, now I am happy," said she, first looking at a jessamine in flower, then gathering

sprig of myrtle, then hastening to a reservoir in which were her gold and silver fish. "I will now go," she said, "and let all the birds in my aviary free." In vain the blacks remonstrated; in a moment the paroquets and cucines, the pelican, ostrich, and damoiselle, and the one sickly gazelle, whose leg had been broken in attempting to take it alive, were liberated, all rushing forth from their respective places of confinement. "Go," she said, opening their wiry gates, "I have felt too much the misery of slavery not to feel for you; go, with your beautiful plumes, happy birds, and say to those you meet, it was Fiormonda set you free. But as for thee, poor gazelle, with thy brown eyes, stay with me: what though thy spirit remains, thy power is gone, and liberty now to thee can be no object." After this and other feats, for which

she was gently reproved by her father, she joined him at the Golpha, where coffee was prepared, and, in order to amuse her, jugglers and tambour players were assembled. These agile performers rather confused and wearied her; and having, until this evening, never for one hour in her short life, since she could remember, seen the beautiful stars reflected in the waters of the dark lake, she gazed upon them with awe and admiration, sometimes expressing her feelings to Ada Reis, and sometimes listening to the notes of the nightingale, who was warbling sweetly in the orange grove. The noise of the players had ceased; the glare and heat of day had passed. Fiormonda's whole attention seemed to be suddenly arrested by the beauty and interest of the scene,—thought crowded upon thought—her heaving breast and

half open lips showed that the magnitude and mystery of the subject engrossed all her faculties, and prevented her from giving immediate utterance to her sentiments. At length, timidly approaching Ada Reis; "What are these lights?" she said, "and by whom placed there? Are they balls of fire, or precious gems?"

"They are worlds, perhaps, like our own," he replied.

Then hurrying on with eager curiosity, "Who made them; and for what end? What are we, father? Why here? and what will become of us, when, like those who have left us, we shall be no more? Shall we go to those bright worlds if we are good? What is being good? What bad? and is that which is good happy, and that which is evil the reverse? Why am I punished when my will teaches me to oppose yours?"

By what law have you power and authority over me? How is it that I feared but just now, and why am I well? Why are you greater than other men? May any man, if he can, be the better of others, and command them?"

"What law can be stronger than the law of power and possession?"  
Ada Reis.

"Is there any one upon this earth or in those other worlds, greater than you, my father?"

Fiormonda did not wait for answers to most of these inquiries; but when at length she paused, Ada Reis replied. "All that you see, fair daughter, is the result of chance; Ada is as great as he appears, these beautiful groves, these mountains, yourself, flowing rivers, the calm lake, the myriads of insects, the crowd of men



crocodile, and the sprightly monkey, the lordly palm, the perfumed magnolia, the purple rhododendron, and the azalia, that blooms for miles and miles over the hills, all these are the mere combinations of casual attraction. In the beginning of all things, if ever there was a beginning, there was one principle, the power of life or animation; and there were two elements to work upon, light<sup>33</sup> and darkness; and although none can tell what gave the first shock, which set these elements in motion, yet, since the beginning of time, in all probability, attraction and combination have given forms and variety to nature: there is no vacuum in the universe; all is filled, all is alive, and every diversity of animated dust sports along, till dissolution unknits the particles, and sends them back to fill some other appointed condition. We are the sport of chance; the tree that grows in our garden may

be composed of atoms that were once what we call man. We are, compared to this earth, as a drop of water to the ocean; think what we must be to the boundless universe! We are inventive, and, with the materials before us, can make ourselves palaces, ornaments and delights, but we cannot increase the dust of the earth by one particle any more than we can add one ray of light to the sun; for all was complete from the beginning; and when all is dissolved from its present combination, light will return to light, and darkness to darkness. This great principle which warms and illuminates—the creative being, this God, whose signature (perhaps at being alone, and immortal in existence) animated worlds by a single breath—this light of life, which renders the earth fruitful, will therefore draw forth gradually, from each living thing, the latent particle of celestial

fire, which it lent but for a time, and attracting it to itself again, waft it up on high to its primitive station, where all will be perfect light, perfect harmony, and consequently perfect happiness."

"I hope," said Fiormonda, "that I have nothing but light in me."

"Oh!" said Ada Reis, with a look of despair, "best beloved, unhappy Fiormonda, through me, alas! the evil principle has attached itself to thee; by me, the pure and subtle matter, that had combined in thee, forming the appearance of perfection, (for in that which is beautiful beauty rests), has been defiled; and if you do not, by day and by night, keep guard, the curse of the father will destroy the innocent child. For the deeds of darkness that I have done, nature demands reparation: blood will have blood! the very

earth speaks this to me wherever I turn. To the evil association, evil repairs; and to the pure and the good, all that is bright and fair belongs. Tremble then, Fiormonda, at the dangers which surround thee. Virtue is truth, truth is light, light is harmony, and harmony is happiness; but evil is darkness, and darkness is misery. And, therefore, Ada Reis, the great, the powerful, the wise, even Ada Reis is miserable; for myself I care not, but I would save thee, my child."

"It was thus that Ada Reis endeavoured to instruct Fiormonda, or rather to amuse himself; but, bewildered in the mazes of error, how could he teach that which he had never learned? how even could he attempt to warn his child of her danger, or request her to moderate her passions, when he felt that, from infancy, he had given her so bad

an example? But the gay buoyancy of her spirit saved her from the sadness of these reflections, and she was happy in the levity and inattention of childhood: a bird, with beautiful plumage, or an insect with bright colours, in a moment called her thoughts from these difficult speculations to life and enjoyment; it was far different for Ada Reis, and he was sad even when he beheld her smile. He pressed the reeds in his golpha, and the soft air fanned him, and the water spouted from pipes around, falling into the fountains; then with a silver wand he touched harmonic glasses,—music soft and soothing proceeded from that touch. At such gentle call,—at such hour of evening,—the nightingale answered the notes, and a voice sweeter than the night-bird's sung from under the double-scented jessamine. Ada Reis reposed, Shaffou Pacha and the

attendants were at a distance; Fiormonda throwing pebbles into the lake smiled at the circles she made on its smooth surface. The call of the Imam to evening prayers at that moment caught her ear; she involuntarily turned to the east: so much of belief, notwithstanding Ada Reis's prohibition, had been inculcated into her mind; the hope of immortality had naturally risen in her soul, and it had been found impossible entirely to exclude from her knowledge the religion of her country. She felt her heart full,—a secret consciousness told her there was a Being, to whom she owed the tribute of obedience and gratitude, and the cold suggestion of philosophy sufficed not to satisfy her warm and vivid feelings. She knelt and prayed,—it was a short but fervent prayer. She prayed like others; to be deceived rather than

to stand as she now did in existence, saying to herself, "I am nothing—nothing around me really is,—all is confusion, doubt, and uncertainty; there is no after-existence, and what we enjoy and feel here is all delusion." These opinions had led her father into the commission of crime,—but what was crime? Her mind had in it a proud disdain, as she thought, of evil: but what was evil? Alas! who could tell her? "Oh, that, in place of the herd of mercenary beings who attend me," she cried—"who know me not, and feel not as I do,—who give me torture when they mean to please, and curb me in all my free spirit teaches me to delight in! Oh, that a being like the one who watched over my infancy could again descend to instruct and enlighten me. Could I but see thee, gentle Zevahir, and hear thee, now I am again at liberty, I

would enjoy with thee the beauties and delights of this fair world. Thou wouldst explain to me, at once, all its delusions and errors, and teach me to avoid them. What will become of me, if in truth my father destines me to the Bey? How shall I endure to live with one whose sluggish soul sees no delight in any thing but in the indulgence of his heavy spirit, sleeping through the weary hours, and happy only in indifference and insensibility?"

As she spoke, she heard the air she had often heard in her infancy played, as she imagined, by the page Zevahir; her bird flew from her, and nestled in a shrub, as if alarmed. She then beheld a ball, bright as a diamond, and musical as the chime of bells, rolling towards her, upon the smooth margin of the lake, and lightly along the bank came a youth, drest after another



fashion than that of her country, but of a countenance fair and beautiful as her own. He appeared rather older than herself; his hair was light, his smile radiant, and his cheeks glowing with the first bloom of health; he had an angelic expression; perfect truth, perfect faith, and perfect honour and purity sate upon his lips and beamed from his eyes: a wreath adorned his golden locks; sandals ornamented his feet, and his step was fleet and light, as he had been a winged messenger from heaven. He made obeisance to her, she returned the salute with a smile: he approached her timidly, and said, in a voice soft, low, and harmonious, "Alicum Salem." To which she replied, "Salem Alicum<sup>34</sup>."

"You look mournful," he continued: "does the time pass slowly for you, or has any event grieved you since I fled from you?"

He held a flower in his hand, it was a catalpa; he knelt and offered it to her; she accepted it—the perfume was sweet: he wore a chain of beads around his neck, the colour of each bead varied like the opal and the Labrador stone in the light; he unclasped the chain, and seeing her eye fixed upon it, presented it to her. “On every bead, lovely Lilla,” he said “you may daily read my thoughts wear it for me!” The silver sound of his voice was like the sweetest music.

“Fiormonda, in raptures of delight pressed the beads eagerly to her lips—“Alas,” he said, “it is by gift alone I may yet retain you—keep these baubles for me.”

“Is it Zevahir,” she said, “my long banished page, or are you an angel from some bright world above?”

He answered not, but the diamond ball again played that air she remembered. As when the magnetizer, by his power over the enfeebled mind, appears to draw the evil humours from out the human frame, so whilst these soft sounds murmured upon her ear, every agitating thought, and every eager wish, left her. "Take this musical ball," he said, "and when worldly cares oppress you, let it play to you; it will soothe the troubled mind and calm the soul."

"Are you," said Fiormonda, "a guardian spirit, come from one of the bright stars, my father says are worlds? Will you teach me what is right?"

"I have watched you from infancy; as your page, I have followed you; I have brought the freshest flowers to you, and sung the sweetest songs to you; unknown and unseen, I have still been present with you; it is only

when your violence and vanity have grieved me, that I have reluctantly left you. Call me Zevahir ; call me by that name you have often called me. I am not of your country, but come from one happier, though not fairer than yours. If you would retain me for a playmate, you must learn to moderate your temper. Yours is as the burning siroc, and I am gentle as the balmy breeze ; my fine ear cannot endure the jarring sound of discord. I was called Phaos in the Golden Island ; but my real name is Zamohr. This is the ball for which King Mulichor sold his crown and kingdom ; these are the beads for which the Queen of Mora Ben Eden forsook her palace and abandoned her children : look at the blue bead in the centre, see through this glass what is there written.”

In small but distinct characters

there now appeared, plain to Fiormonda's eyes—"Love is gentle and beautiful; when you are gentle, Lilla, I love you." She coloured, and asked him whence he had gathered the Catalpa, the perfume of which was more fragrant than any she ever yet had found.

"I gathered it from the wreath which Bordislas-Chan, the Schah of Persia, sent to the wife of Ferno, Emperor of Mogul; the blossoms of that wreath were plucked from the garden of Eden by a cherub, before our first parents brought sin and shame upon us; their perfume is sweet, and they will bloom for ever; wear it upon your virgin heart, as a symbol of its purity and immortal worth; like you, it is spotless: never stain its white by one ill sentiment; it will bloom in that shrine whilst you are pure."

“ I am pleased with these gifts,” said the child; “ but what have you in your hand ? ”

“ It is a pen,” said he, “ which will write of itself whatever you command in any character, in any language; you have only to dictate, and it shall immediately express your sentiments: if there be no better scroll than the sand of the desert, your wishes shall be conveyed to me. Write, then, first to your guardian friend whatever enters into your mind; whisper by this pen, and though divided from him by immeasurable space, your feelings and your desires, will be thus in a moment communicated.”

When Zevahir, or Phaos, or Zander had concluded, he approached the girl, and pressed his lips upon her cheek one after another, nor asked forgiveness for the freedom.

prepared to retire. "Stay," said mild; "in the name of pity do not me, or tell me, at least, before you what wonderful power you have in a moment such ascendancy on me?"

The power, of which you are sensible that of early love; love, such as hearts and noble natures sometimes feel; what poets have imagined, philosophers have doubted, and worldly-minded have scoffed at and despised: nevertheless, when kindred meet as we do, they feel, they feel, what you now enjoy."

But," said Fiormonda, "although I enjoy whilst with you, do you think I shall have joy to-morrow when you are gone?"

"Yes," said Phaos, "since you will deem me ever near you, when your kind heart thinks on me; and

if I do not appear, still believe me watching over you, to bless and love you, as I have done heretofore."

"Oh, but if you are a spirit and near me, I shall be afraid of you. I love you as you are, alive, and as I now see you; but if I believe you to be more or less than myself, I dread you!"

"Whilst you are gentle, and pure, and said Phaos, "and innocent, before this base world shall have written its evil thought within your heart, I may appear to you: but whatsoever I appear you need not be alarmed; I never frighten or harm you: my nature is beneficent and kind. When the sea-breeze gently blows upon you, when the bird that is most beloved with its purple feathers, flies near you, in all that you love best, that it is I; hear my voice in the



...t and good, I am. When you  
and dream of Heaven, when you  
I will bear those prayers to the  
e of mercy; when you give to the  
tunate, I will be at your side. I  
uth, I am innocence, I am early

Be virtuous, be true, and the  
and grace of Heaven shall be  
you. As the dew ascends and  
upon the flower, so will I, night  
orning, return to my beloved."

spoke, and in speaking left her;  
e went as he had come, like the  
reath of spring, the fragrance of  
se, the first sigh of love, the sound

She felt alone that he was gone, and was inconsolable.

From that hour she became however more timid and gentle than before. New hopes, new thoughts, arose by degrees in her opening mind. She prayed to the great Creator for his protection. She blest his beneficent hand, and she was happy. This happiness, however, was soon interrupted by a most untoward accident ; for one day she suddenly perceived that she had lost all the cherished gifts, which her guardian spirit had given to her. The envious Shaffou Paca had seized them, no doubt ; or the fierce Kabkarra, in disguise, had entered her apartment. With something of her father's spirit she expressed her indignation, and meeting only with opposition to her will, she gave way to entire distraction.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WITH bitterness the passionate girl now arraigned her father, governesses, sub-governesses, négresses, and attendants; she demanded and sought in every direction the vision, which had captivated and delighted her. Shaffou Paca, Aura, Zoe, the slaves and guards, in vain pursued her, in vain inquired what had happened; she only replied by entreaties that he, whom she sought for, might return. At night upon her couch she became delirious, and raved, as her father imagined, calling ever after what none but herself had seen. “Give it me! Send for him!”

“What, beloved child?” said Ada Reis.

“That which I beheld in the hea-

vens, ascending to the stars; that w  
smiled upon me in the evening, w  
voice was music."

"The Lilla has no doubt been lo  
upon by an evil eye," said Sha  
Paca.

In this belief they sent in all  
rections for Shriefts and Marab  
wise men were stationed around  
and dream-expounders attended  
couch of the child.

"It is no dream, no folly,"  
Fiormonda, indignant at the least  
stacle which intervened between  
first intimation and the attainment  
her most trivial desires. "I wil  
here and die, if I do not see it ag

"Let peace be restored to the l  
of my child," said the proud merch  
as he saw the governess and the m  
and slaves flying from her, afraid  
some evil spirit had been near


“indulge her most trifling wishes,” continued he, assuming that air of imposing grandeur, which only the high and mighty are allowed to put on. “Be soothed, be comforted.”

“Never, never, till I have it,” cried the child; “let me go out upon the mountains and the lake, to see his angel form, to hear his voice once more.”

“I wish it had a name,” said Shaffou Paca, “and I would run myself over the world and fetch it.”

“I will give the Aashari dromedary, and ten of my finest steeds, with my best diamonds and pearls, and a million of Spanish ducats,” said Ada Reis, “to whoever discovers what malady has fallen upon my child.”

“Is it the milk-white steed the Bey rode upon yesterday,” said Aura; “or can it be the young mameluke, who brought the tiger to her?”




“ No, no,” said the child.

“ Or is it the house drawn by sixteen goats, belonging to a strange man—a poet?”

Weeping with disappointment upon the bosom of her father; “ it is none of these. Alas! I love you, sir, as you know well enough, better than my jewels, my dresses, my favourite horse, and my singing-birds; but I shall never recover, if I have not that which I beheld flying in the skies, ascending to the stars.”

And now the treasures of the country were ransacked, and brought before Ada Reis; the story of Fiormonda's illness reached the ears of the Pasha and the Bey; from far and near every novelty, every wonder—giants, dwarfs, elephants, were brought to Ada Reis, and displayed to the child. But vain were all the efforts, all the cost. The



rarities were received with indifference, and viewed by the heiress of Ada Reis with strong emotions of disappointment and disgust: her faded form and altered manners alarmed her doting friends. They then sent for a christian physician, who was at Cairo, offering him any sum which might induce him to undertake the case. The learned man from Cairo came, and all the shriefs and sages who could be summoned elsewhere answered a similar call; the concourse was great, the consultation long. “Some fiend has cast his eye upon the child; it is insanity has struck upon the brain; terror has diseased the nervous system.”

This opinion had just been given, when an immense concourse of Arabs from the mountains filled the courts. A shiek forced his way into the apartment, and loudly calling for Ada Reis,

desired permission himself to speak to the child. And when it was given: "Is he, of whom yon infant is in search," he said, "a boy with flaxen hair, whose bright blue eyes, and angelic smile, awaken the heart to love? Is this the bauble," he continued, holding in his hand a diamond ball, "which plays, when touched, soft music? Is this the pen, which writes from the heart that loves it, fervent wishes, even were no scroll but the desert waste and hand upon which to write? are these the beads?"

"They are! they are!" cried the delighted child; her bright eyes bearing through her tears, as she held her arms eagerly out to the Aral and once again obtained possession of those gifts she had possibly lost, her eagerness to seek him who had given them.



Arab shiek glanced his wily eye around, he smiled, whilst the spirit showed itself plainly in the dazzling brightness of that eye. Springing from his rough grasp, Fiorina now retreated back to her couch again, while Kabkarra, for it was he, clapping his hands, with a loud shout exclaimed, " 'Tis well, Fiorina; and thy impatience and thy rage shall soon place thee in my power. Sleep, however, now, for thou shalt dream. What a fire I will kindle in thy young heart when time has matured thee for my purpose!" He then departed from the room, leaving the Ada Reis, Shaffou Paca, and the rest of the company in much consternation. Deep sleep now fell upon Fiorina; and the rest of the by-standers, weary by many days of constant attendance, were happy, as they could

not explain to each other what had taken place, to retire and compose themselves. The fever abated ; Fiormonda smiled on her father, and her eyes closed ; soon every one slept.

The moon shone brightly in at the open casement, the sweet perfume of the rose and the jasmine scented the air : “ Wake, lovely child ! ” said a voice : “ Awake, and see thy guardian spirit, or in thy dreams be blest by his presence.” Fiormonda opened her beautiful eyes, and Phaos was at her side. She talked with him. He endeavoured to sooth her : he told her he had only left her to avoid the presence of those who could not endure him but that while she continued good and pious, and pure, he never would forsake her. His was not love, although he came by stealth at that lone hour ; it was a feeling which can be imagined

but by few : poets and painters have that feeling, when in ecstasy they gaze upon the calm beauties of nature ; childhood has that feeling, when at the twilight hour, upon a summer's evening, the gay and weary children, tired with sport and play, sit on the grass and listen to the rippling of a stream, soft music, or watch the passing clouds ; age has that feeling when near the friend or child it loves, it listens to the chime of bells, and the memory of past times returns. Fiormonda conversed with Phaos, and became calm and gentle.

In the morning she was found by Shaffou Paca perfectly restored to health. Ada Reis shortly after, satisfied with her convalescence, and fatigued with the prate of the maids and physicians, took his leave, promising, however, soon to return.

## CHAPTER IX.

DANGEROUS were the feelings which now agitated Fiormonda's mind. Kab-karra had spoken truly when he had said that as she grew in years a violent spirit would show itself. Innocent she was; but wild fancies and strange hopes and fears arose to delude her reason: she saw not things as they are—wild enthusiasm and romantic passion gave a false colouring to every object. In the very tone of her voice, in the songs she sung, in her impassioned manner, she<sup>e</sup> already proved the truth of his predictions. In the mean time, every night and every bright morning, with the rising and setting star, Phaos appeared to her, instilling into her heart sentiments of virtue and beneficence.

stream or lake, amidst flowers, or  
groves in the wood, these happy  
innocent children met and con-  
fessed: she was attached to him; she  
was comforted by him. He talked to  
her of piety, and innocence, and hap-  
piness, and reprimanded gently all her  
faults; but too much of woman's love  
had already with the feeling of at-  
tachment she felt for her guardian at-  
tached him; he repressed—he seemed to  
touch emotion—he chilled her—  
he admonished her to keep a stricter  
control over her thoughts. At length  
she began to feel somewhat of fatigue  
in his presence, she did not always hear  
him with the same patience, and some-  
times her volatile spirits led her from  
his discourses. Her mind dwelt  
more upon the pleasures of life than he  
did. She was ambitious, too; she  
loved of war—of triumph; splendid

jewels pleased her fancy ; above all, she detested the calm state her present companion described. She broke forth into a strain of ridicule : in one interview he found her decking herself with jewels which the Bey had presented to her ; in another, she burst into frenzy, speaking to her attendants in the imperious tone her father ever assumed : it was then that the guardian of her childhood became seriously offended ; he had often reprimanded her, and sometimes he had seen, with grief, that his admonitions tired, and that she began somewhat to smile at his romantic hopes and wishes. He described a course of life, which had not the same attractions for herself as for him ; he talked of a happy state, when two pure and innocent beings might live for each other, and do good to those who were less blest ; he spoke

of a country where all worshipped and adored the true Deity, and faith and benevolence were cherished above riches and beauty; where, in order to obey a great Creator, passions were to be subdued, and trials were to be endured without a murmur; all glare, all pomp, all vanity he detested, and Fiormonda acknowledged that she liked every thing of the sort: in his own country, he said, men had perfect honour, and women were gentle, pure, and obedient. He maintained that beauty and truth were religion, and all else was deceit and vice. He shed tears over Fiormonda when she boasted of her expectations upon earth. He bade her look above for support; her duty was to be humble and gentle. She smiled when he thus addressed her. His ideas, she said, were, she feared, too romantic for this world—after all,

whilst upon earth, we must respect even the prejudices of our fellow creatures; satire and ridicule had their effect. Fear of the bitter irony of Ada Reis had already, in some degree, influenced her mind; she thought, also, that she saw in her new friend an inexperience and a want of knowledge of the world, which she was sure would not be tolerated in a city like Tripoly, and in an age as enlightened as the present; yet was he very dear to her, and she grieved to see him more and more seldom.

Her recovery had now been some time complete, and Shaffou Paca maintained that the sooner she espoused the Bey the better. In her country eight years of age was thought a very reasonable period at which to marry; at thirteen some of her companions had already a family of children<sup>35</sup>. But



Ada Reis could not quite make up his mind to consent to the marriage : he had ideas of future aggrandizement, which were not sufficiently definite to justify him in an absolute refusal ; yet he delayed to give his entire consent to an immediate union, and resolved even to consult Kabkarra upon the subject.

A change had imperceptibly taken place, within the last year, in Fiormonda's air and manner. The passion of love had been awakened in her ardent breast ; but though she fancied the object of it to be her guardian attendant, he was, in fact, far from entirely engrossing her affections.

## CHAPTER X.

THERE are some who say women seldom justly appreciate real merit; their imaginations and passions beguile them; and the rare qualities of the mind, which refuse to obtrude themselves, seldom attach. Ada Reis in his narrative makes no such reflection; he merely says, that Fiormonda was alone captivated by the mystery which gave interest to her secret meetings with her youthful admirer; whereas every day, as she advanced in years, her ambitious hopes gained strength, and enthusiasm and passion turned her mind from the duties and affections of friendship. Ada Reis confesses that until this time he had little or no suspicion of his daughter's attachment to

the beautiful boy; he considered her as safe under the guidance of Shaffou Paca, and at length the vigilance of that lady detected Fiormonda's secret interviews with Zevahir. She lost no time in warning Ada Reis of his daughter's danger; she further communicated her strong suspicion that the intruder was not a mere mortal being, but probably an evil spirit; of this, indeed, she had little doubt, as she was a firm believer in everything that exceeded the bounds of credibility.

Ada Reis, upon this intelligence, determined upon putting his daughter out of harm's way, by instantly celebrating her marriage with the Bey. He made a speedy communication of his intention to the Pasha; who, well aware of his immense wealth, had long been very urgent upon this subject; and the most splendid preparations

were in consequence made to solemnize the nuptials.

Matters stood thus, when Phaos, one evening upon entering Fiormonda's apartment, and finding her in no humour to converse rationally with him, but, on the contrary, vain, obdurate, and flighty, warned her that he was about to leave her for ever. "Farewell, loveliest!" he said: "since my attachment can neither touch you nor bind you, it is decreed that we must part; the time is come, and without one word of reproach, I quit you: look upon me once, since we shall meet perhaps no more. The world and its false vanities have already allured your young heart from nature and innocence; you are about to enter upon a career of vanity and deceit; sometimes, perhaps, you will remember your happiest days; the days when you were innocent and loved by

me: then was your heart pure and affectionate ; then were virtue, truth, and honour, the only feelings which you venerated. My love for you has been holy as piety, as beautiful, and as true : your early faith and infant prayer drew me down to guard you ; your womanish vanity and errors have rendered my stay impossible. Go, therefore ; for your very name has doomed you to be the ephemeral plant of a perishable world. But you have a soul, whatever false philosophy may say for the purpose of persuading you to doubt it, and one day you will be called to account for all your actions. I, the lover of your infancy, must leave you ; to part is death to you, and agony to me. Virtue delights in concealing her beauties, that the mean, the corrupt, the profligate may not run after her and admire her as they would do could they see her.

Vice, hideous and deformed, stalks abroad dressed in jewels and ornaments to attract the inexperienced. Oh, Fiormonda, cherish yet in thy young heart the good seed which has been implanted there. You have snapped asunder the cords that bound us together, and I am forced to quit you. Farewell, beloved child; for worldly honour and accursed vanity you have abandoned me." Thus saying, he broke from her and left her, with more solemnity than could have been expected from his youth.

Fiormonda thought him but gone for a moment; he had ever returned when her pen expressed her wishes to that effect, and as every bead she read spoke to her but of love, tenderness, and faith, she gave herself but little concern at his bidding her farewell; and even felt the silly vanity of a co-

aw him not, however, the ensuing  
In the evening, she talked of  
ey, who was so soon, she heard,  
im her hand, and take her to his  
e: she tried on every variety of  
for this occasion, and was pleased  
he adulation and praises of her  
lants. Never was beauty seen  
ssing hers, and she admired her-  
o the full as much as did her ad-  
g slaves; but her heart was still  
ed to her guardian spirit, and,  
ugh she liked to show her power,  
o sooner missed his visits than she  
ardently and eagerly to pine,

## CHAPTER XI.

As soon, however, as Fiormonda found that her lover had really left her, she informed Shaffou Paca of all that had passed; repeated the words Phaos had addressed to her, sang over his songs, showed his presents, and wept and pined, and complained in the same violent way which she had done after their first interview. "He is," she said, "the page Zevahir; he has watched over me from my birth; he is all that is good and beneficent; he was my mother's friend in early life; he is a guardian spirit, he bore my prayers up to the throne of Heaven, he watched me whilst I slept, and I have lost him by my own faults and folly!"

There was a certain juice Ada Reis applied to his daughter's lips whenever



received passion was likely to overcome her reason ; and there was a pitched to a low tone, by which, enraged himself, he endeavoured to modulate his own voice : but on the next occasion, when Shaffou Paca, Zoe, negroes and negresses, governors and governesses, sub-governors, tutors, nurses, and attendants, gathered together in his antechamber and from thence all at once broke into his presence, informed him of what had taken place—the juice and oil were applied in vain ; he fell into one of his paroxysms ; he even tore a lock out of his beard, which had grown there the admiration of the ladies of his harem, all the rest being of beautiful auburn, and curling like to a wire. He struck his own head violently, and was very near repeating the blow with greater violence upon

that of others. At length he became calm—"And who is this stripling," he cried, "and where are his villanous gifts? bring them and the Lilla Fiormonda before me. Kabkarra! I invoke your aid. Who knows where to find Kabkarra?"

"I do," said Shaffou Paca; "and had I followed his wise counsels, my young charge had not been now exposed to the arts and seductions of I know not whom."

Here Shaffou Paca was again interrupted by the rage of Ada Reis, which knew no bounds: execrating her want of severity, and his own blindness, he vowed vengeance on a youth, who, by all the marvels he had heard of him, could scarcely be esteemed a mortal being, or liable to such proofs of his resentment as it was his present intention to bestow upon him.

The scattered remnants of broken furniture were no sooner removed, and the chamber restored to order, than the obedient troop of wives and slaves went to communicate to Fiormonda the wishes of Ada Reis, which occasioned nearly as tremendous a fit of fury in the child, as that which had been displayed by her father. Her paroxysm being likewise over, and the attire of the Lilla set to rights, the procession took place; two black women bearing the gifts first, and Fiormonda following, her lovely cheeks bedewed with tears, the white catalpa still blooming fresh upon her bosom. Ah! who that had seen that soft blue eye downcast, and covered by its jetty fringe, as with slow and calm step she gently followed her guardians like a lamb to the altar, could possibly have believed that a moment before, she

had knocked down the vases in the state apartment, and had torn in pieces the celebrated veil wrought in Egypt for Bianca di Castamela, her mother, and presented to her by Ada Reis as the most wonderful specimen of the art; could Fiormonda, that lovely, that gentle child, have given the yellow slave that terrible bump upon his right eye, or have impressed a wound upon the arm of Shaffou Paca, who now followed her, venting her ill-humour by ceaseless complaint?

Ada Reis, when he beheld her, exclaimed, “ Child of an unhappy connexion, you little know the danger in which you now stand: a royal suitor awaits you, a diadem is yours if you obey my commands; but the wretch, who has gazed upon you, whom you meet in secret, is a sorcerer—an evil spirit. I will return his gifts, or,” he

continued, as he now fixed his eyes upon these wonderful toys, “ I will keep them ; not indeed knowing unto whom I am to return them at present ; and, until the arrival of Kabkarra, the friend of our family, you shall remain under my own superintendance.” After having said thus much, Ada Reis, much appeased by this show of authority, and the established certainty, that no one dared contradict or oppose him, examined one after the other the gifts which Phaos had presented to his child.

Fiormonda, as she first delivered the beads to her father, taking the glass, read upon one, “ I am as miserable as yourself ;” the next said, “ fear not ;” the third said, “ love me ;” the fourth shed tears ; the fifth breathed sighs ; and all the other beads said some one of those flattering sayings, which love only knows how to say. Fiormonda then put one to her lips as Ada Reis, in

an angry tone, asked why she delayed so long to give him the bauble; the bead, breathing softly, returned the kiss she gave. "Wonderful!" she cried: "I cannot part with this."

"Cannot," said Ada Reis furiously, "why I will give thee a kingdom for this foolish chain; and your royal suitor shall hang upon your neck a string of pearls, each pearl possessing worth enough therewith to purchase a monarch's diadem."

"Never!" said Fiormonda faintly; but she gave up the beads; and whilst Ada Reis, examining them with contempt, said they were in his eyes like mere common ornaments, Fiormonda addressed her pen, which from her hand wrote as in the air, "Come to my assistance, angel of peace! Yes, I am true to you; I will be gentle, virtuous, obedient; I never will belong *to the Bey* or the rich Jew; I will learn

to command my passions ; I will learn to obey.”

Scarce had the pen expressed her thoughts, when Ada Reis snatched it from her, “ And for this trifling quill my Lilla Castamela shall have an elephant, a dromedary, and a diamond crown.”

The musical ball was next displayed, but that ball which had sung so sweetly to Fiormonda, and sounded like the voice of her lover, now was silent, and when at length moved to play, only imitated the martial gong, or the loud kettle-drum, and war-whoop.

“ See,” said Ada Reis, when he had gained his point, turning with authority to Shaffou Paca, “ see that better care be taken to keep intruders from my house, or your miserable life may end somewhat sooner than you perhaps wish. Command the guards to keep strict watch in future.”

## CHAPTER XII.

SHAFFOU Paca and the guards did their duty; but how vain are the commands of a despot, and of what avail is force against the free spirit? A thousand thoughts, born and bred under this durance, ripened in Fiormonda's mind, and taught her to value that which she had lost by her own fickleness and presumption: how endless the day appeared, and how cheerless the evening without her second self, her other half! What struggling passions waged war with each other in her mind! She pined for she knew not what: she talked of virtue, heaven, and immortal hopes—worldly honours and costly attire; made transitions from the stars of the blessed to the good



things of this world, with a rapidity and facility astonishing to the bystanders. Love, fear, hope, heaven, Phaos, the Bey, and Kabkarra, were alternately subjects of her incoherent conversation: until at length Shaffou Paca maintained that a struggle between the evil and the good principle was taking place within her mind, which would probably end in the total alienation of her reason. Sickness fell upon her. Life in all its glorious promise faded before her. Doubts, fears, passions, arose within her breast; and Ada Reis, alarmed, and awake to her danger, resolved, without loss of time, to invoke once more the aid of Kabkarra. Her illness increasing, the blacks began to howl and scream the dying yell. Shaffou Paca exclaimed, "If it be your wish," addressing Ada Reis, "my son shall be here this night: the

way is long, it is true, but at a word I can make him come."

"Ha!" said Ada Reis, "well, then, bring him before me;" and Shaffou Paca, pleased with a display of her power, did not observe the dark suspicious frown of surprise and anger which now overspread her master's countenance; she, with all the despatch in her power, obeyed his commands.

But Kabkarra, offended, refused to attend the summons of Ada Reis. "The Lilla Fiormonda," he said, "has much wronged and displeased me; she has contracted a friendship with another: let her rue her folly. To prove, however, that my regard is not entirely extinguished, I send in my place a skilful female, Zezel Peer Banyan, who will tend the Lilla with all the care and all the art which her malady requires."

Shaffou Paca informed Ada Reis of this mandate, and he received the intelligence as the head of a family receives the news of the arrival of the apothecary when he has sent for, and expects, a renowned physician.

At half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three-quarters before the full of the moon, Zezel Peer Banyan arrived, and seating herself upon a mat in the child's apartment, began drawing lines with her finger upon the palm of her other hand, and appeared very well satisfied with herself and situation. A chant from without was at that moment heard, and a troop of Arabs bearing torches entered the house and surrounded her, whilst a procession of Arab children followed, with charms, and spells, and serpents, and messes in their hands. The children were all nearly of the age of the

invalid: they ranged themselves in rows before the couch, and sung short impressive accents, not without inharmonious, a song or hymn to the dying child. Their gestures and uncouth garb gave an animated and wild emotion to their countenances whilst they danced and played in mysterious attitudes.

Zezel Peer Banyan, in the meantime, enveloped in a loose dark wool blanket, or baracan, one eye of terrible fierceness alone appearing, stood around, as if performing some of the ceremonies of a Marabut, at the same time shrieking as loud as her hoarse voice would permit. She then stood upon the Koran, and squatted herself down upon the carpet in the middle of the room; the children, like insects, danced wildly around her. Fiormo moved not. The sorceress then still

**a** mess up with a variety of gestures ;  
**the** Arabs and children prostrated  
**themselves** before her, all shrieking  
**like** herself ; after which, in discordant  
**accents**, they sang deep and tremulous  
**invocations**. A flame arose from the  
**caldron**.

Upon this sign Zezel Peer Banyan bade them return to their homes. Then taking with her hand somewhat from the flame, she seated herself upon the mat, entirely enveloped in her black baracan, with her one bright eye alone in view, and that fixed like a basilisk's upon the child. Silence and terror unparalleled reigned through the apartment ; even Shaffou Paca was awed, and the blacks obeying the gestures, which bade them depart one by one, slowly left the room. No sooner had every one retreated, than the Arab fairy began again to whirl around with

terrific attitudes and horrid gestures. She danced too, and for so long, that at length her dance became one continued convulsion; she laughed, she howled, she stamp'd, she sung, till Fiormonda, from a state of insensibility, arose trembling, and called for Aura and Zoe, and even for Shaffou Paca—but in vain. Again Zezel Peer Banyan re-seated herself in silence, fixing her eye, in a fearful manner. The child, kneeling, implored her to speak, and asked in mercy who she was. The mysterious being approaching her, with a laugh, suddenly snatched her from her couch. At this moment the dark baracan fell, and Fiormonda found herself in the arms of a fierce Arab chief, who cried, “Ha! lovely one, thou art mine! I have made thee well!” pressed her lips rudely to his, and looked upon her with exulting triumph. “Passions

ave bound thee to me," he cried, "Fires, wild and lawless, wait but opportunity and temptation to rage within thy breast; thou shalt be mine!—be mine!"

Ada Reis at this moment entered, and the warrior re-assuming the appearance of the sorceress, and folding the cloak again around him, said, as he placed over the child a girdle of the finest jewels, which he had drawn from without the caldron, "Remember me when we meet again, and by this token, give not thy hand to any one here, for an imperial crown awaits thee."

He then retired, but the apartment remained full of jewels, perfumes, gifts; and the negresses, and Aura, and Zoe, had received bona manos from Zezel Peer Banyan, they said, as she went out. Some, however, hinted, that this Zezel Peer Banyan was no

other than Kabkarra, the Jew, the son of Shaffou Paca. Suspicions had entered the mind of Ada Reis, and sending several of his black slaves to bring that lady instantly before him, "Strange things," he said, "he had been in the habit of seeing and hearing all the days of his life ; common wonders he considered as of small consequence ; even the chess-men he had tolerated ; but now it occurred to him, that Zubányann, the evil one, and Zezel Peer Banyan, the sorceress, were imposing upon the facility of his disposition, and before he was aware, Fiormonda, his lovely child, his only living child, would be in their power." Considerably disturbed by these apprehensions, he fixed his eyes sternly upon Shaffou Paca, awaiting, in a majestic attitude, her approach. Her natural infirmities were greatly increased by the alarm which



his sudden summons had caused her ; the negresses too were tottering and trembling behind, and the blacks, who were afraid of their master, hurried her along for fear of enraging him by the least delay, regardless of the unfortunate lameness, which prevented her advancing quickly, with her short leg foremost ; this short leg being her chief stay, the other circling round it, as the long shank of a pair of compasses turns about the shorter when it is planted. She now approached Ada Reis ; as she came up close within his view his gravity left him, and for one moment he fell back with laughter upon beholding her.

This reception, in some measure, reassured her ; but when he charged her with being mother to a sorcerer, and questioned her upon the subject of the Jew Kabkarra, she nearly fainted ; her

two negresses put some clove cinnamon to her nose, and offered a small cup of orange-flower water; she thought it a disrespect to any of these things in presence of Reis, and, shaking from head to foot, answered his questions in the following manner.

“Are you married?”

“I was.”

“To whom?”

“To a vendor of slippers, a Jew.”

“What was his name?”

“Kabkarra!”

“Ha!” said Ada Reis, and sprang from his cushion. “What became of your husband?”

“He died of the plague ten years ago.”

“Had you any children?”

“One.”

“Where is he?”

“ He wanders about the world, he is your servant.”

“ Answer straight, thou old sorceress !” stamping with his foot, and ordering two of his blacks to tie a sash around her neck, and strangle her if she prevaricated ; “ answer me, or you shall die !”

“ I shall die,” said Shaffou Paca, kneeling, as she felt the noose about her neck, “ if you do not command these miscreants to loose the sash !”

Ada Reis smiled, and the sash was relaxed. He then proceeded, “ How came your son in league with the evil one ?”

“ It was one fearful night,” said Shaffou Paca, shuddering, “ we were nearly starved to death : what will not man do to purchase food ?”

“ Who ?”

“ My son and myself: taking a desperate resolution, he left me.”

“ What then ?”

“ He went in search of gold and of pearls.”

“ What then ?”

“ I know nothing more ; he was long absent ; I was on the point of death when he returned. He came at length ; but his countenance never again expressed or hope or peace. From that day we have both been rich but miserable. He, shortly after his return, led me from Egypt ; we wandered to different countries : I know nothing further.”

“ Swear it !”

“ I swear it.”

“ Was he here to-night ? Did he not appear before me in the form of Zezel Peer Banyan !”

Shaffou Paca trembled all over, but maintained that her son possessed no other power than what belongs to mortal man.

“You then are leagued with Zubán-yann?”

“I know him not.”

“Is there an evil one? Teach me all thou knowest. I will strangle thee if thou dost not explain all to me; and then, if there be any power in thy knowledge, thou mayest restore thyself.”

“Sir,” said Shaffou Paca, sobbing and wringing her hands, “nothing can restore me if you take away my life; and to prolong life, and purchase riches, what have I not forfeited?” With this she begged Ada Reis’s leave to retire; but his curiosity was insatiable, and he questioned her for several hours longer. However, he could make no-

thing out from her discourse, he therefore commanded her to fetch her son. She hobbled off in haste, most eager to get away.

The next day she was furnished with a mule and two blacks, and was again commanded by Ada Reis to procure him an interview with her son. It was a journey of many miles to the Guaiana mountains, where he dwelt; she must needs be absent two days, and, probably, encounter many difficulties before she could find him; beside which, he had forbidden her ever in person intruding upon him: "he lived with the Arabs and banditti in his hut, dug within the bowels of the earth, not far from the summit of the mountain." It was immaterial to Ada Reis where he lived, or what commands he had given; see him he was resolved he would, and he would either seek him there him-

self, or Shaffou Paca must bring him before him.

At length she was persuaded to depart, not without much fear and some regret, for she dreaded she knew not what, if, contrary to Kabkarra's orders, she ventured upon his privacy.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE way was long and wearisome; the mules went at a brisk trot, but the lady could not bear the continued shaking, and was obliged frequently to rest.

When she arrived at her son's habitation, or rather at that part of the mountain within which she knew he dwelt, she knocked, she called, and a fierce Arab with his dog started out upon her, demanding what she wanted; upon seeing her, as none ever yet were like her, the Arab recognised her, bade her attendants remain without, and desired her to enter. She descended some steps roughly hewn in the rock, and she found herself in a room where a man was reclining, apparently in ago-



nising pain ; a musket and a yatagan by him. “ My beloved son,” she had scarce time to say, when he, in a hoarse tone, exclaimed, “ Toad, reptile, what art thou here for ?”

“ To seek my son.”

“ Am I thy son ?” said he, starting up wildly.

“ Alas !” said Shaffou Paca, after prostrating herself before him, “ all that is left me is to wonder and to doubt—but whatever thou art, or spirit, or man, I implore thee to hasten this instant to Ada Reis—my miserable life must pay the forfeit, if thou refusest me.”

“ Hast seen the javelin or the arrow cleave the air, mother ?” said Kabkarra, laughing. “ Hast marked the lightning’s flash ?—With such speed, will I obey his summons. But how is thy beauteous charge ? Take care of her,

as she deserves ; study alone to increase every charm ; excite her passions, and corrupt her mind. I must win her : but first there will be a fierce struggle between myself and my rival."

"And shall I not?" said Shaffou Paca.

"Go," said he, fiercely, "return, and say to Ada Reis, that your son will be with him, as he commands, before even his impatience can expect him. Order the mare Oriah," he continued, addressing his attendants ; "I obey Ada Reis' summons."

As Kabkarra said this, blessing herself, and conjuring up in her mind every charm and prayer she could collect in her memory, from the superstition of every country of which she ever had heard, Shaffou Paca remounted her mule, and began to trot homewards, notwithstanding her great inclination

to sleep ; and as her blacks and her slaves, nodding upon their beasts from lassitude, slowly followed after, they were aroused by a noise like the whizzing of an arrow from a bow, and they thought they saw a flash pass them, like that of the lightning. It was Kabkarra upon his milk-white mare Oriah, who had darted by them. “ My message,” thought Shaffou Paca, trying to excite her tardy mule into a brisk pace, “ will not be delivered ; but it is as well ; I shall then, in all probability, be out of the scrape.”

Whilst these things were passing, Fiormonda languidly reclined upon her couch, talked of nothing but the frightful Zezel Peer Banyan, until a deep sleep stole over her senses, and her father, gazing upon her, fancied that she was again ill, or perhaps dead. The blacks seeing her so pale and in-

animate, set up once more a frightful yell; and Shaffou Paca being away, Ada Reis became impatient beyond all bounds. He ordered the slaves to cease their lamentations: evening came on; a deep silence ensued, all appeared calm without, the soft moonbeam glided through the open casement, the delicious air was perfumed with spices, breathing, as it were, upon the loveliest and most inanimate of beings.

Ada Reis sate dozing over sherbet in a distant part of the apartment—when the air, well known to Fiormonda, sounded from without. At this moment entered one who knelt before her couch; it was the beautiful boy whose gentle presence had been the cause of so much combustion and disorder: Ada Reis gazed intently upon him. After a few words of prayer, he arose from the ground, and seating himself upon the

sofa near the child, addressed her in soft low tones, whilst the tears were streaming from his eyes: “Wherefore hast thou, loveliest of thy sex, given way to the intemperance of passion? the evil spirit saw and marked thee, and has seduced thy young heart, whilst thou didst fly thy better angel. How calm now is thy form, Fiormonda! how cold and torpid flows the current of thy blood within thy veins! Where now is that frown which will soon learn to awe the world? Where that impetuosity which already shows itself too great for thy tender frame? Alas! this is alone the form of Fiormonda; the soul has fled far, far from hence; seized, subdued, and imprisoned by the foe of man, and I have not the power, without other aid, to redeem it.”

“Oh!” said Ada Reis, who had attentively listened to this address, “if

there be mercy in the heart of a spirit, for such I take you to be, condescend to sympathise with the grief of a distracted father. I will slay five thousand of the fairest ladies in the capital, the Bey, and all the nobles of the Pasha's court; I will cut off my beard, the longest ever seen, and do penance for the crimes of my youth, in any manner you think fit, if you will only restore my Fiormonda to me."

"Alas! Ada Reis," said the youth, "blood has been shed already, and new crimes will not, I fear, efface former misdeeds. It is from thee I would save the unhappy child of Bianca di Castamela; it is for a happier fate than that of being thy daughter, or the Bey's bride, that I would restore her to existence. But, alas! she is under the thralldom of one more powerful than myself, and love, and faith, and

virtue, alone, could have power to wrest her from the raging tyranny of her present master.”

Ada Reis, who had indulged hope for one moment, now gave vent to an agony of despair, and ordered his guards to seize the intruder.

“ There is no need of force,” said the youth with gentleness; “ though a stranger to thee, I am Fiormonda’s friend ; all nature is divided between the good and the evil principle ; and if I so seldom have been seen at the court of the Pasha, or near the person of Ada Reis, it is because they both prefer my more violent half-brother to myself ; my name is Zamohr. I am the guardian of all that is pure, that is lovely, that is beautiful, that is innocent ; and of all mortal and immortal beings I am esteemed the most benevolent and the most gentle. My

form, as you see, is that of youth, for there is no ingredient in my composition base enough to compose aught that is less amiable; never can wrinkle wither my bloom, nor age nor passion blight the freshness of my feelings; hope not to confine me; thou hast but the power of dismissing me; go thou to a sleepless couch and lament; I am happy; on me neither sin nor shame have ever cast a shade; the spring of the year is my season, and in the soft moonbeam, not in the sunny glare, I take my rounds."

"Wretch!" cried Ada Reis, "I know what it is to war with magicians and spirits; I know my power is circumscribed, and yours is unbounded; but yet I can wound you, and I will do it. Thus, then, on my bended knees, I invoke the defender of our house, and the dread power who



has so often assisted me! There are means, and you well know it, by which even the good can be made to suffer, and if you cannot feel for yourself, you shall, at all events, for Fiormonda's fate. I yield her to thy rival! I here give her up to Zubányann—to Kabkarra! He can aid her, he can defend her; he shall make her powerful and rich, and save her from your seductions."

As he said this, he heard cheers and shouts of triumph. The gentle Zamohr vanished into air; the nuba<sup>36</sup> sounded; the joyous song of people from without was heard: the attendants, running in, informed Ada Reis, somewhat suddenly, that the Pasha's son, the Bey, had come to know the state of Fiormonda's health. The song of "Loo, loo," was distinctly heard. The Bey was accompanied by only one attendant, his favourite Mameluke, and

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his horse seemed almost exhausted with fatigue. Ada Reis, who had heard that the Bey was gone out against the Arabs, was astonished at his so swift return; but when the beautiful stranger appeared before him, he started, for in a moment he saw that it was not the Bey, but that it was Kabkarra! He wore a crescent of diamonds, and his large turban was of the finest white muslin, crossed with a shawl of dark purple, and richly embroidered gold. He was decked from head to foot with jewels. His countenance, though fierce, was beautiful, and, regardless of Moorish manners and laws, he boldly entered the presence of Fiormonda, though the shrieking females had hardly time to fly and conceal themselves. "I am come," he said, in a commanding voice, "to answer your demand. You know

the Jew Kabkarra too well to inquire of me who I am, and if I have abused the credulity of the people by assuming the garb of the Pasha's son, it is (forgive my vanity) that I wish to show you that a turban and an embroidered cloak can make of Kabkarra the thing you admire. Fiormonda, my lovely child, fear not ; although the Prophet himself were here to prevent me, thus, thus would I approach thee ; for who was it saved thee, when thy affrighted nurses were howling around the shriek of death, and from what rival have I snatched thee, save from the gnawing worm in the cold sepulchre ? As to the Bey, thou shalt never be his bride."

"You have promised," said Ada Reis, "that she shall possess a royal husband, and wear an imperial crown."

"And she shall wear it !" said Kabkarra, with a laugh of triumph : "but

not here, not in these countries may she reign.”

“ Ah! these delays and equivocations,” said Ada Reis, “ whilst the Bey, on the contrary, would instantly place her in his father’s palace; and the title of Lilla, in consequence of his known intentions, has already been granted to her. And what can the title of Lilla do for a proud and free-born soul like hers? And what is the Pasha’s palace, but a splendid prison? I offer her far better than this; the world is my habitation: by sea and by land we will travel together, and enjoy the moment of existence granted to us.”

Fiormonda smiled to hear Kabkarra speak; and he, kneeling before her, bade her be firm, and resist every attempt made to allure her. “ If jewels please you,” he said, “ I can bring you

the finest and the rarest. If gifts like those my half-brother Zamohr present will gratify your fancy, are not the chessmen Kabkarra gave more worth your care? Where, too, is the girdle I placed upon your heart, when you were ill? it is better than the string of cloves and gold the Moorish ladies wear."

"And are you, who are so beautiful, the same who came to me the other evening? Are you that frightful evil Peer Banyan?" said Fiormonda, gazing with admiration and astonishment upon him.

"Am I not like her?" said the youth, with a sarcastic smile: "these eyes, these features, this form, are they not the same?"

"What is your real name?" said Fiormonda.

"Can I need any other," said the stranger, "than Kabkarra? And now

ask me no more questions ; I am come to save you. Ada Reis, mark me ! whether I be an enchanter or a mere mortal is immaterial ; but if you heed not my warning, you will repent. In a short time you will be obliged to fly this place ; observe my instructions : when danger menaces, call for me ; bid Shaffou Paca send you her son, and mount upon my steed, the one I shall leave here ; as for my charming little mistress, she must likewise be prepared. Do this, and all shall be in readiness ; for I must save and bear you hence. The deeds you have done, Ada Reis, are known ; the Pasha looks upon you with an eye of suspicion : in a few days your head will be demanded, and your life forfeited if you obey not my injunctions. Give me your signet-ring<sup>37</sup>, that in case of necessity, I may have the means, whilst you are

detained within, of being obeyed without by your slaves.”

“ Bel Nabi ! ” said Ada Reis, “ you seem to have means enough without any ring of mine ; however, take it : great men, I find, are always pursued by wonderful adventures.” Ada Reis then gave the ring, although with some reluctance, and Kabkarra departed with the same precipitation with which he had arrived. The song of “ Loo ! Loo ! ” was repeated. The astonished Ada Reis remained in silence ; until at a late hour that night, long after Fiormonda was asleep, the weary Shaffou Paca at length returned, and heard the pleasing intelligence that her son, as she had expected, had arrived before her, and had entirely satisfied her master.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE character of Ada Reis was not formed to endure patiently the slightest appearance even of disrespect from a superior. He was astonished a few days after Kabkarra's visit, at receiving an unceremonious mandate from the Pasha of Tripoly, commanding his immediate presence at his court. A slave, who was attached to Ada Reis, made him a sign at the very moment the message was delivered to him, by which he understood that the Pasha's hampers were in readiness to strangle him. Well aware of the celerity with which these commands were at all times executed, and suddenly struck with the mournful air his slaves and followers had as-



ned, he bowed respectfully to the messenger, and promised to follow him, without a moment's loss of time, secretly resolved to send for Kabkarra and consult him.

“You have three hours to prepare,” said the messenger, with a significant smile; “the Pasha has made strange preparations to receive you with unexpected honours.”

My crimes, then, are known at length, thought Ada Reis; or sooner, my wealth, my power, my spirit of independence, have given umbrage to a tyrant. With feigned calmness he now entered Fiormonda's apartment.

Shaffou Paca, upon this eventful evening, had engaged her pupil, now much recovered from the effects of her indisposition, to play a game at chess. “You have not,” she said, “for a long time opened the box Kabkarra gave

you ; the little men must be tired for want of employment."

"Who," said Fiormonda, "will venture to attack me?"

"I will," said Ada Reis, smiling: "three hours are yet granted me ; and how better can I employ one of the three than in endeavouring to entertain my child? We will place the board upon the carpet, and try our powers with these little creatures."

Fiormonda was delighted with observing their variety and beauty. She smiled, and talked with unusual gaiety, and even spoke of Kabkarra with attachment for having given her so wonderful a gift.

As she prepared to begin the game, the musical ball, though confined within a chest, sounded a mournful air : it was a dirge, intermingled with sounds like the sobs and sighs of one in pain. Ada

**Reis** paused—Fiormonda remained motionless :—there then arose plainly before their view two resplendent forms, the one adorned with all the beauty of early youth, the other in all the vigour of manhood ! These occupied the opposite parts of the board, the one preparing to attack the other. They are the good and the evil genii, thought Ada Reis, contending for Fiormonda. But he could not utter a word, or move ; his eyes continued to gaze upon the prodigy which was taking place before them. The game began, whilst all who beheld it, attracted as steel to the loadstone, watched piece after piece as they were ranged in defiance against each other. Shaffou Paca, Zoe, Aura, the negroes, negresses, nurses, attendants, and guards, in due order placed themselves, some behind Ada Reis, some behind Fiormonda ; their eyes riveted,

their thoughts engrossed, their fixed upon each movement of the And now the one triumphed, and the other: the struggle for mastery great, the skill exhibited won and the celerity of each motion perceived thought. None had until this moment perceived how large the men on board had grown by insensible degrees—so large, so formidable, that the tenances, gestures, smiles, and looks of the warriors, pawns, and kings were distinctly perceivable, while the neighing of horses could be just heard.

The white king heaved a sigh as the breathing of a dormouse amid state when he beheld his

is foe; he bit his lip, and turned to  
knights, ordering them forthwith  
charge; the obedient troop obeyed  
lord. The two genii watched over  
respective armies, directing their  
movements by signs, and now and then  
words, speaking lowly and myster-  
iously in an unknown tongue. The  
countenance of the youth was like Za-  
ru, only less serene; and the playful  
and the amorous glance were ex-  
changed for deep thought and marked  
gravity. No anger, no violence, no  
weakness were shown by him, as,  
with a steady hand, he motioned his  
troops. A band of gold, bright as  
a beam, confined his light tresses;  
more a robe to be compared alone  
in colour to the clouds of evening  
than the sun's setting ray shines upon

His beauty, his youth, his an-  
gle-smile, and varying complexion

interested every one in his success; whilst his dark antagonist marshalled his troops with an air of wild exultation, his form equal in beauty, but his malevolent smile spreading terror into every heart. To the gentle and timid march of Zamohr he opposed hasty decisions, and a rash but brilliant attack. His countenance beamed with animation and fire; his lips, like rubies, parted only to smile with bitter taunt or exulting triumph. His men, like himself, were dark and fearless. Child of the Sun, he lifted up his eyes, and gazed like the eagle upon its full meridian beam, then turned to the game, as if secure of triumph.

That sun, however, descended before the awful contest ceased. The white queen now made a successful diversion to the left; she ventured, unattended, even into the midst of the

enemy's quarters ; her presence caused a terrible confusion in the dark ranks ; a knight was lost whilst passaging his horse to admiration, speaking to it in manage terms as it performed its caracols without one false step. But vain was his skill ; he paid the forfeit of his rashness. The black bishops now advanced obliquely, pronouncing anathemas as they passed. The white bishops parried this attack by using similar arms amongst the dark troops. The white queen, grown bolder, now stood firm in front, and checked the king. The dark king, highly offended at this audacity, frowned, armed his towers, placed his videts and pioneers in front, and dismissed the fearless lady with repeated insults. She retired in tears back to her own territories. A careless move had nearly lost her on her return. The murmur of alarm on

the white side was now general ; while shouts of triumph could distinctly, although faintly, be heard from the opposite party. Indecision and fear in a general is fatal. The Evil Principle had no fear ; his eyes now shone like blazing stars in a dark sky, and dazzled, by their brightness and glare, his agitated and half-conquered antagonist. The youthful genius made another irresolute move ; it was past recall, and the white king was check-mated amidst the groans of his own forces, and a clash of arms and shout of victory from the contending pigmies of the opposite side. The vision immediately vanished. The board shrunk back to its ordinary dimensions, and the chessmen resumed their usual shape and appearance.

Ada Reis remained gazing upon a vacant space, Fiormonda in the same



itude stood for a moment in breathless terror : a loud noise from without was heard, it was as of the tramp of steeds and clash of arms. A flash from the eagle-eye of Kabkarra was felt as he rushed into the apartment, even before he had fixed its triumphant glance upon Fiormonda. His long dark hair streamed wildly over his still darker mantle, as, springing forward with a leap, he shouted, "I have conquered, and won! Give me my bride! Mount, mount, Ada Reis; my horses wait for you. Fly! for there is not a moment to be lost, the Pasha's guards already surround these walls; fly! or meet a fate you cannot avert." An explosion, like the blowing up of a mine, took place whilst he was yet speaking. "I have saved you by setting fire to your house. Ha! ha! do you tremble? Away, then!"

As he spoke, flames broke forth on every side, and, amidst the deep smoke, the dark form of Kabkarra appeared terrible. Screams rent the air from distracted females; muskets were fired at random, dogs howled, slaves ran, whilst the clash of swords resounded on every side. The Nuba sounded from without, and the song of "Loo" announced the Bey; elephants were seen advancing in procession, torches glared in the garden; the inhabitants were gathered together, around the door the wild cry of the Arabs attacking the Bey's guards and blacks now overpowered every other noise. Ada Reis was seized and bound, and placed behind an Arab on his horse. Fiormonda was borne away in the arms of Kabkarra, upon his white mare Oriah, whilst Shaffou Paca, hoarsely calling for assistance, was tied upon a

le, and conveyed likewise through sickness and distance, until they reached the coast, where they were hurried into a boat, which was waiting there.

The men rowed from the shore; the sea was tempestuous; a dense fog obscured every object; the groans of Shaffou Paca alone disturbed the silence. Ada Reis saw that it was vain to resist; Fiormonda became insensible; Shaffou Paca fell into a trance. "Women," Ada Reis remarks, "always have recourse to these practices in every difficulty, but they seldom die, being of all animals the most tenacious of life." He thought, however, that Fiormonda had been dead, and he said so.

"Then let her die," replied Kabkarra, insultingly, "a melancholy mo-

numment of your tyranny, her own imprudence, and my ardent love."

"Do as you will," said Ada Reis, who found himself on the open sea, in the power of a young Arab chief. "Do as you will, since we are entirely at your mercy."

"I cannot," said Kabkarra, "powerful as you may think me, take possession of Fiormonda by the law of force; I shall wait and watch for her own consent."

"You seem in no way restrained in the mean time," said Ada Reis, "and I therefore conceive you will do whatever you like to do."

"And so shall you," said Kabkarra; "I desire you will, therefore, give me your commands. Some like to know their future fate; yours runs thus: Your polacca is at hand; your men, by

er on  
e."  
da  
s  
s  
my order, await you ; you will hasten hence, and sail for Spain ; you will proceed from thence to the New World, for thither lies your destined course ; and there the promised diadem awaits you."

" You are then a real friend, after all," said Ada Reis ; " but, like one, you must acknowledge, you generally do just the thing which is most disagreeable ; yet we shall meet again, I hope."

" We shall meet again," said Kab-karra, " upon a dreadful night, just five years hence, when this lovely flower, the admiration of all men, has forgotten the lover of her childhood. Yes, we shall meet again ! Remember the hour, and the night, and the time of year in which the blood of Bianca di Castamela flowed. Upon such a night, whilst gazing on the sultry skies

at the fort of Callao, we shall meet.  
Farewell! And as to thee, mother," continued Kabkarra, laughing, and fiercely shaking Shaffou Paca, "watch thy charge better; let no Phaos come betwixt her and me."

So saying, the Arabs and their leader gave a shout. It was returned from a distance. They neared a vessel: Ada Reis, Shaffou Paca, and Fiormonda, were placed upon the deck of it. The word Kabkarra was now pronounced at once by a number of voices on board, and Ada Reis found himself in his own polacca with all his crew around him. They had received orders for sailing, as they said, from the Bey, who had shown them their own reis's signet ring: every thing was on board; Ada Reis's jewels, goods, coins, in short, all he most valued, even Fiormonda's marriage presents; all but the

hess-men, and the gifts of Zamohr. Before he could enough rejoice at this event, he turned round to thank Kabarra; but he was gone. The boat at a distance appeared in relief from the thick fog and white waves, and it seemed as if dæmons formed its crew.

Fiormonda slowly recovered; she asked a thousand questions, and wept with regret when she heard they had left for ever the land in which they had so long sojourned. The thought too of never more seeing her young lover, the loss of his gifts, with the confused remembrance of the strange events which had taken place, which appeared now like the delirium of fever, all tended to disquiet her mind; but great emotions, like little ones, pass away; and grief, if it kill not soon, gives place in young minds to new interests; yet still Fiormonda from time

to time vented her regrets. "What a long, long way it is, dear father," she would say, as the light galley proceeded.

"It is a long way, fair child," Reis would reply; "but happiness and greatness await us where we are going."

"And shall we never more see our own beautiful country?"

"We shall see other countries doubt more beautiful," replied Reis.

"I hope so," she would add; "I pine for the sight of land."



## CHAPTER XV.

In the course of the voyage, a sailor chanced to disobey a command which Ada Reis had given him : in his fury, even before Fiormonda's eyes, he caused him to be strangled : " And thus die," he cried, " all such as dare oppose me !" Immediately, and (as Fiormonda thought) in consequence of his rash and cruel conduct, a storm rose ; the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the tremendous waves rolled, as it were, mountains high.

Amidst the terrors of the tempest, they beheld a little galley dashed to and fro by the violence of the sea. ' Breakers a-head ! ' cried the affrighted sailors, as Ada Reis, roaring out his hoarse commands, steered his vessel

calmly forward amidst the general roar and alarm; but suddenly stranger vessel struck upon a rock, and the shrieks of the drowning passengers rent the air. Amidst the sinking crew of that little galley, one man was observed at times, with lifted head, labouring amongst the waves, and driven towards them by the strong current, and imploring assistance. "Oh, save him! Ada Reis," said Fiormonda, kneeling before her father, and clinging to him, "save him, it shall expiate the blood already shed." Ada Reis ordered a cord to be thrown out; the fearless youth, braving the winds and waves, every moment approached the galley: at length he grasped the rope, and, after a severe struggle, was drawn safely towards the polacca, and with the assistance offered to him, soon reached the deck. His thanks to Ada

Reis were energetic ; some also he gave to the beautiful child, whose agitation for his safety he had marked. The storm soon abated, and the voyage continued prosperous from that day. The stranger was also, he said, bound for Spain, and as eager to land in that fair and rich country as Ada Reis could be ; fortunate it was, also, he had friends in Madrid, and could be of material use to his preservers.

The name, by which the young stranger called himself, was Condulmar. He was of Venetian origin, but had passed many years in South America ; he had also resided in Spain : he spoke all languages with facility, and appeared to have been nearly as great a traveller as Ada Reis. He answered Fiormonda's most difficult questions, with an intelligence and grace which delighted her, though with some re

serve ; he seemed perfectly conversant with America, and was of considerable use to Ada Reis, in pointing out to him in what manner most speedily to gain his intended object in going into that country. Power and personal safety were all which Ada Reis now sought, for wealth he possessed even beyond his wishes. Condulmar appeared to know intimately the Spanish Viceroy, so that he could facilitate Ada Reis's views in every respect, and thought, by doing so, only to show his grateful sense of the kindness done him in his former perilous adventure.

After a short and prosperous voyage they all arrived in safety at their destined harbour. The young Count Condulmar more than fulfilled his promises. Fiormonda was admired by every one at the Spanish court. Ada

**Reis made such purchases as he thought necessary; exchanged his vessel for a sloop, better fitted for so long a voyage; and hearing with pleasure that Condulmar was anxious to accompany him, they set out for Carthagena, with every favourable prospect before them.**

At this period two great wars engrossed the attention of the new and of the old world. England had declared hostilities against Spain; Vernon had already invested the town of Porto Bello; Anson was employed in blockading Panama; when the cry was heard at Xauxa, beyond Tarma, and the Indians making one desperate effort to regain their independence, from hill to hill, from plain to plain lighted their watch fires, and gave the secret signal of union and rebellion to each other, in order the more successfully to attack their common enemy; even

to the very walls of Lima they put their efforts, albeit in vain. Tyr triumphed ; they were repulsed—jected once more to the Spanish y and many of their wretched c when taken alive, thrown into prisons of the inquisition.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

DANGEROUS is it for the young and the beautiful to take long voyages or long journeys together; side by side they are placed near to each other, and have greater opportunities of confidential intercourse than may fall to their lot during whole years at home. On board of the vessel Fiormonda necessarily saw much of Condulmar.

Ada Reis had leisure to hear some of the history of his new acquaintance, who had met, it seemed, with many very singular adventures, although he was still in the first vigour of youth and manhood. He was not at all times, however, in a mood to relate even to Ada Reis all he had heard and seen; he was, for the most part, mournful,

and he did but half open his thoughts to his companions : there was an impenetrable depth Ada Reis could not fathom : if looked upon suddenly, there was a bitter smile upon his countenance ; and when Ada Reis, speaking of the unfortunate violence of his temper and passions, acknowledged to what lengths they were in the habit of leading him ; Condulmar looked down, and sighed, seeming to acknowledge, that his own violence was greater. To some it is a pleasure to communicate their thoughts : great travellers, in general, require no long acquaintance before they open their minds to the companions whom they meet with ; experience has taught them to know at once the degree to which they may trust such temporary confidants ; and the great variety of characters they have partially studied in their career, gives



in a general and immediate knowledge of the disposition of each chance associate. Of some, however, neither age, nor much acquaintance with men, nor long habits of the world, are able entirely to conquer the settled and obscure reserve. This dissimilarity of disposition was strongly marked in the different deportments of Ada Reis and Condulmar. Ada Reis was gay, free, fearless, and in a short time had informed his companion of nearly every thing which had befallen him. Condulmar, on the contrary, was distant, cold, and haughty; seldom speaking of himself or his own affairs, and impenetrable when questioned. Yet, after a time, he suffered his coldness to give way, and more particularly when conversing with Fiormonda, he relaxed from his austerity; his conversation then grew animated; a light vein of

satire ran throughout it, and a not displeasing contempt for the things of this life. His thoughts were all original and just, though the tone given to them, by some deep inward feeling, was of a bitter and melancholic nature.

Fiormonda, confiding and ardent, listened often with admiration and delight to his remarks. She remained alone with him upon the deck enjoying the freshness of the morning, and the softer coolness of the evening. He pleased her with descriptions of countries he had seen, and cities which appeared to her most singular; but above all, he sang to her; and his voice, deep, wild, and full, seemed to have power to calm every tumultuous emotion in her impetuous mind; yet he sang to her of wars, of bloody deeds, of ambitious hopes, of rebellion, of lawless love; and he imitated the wild war-

hoop of the native Indians, who had resisted the power of Spain and the dominion of the Incas.

It is difficult to give any idea of days passed thus, and of nights, when every star shone forth with particular lustre ; —when the sea-breeze, soft and cool, refreshed and invigorated the frame,—these were perilous moments for Fiormonda. She had hitherto been assailed by mysterious beings, by enchanters, necromancers ; she was now with an associate far more dangerous ; and as Condulmar bent over her, and spoke, her young heart repeated every word he uttered. In return for his songs she showed him the presents she had received from the Bey, and the girdle of jewels which Kabkarra had given her. At that name he started ; “ Is it possible ! ” he said, “ can it be that you also have known that monster ! no

words of mine are sufficient to prove his perfidy and his atrocity." As he said this the tears filled his eyes, and with a look of almost indescribable tenderness, he said he could not think of the danger she had been in, nor of the ruin Kabkarra had caused to thousands without horror. "The properties of his gifts are but too well known to me," he added; "they are full of danger: these jewels, for example, when worn near the inexperienced heart, excite the passions and inflame the imagination; and need you these? Alas! some sorcerer first invented these charms to pervert innocent and credulous maids."

"How can things like these affect the mind," said Fiormonda.

"Know you then of what the mind is composed, that you ask this? Until it be found of what the mind and soul

formed, it is in vain to pretend that material objects cannot affect them. The amber and the load-stone possess the property of attracting certain matter, so congenial minds exercise a mutual and reciprocal influence. Were I, for example, at whatsoever distance, to think of you, ah! believe, Fiormonda, though the many would doubt it, that you also would think of me, and, as it were, feel my presence? I could prove this to you, by the history of one who died; but it is a mournful history, and you, my innocent child, must not be made unhappy yet. To return, therefore, to these pernicious gifts; Kabarra's power is imparted to these jewels; they are, as it were, impregnated with his sentiments for you; and by being criminal, to place these around your heart, will be to excite

in that heart a desperate struggle, and to subject it to a severe and doubtful trial."

"I can never feel other than fear of him," said Fiormonda.

"Fear is one of the sure forerunners of love, if, indeed, it be not rather his follower and companion," said Condulmar. "I had as lieve you feared me, as that you loved me."

"Indeed!" As she said this, she met his eyes, and felt confused.

"You think your feelings violent, though short-lived," he said, with a smile; "but I rather doubt their intensity as well as their durability."

"I would I did not feel at all," said Fiormonda, piqued at these taunts; "I feel with a violence which you would not credit; that which causes but little delight to another makes me

happy; a fine day or a smile from one I love; and, on the contrary, even a harsh word makes me miserable.”

“ Shall I take thee, fair child,” said Condulmar with a bitter smile, “ as we are journeying to the new world, shall I take thee to drink of the waters of Guancaveli<sup>38</sup>, so boasted of by the Peruvians? the houses on its banks are built from its petrifications. If you would cease to feel, come thither with me.”

“ If you thus deride me, and laugh at me, I shall fear you as well as Kabkarra.”

“ All fear me,” said Condulmar, mournfully, “ none love me. I stand alone, like the manzanillo, or the lordly metapalo, whose very growth slays and impoverishes all around; yet will you attach yourself to me, Fiormonda. Heaven knows, I wish it not; but so

it is decreed: it will give me pain, and it will cause your destruction."

"Good heaven!" she answered, "what can you mean?"

"What can I mean?" said he, tenderly pressing her hand to his lips.

"It is no matter," she replied, embarrassed. "I wish not even to inquire."

"Alas!" he said, "could you know who I am."

"Tell me who you are? What has been your history? You have told me many things, speak to me now of yourself. I like to hear of wonders and adventures; and as you say I am to love you, that will be the way to my heart, I assure you, for it made me almost like Kabkarra."

"Name him no more," said Condulmar, frowning, "he did no more than I have done."



You have been a great traveller, I  
w,” said Fiormonda: “tell me, as  
I did the other day, what you have  
seen?”

“I have seen the wonders of the  
country you soon shall see; I have  
seen where the high mountains of gra-  
nite take place of the blue hills in Pen-  
delon<sup>39</sup>,—and there I have gathered  
adamantine spar as it fell from the  
moon<sup>40</sup>; in Virginia I have eat of the  
fruit of that tree, which makes fools  
of men<sup>41</sup>; and I, like Kabkarra, have  
laughed with those who had eaten of  
it, although it affected me not: but I  
watched the multitude until they be-  
came stupified with their own buf-  
fooneries<sup>42</sup>. Ah, cannot the fruit of  
the vine make men mad in other coun-  
tries beside Virginia? I have bathed,  
at night, in the Gulf of Cariaco, and

my body has become like a stream of light<sup>43</sup>: will you see this wonder upon the waves by night? Stay by me; I will show you the vessel, as it cleaves the waters, shining as it were with fire. In Pennsylvania, fair child, I have played upon the soft clarionet, and a hundred echoes have answered to the strain<sup>44</sup>: will you go thither with me? There shall I hear the voice of many Fiormondas—now the world contains for me but one. In Cumana I have slept in the cavern of Guachero<sup>45</sup>, and my voice has joined with the shrill screams of the night-birds, lamenting for ill deeds past: will you go there with me, and see the bright and cold stalactites pendent from the vault, and the gigantic trees which surround it? Thousands of night-birds shriek there, and the foot of man has never pene-

and beyond; all is silent and dark the outside of that grot, but the light within is full of light."

"Oh! look not thus when you describe it," said Fiormonda, "for I am weak and timid, and to hear you makes me tremble. Tell me of diamonds, and gold, and fair ladies; speak, as you did the other evening, of the silver hill of Parimée<sup>46</sup>, and the Eldorado<sup>47</sup>; but say no more of these things."

Condulmar smiled. "The gold and the diamonds," he said, "were I to tell of them, have produced scenes of greater misery and deeper terror, child, than these. What is the cry of the night-bird, or the drowsy hum of the zumbadore in the desert, to the horrors Potosi, Durangar, Guadalaxara, have caused? Remember that the mountains, where mines of silver have been found, generate likewise the ar-

senic and the deadly poison<sup>48</sup>. Thou, Lake of Guativa<sup>49</sup>, art witness of this; thou, into whose waters the poor Indians cast the hateful ore, which drew upon them the murderous spirit of the Spaniards; and thou, Lake of Ibara, art red with the blood of the murdered<sup>50</sup>."

"Still," said Fiormonda, "you speak of horrors. Sing, then, if you cannot speak more kindly; I love to hear you: sing to me the song of the Indian chief, who sung amidst his tortures, destroyed by him who conquered his body, not his spirit."

"I would do so," said Condulmar, "but, alas! I begin to fear I am more enslaved, more subdued, than the young Indian."

"Leave, then, the Indian," said Fiormonda, "and sing to me, as you once did, the return of the English De

Vaux to his own country: that song, which expresses how the heart, which amidst crimes and perils had never been touched by remorse, or shaken by fear, sunk and broke under its own reflections in the hour of quiet and security."

Condulmar obeyed.

Sir Henry de Vaux came across the sea,  
To visit his native clime ;  
A face like an angel of light had he,  
But his heart it was seer'd by crime.

He stood on his castle tower to gaze  
O'er the scenes which he long had left ;  
And a thought came o'er him of happier days,  
Ere his heart was of hope bereft.

The stream flow'd through that peaceful vale,  
The birds sung to a cloudless sky ;  
And the calm around, and the soft fresh gale,  
But increased his agony.

A tear then fell from that proud dark eye,  
A tear of remorse or regret,

“ My will is a law,” he cried, “ then why—  
Why cannot I learn to forget ?

“ The lightning, which blasted yon aged tree,  
Is deem’d but the fire of heaven,  
The storm which roars o’er the raging sea  
Little heeds where the wreck is driven.

“ All nature’s works to evil are prone,  
Yet lose not their beauty or power ;  
Man only remembers the ill he has done,  
And laments it in bitter hour.

“ I have fought, when the desperate fight ran high,  
And the plain was dyed with blood,  
I have sail’d when danger and death were nigh,  
But unmoved, unappall’d I stood.

“ I have drank of pleasure the fatal draught,  
I have given to passion the rein ;  
With the scoffer I’ve scoff’d—with the infidel  
    laugh’d,  
And reason has warn’d me in vain.

“ I have felt the extremes of joy and grief,  
And delighted in every excess ;  
I have languish’d in sickness and sought relief ;  
Been wrong’d, and have found redress.

have loved to madness, and writhed with hate,  
no shade has obscured my brow ;  
we struggled, and even triumph'd o'er fate,  
I never have felt till now.

Oh ! the pain that I feel with such deadly force,  
that it strikes through my burning brain :  
the pain of the soul—despair—remorse—  
there is none can endure such pain.

It is the voice of an angry God that cries,  
it harrows the mind within :  
the worm of the heart that never dies—  
the memory of sin.

What to me that I've wander'd through many  
a track,  
I return'd with a wond'rous store ?  
A stretch'd, as it were, on a fiery rack,  
I the day of enjoyment is o'er.

What to me that my victims were young and  
bright,  
lovely, or ardent, or true ?  
It sought them their beauty and freshness to  
blight,  
I I left them their frailty to rue."

Sir Henry de Vaux sank low on his knee,  
The light of his countenance fell :—

“ In heaven,” he cried, “ is there hope for me,  
Since I’ve sold myself to hell ?

“ Oh ! I am grown weak as the sickly child,  
That moans on its nurse’s breast,  
And would, that like him, I could be beguiled,  
And soothed for one moment to rest.

“ The fiends are waiting—my brain is on fire—  
My life and my courage are gone.  
Of the thousands who flatter’d each rash desire,  
To obey my last wish, is there none ?”

There was one, when he spoke, who stood by his  
side,

And received his dying behest ;  
In that self-same hour Sir Henry died.—  
Now God give his soul good rest.

When Condulmar had finished, he  
turned to look upon Fiormonda ; she  
was sad, she knew not wherefore. They  
can effect much who have the power  
to touch and move the heart, to draw



th tears, and to lead us to mingle  
r grief and sympathy with theirs ;  
t these sad and solemn companions  
e after all not so very dangerous as  
ey are supposed to be. They are more  
be dreaded who can, at their plea-  
re, make us laugh ; who banish me-  
choly from our minds, and quicken  
th gaiety and spirit the lingering  
urse of life. Condulmar possessed  
is talent, as well as the other : he  
uld divert and amuse as well as af-  
ct : he knew how to excite every  
eling and passion ; and as he had no  
her object to interest him, he devoted  
s time at present entirely to Fior-  
onda : he won her by the flattery of at-  
tion to her opinions : he struck her  
th amazement at the adventures he  
lated : he filled her with curiosity :  
entirely engrossed her with solici-  
de and interest. The air of inco-

herency, of strangeness, of some ~~thing~~ approaching even to derangement ~~ment~~ which sate upon his countenance, ~~com~~ compelled her to watch the changes of ~~his~~ expression; and he, upon his part, sometimes attended her with the greatest solicitude; sometimes turned from her with careless neglect; sometimes reproved her with severe admonition; sometimes appalled her with the dark look of sullen anger; and then again re-assured her with all the fascination of a lover's smile. His power by this means became unbounded over her mind. Had she been less innocent, less pure, to what perversion had not such a companion led her. But she was of a noble and high nature, which utterly refused to receive the taint of evil; and the worst sentiment she cherished was growing love. She was, however, as many children are, restless,

At times violent : one day she read her father's orders, Condulmar proached her—" I love you the better," he said, " for this spirit of independence ; but if you resist me, I will draw from the lake of the valley of Orcos<sup>51</sup> the famous gold chain which the Inca Huana Capac made, and placed there upon the birth of his son Huescar, to confine you. When I saw you first, I thought you fair and gentle ; but, like the calm lake of Xicaragua<sup>52</sup>, from whose bosom the mountain Omo-tepec shoots forth its volumes of flames, your angel semblance, I find, is much disfigured by passion. I will, however, tame you. Know you not that I am destined to be your master ? You shall travel with me, and see new worlds." An eager glance of hope now lighted Fiormonda's countenance. " I have been," Condulmar said, " where

the workings of the mind and heart are visible to the eye, and thought is seen even as it emanates from the soul; and I have been where vice disfigures the body visibly, so that the fairest creature in a day may become monstrous, lost with her virtue each bright natural grace and charm, which before captivated admiring crowds. Will you come with me to that country?"

Fiormonda coloured, and said she should be sorry to go thither; for, conscious that her errors were numberless, so would be, in that case, her deformities.

"But then what delight," replied Condulmar, "to correct the blemishes of your person, by amending the defects of your heart. Passion, for example," he said, "renders you at times unlovely."

"And you terrible," said Fiormonda

is! she little guessed to what length these feelings would soon lead her. She was no longer the happy child she had been; thoughts impressed upon her mind above her years, and her heart in tumult: passions, fierce and new, had already awakened her imagination; and even sleep, the innocent and sweet sleep of childhood, fled.

"You are the first upon deck," one said, addressing Condulmar; yet at night we leave you there: we, who know every thing, know of no way to make those sleep who cannot sleep. Tell me of it, if you do, for my spirit is unquiet, and my eyes are not: I used to sleep so well, that death appeared to me but as a moment; soon as I was asleep, they said it was time to rise."

"You were happy," said Condulmar with a sigh, "when you rested

thus : they who sleep are blessed were they never to wake again ; but as for me—" and he put his hand to his head, and looked thoughtfully away for some moments, then continued—" I am the last in the world of whom you should make this inquiry. But, child, my fair child ! I know you can sleep ; for yesterday evening I awakened you by passing a feather over your mouth, when sleeping on the deck, and you smiled, and said you had not slept. Many say so and yet cannot be thus easily awakened ; it is the common cant of fine ladies."

" But," said Fiormonda, whose cheeks were pale with the restless fever which tormented her, " I am not a fine lady : I know of none of these things ; I speak from the heart only, and therefore I am not believed. Oh, I was happy, and rested once securely,

and trusted myself, whilst I slept, to Him who made me.”

“The flowers and plants sleep, sweet one,” replied Condulmar: “the vegetable world enjoys this state of blessedness. At regular and stated periods the plants send forth their odoriferous emanations, then fold themselves up in their silken leaves; infants enjoy repose; all nature is harmonized; but where the spirit is perturbed, it cannot rest. Fiormonda, you who ask of me to teach you how to regain that tranquil sleep of which I have robbed you; would that you, who say you cannot sleep, could grant me one hour of that repose from which I aroused you yesterday!”

“And yet,” said she, smilingly, “I am not unhappy, only I am disturbed; for I dreamt when I slept yesterday, and it is as fatiguing as not sleeping

at all. I dreamt an ugly dream, which made me uncomfortable: yet I saw you in my dream; but, Condulmar, when I did see you, you frightened me, for your eyes looked upon me as if you loved me not."

"Can such as you are dream?" said Condulmar, with a look of surprise. "Come, tell me, child of my heart, what is it you dreamt of; I am curious to know."

"Last night," said Fiormonda, "I thought I was in a plain, and there were wild beasts, and animals, and birds, and fish, and every sort of living thing, all staring upon me: it was a horrid dream, and I thought you stood in the midst, and your eyes glared upon me, till they awakened me by their power."

"If my eyes were not fixed upon you, my thoughts were," he said,



mournfully; “and yet I warn you, and remember that I do so—better were it for you to listen to the love Kabkarra professed—nay, better, in truth, were it for you to hide yourself in some cell, and die there; the greedy vulture alone permitted to prey upon those opening beauties, than to know me, for I am—”

“Oh! say, what are you?” interrupted Fiormonda.

“I am miserable,” said Condulmar, striking his hand upon his heart. “But even this hard heart acknowledges the beauty of innocence, and bows before a child.”

“What I am—may'st thou never know—  
A friend, perchance—perchance a foe.  
Yet thou art pure, and need'st not dread  
Either the living or the dead.  
The living dare not injure thee;  
The dead awake alone for me.

Thy earthly senses cannot hear  
The strains which oft-times glad my ear;  
Thy power of vision may not see  
The passing shades which flit by me.—  
Hark! even now, I hear the choirs  
Of cherub angels strike their lyres,  
As borne aloft on silver wing  
To heaven, they songs of triumph sing.  
For me, alas! how sad the strain—  
It bids me never hope again:  
Unbless'd, alone, when all is still,  
And the mind fears and fancies ill;  
When thy young eyes are closed in sleep,  
I gaze upon the boundless deep;  
For then a thousand phantoms drear  
Upon the dark calm waves appear,  
All pale and cold. The drown'd, the dead  
Arise from out their watery bed,  
Filling the bosom of the sea,  
As it were one vast cemetery.

Ah! start not, sweet one! what I say  
Is but to wile the time away;  
Let not my words distress thy heart,  
Thou know'st too well how dear thou art.  
I'll tell thee now of cities rare,  
Of gallant knights, and ladies fair;

wish alone to make thee smile,  
 and the long dreary way beguile.  
 We made thee weep—I'll soothe thy tears—  
 be tranquil now the moon appears,  
 'pon the softly swelling sea—  
 Her silver rays shine forth for thee.  
 Go to thy couch, thou gentle one;  
 Go, and I'll watch whilst thou art gone.  
 Child of my heart, beware of sin;  
 Let not the wily tempter in:  
 Fly him, by fate and passion driv'n,  
 And fix thy early faith in heav'n.  
 Yet would'st thou, my beloved, know  
 What my grief is, and whence my woe?—  
 'Tis that these eyes can never weep,  
 'Tis that this spirit cannot sleep!"

. . . . .

"What mean you, Condulmar?—  
 y," said Fiormonda, interrupting  
 m—"What is it which makes you  
 look so fearfully around, and seem so  
 d?"

Remorse feeds on my heart in the still night,  
 When gloomy dreams the weaken'd soul affright;

When thoughts their mournful constant vigil  
keep,  
Remorse feeds on my heart, and will not let me  
sleep;  
When the all glorious sun arises bright,  
Remorse appals me, and I fly its light.  
Nature in vain looks beautiful for me;  
One fearful spectre every where I see:  
Thy words are daggers, thy caresses death;  
I catch but poison from thy balmy breath;  
'Thy infant smile, what can it now impart?—  
'Tis a last ray of hope to cheer a broken heart."

Fiormonda wept; and Condulmar,  
seeing that he had again given her  
pain, endeavoured to sooth and to  
amuse her.

Thus as the swift vessel pursued its  
course over the vast ocean, Fiormonda's  
passions, like the rolling waves, back-  
wards and forwards, ebbcd and flowed.  
Love, in all its first delights, opened  
within that warm and guileless heart.  
Reason in vain opposed the growing  
infatuation:—of religion (her only safe-

ward) she knew little. Various were the impetuous feelings which alternately possessed her mind: like the frail beings who wander along the earth, she was already their victim. Still time passed on, and the vessel, emblem of time, pursued its way.

At length the New World burst upon their view. They gazed; they feared the land. They entered their destined harbour, and were received with every mark of respect and consideration. Ada Reis had letters from the Spanish government, which strongly recommended him to the protection of the viceroy. The sums he had advanced to the consulado gave him at once a free passport, and made him of considerable consequence: his talents, his haughtiness, his courage, enhanced these credentials; and the splendour in which he made his first appearance attracted around him many a flatterer.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SUCH were the principal events in the life of Ada Reis, according to MS., up to the period when he set out for America, where, during three years, he became an active agent to the Peruvian government. He landed his cargo at the Guayaquil; his treasures were considerable: he conveyed them safely across the country to Lima.

Fiormonda was now no longer a beautiful child, but a lovely and accomplished girl, heiress of immense riches, and surrounded by admirers and suitors.

Ada Reis had established himself in Lima; he had purchased a magnificent house near the viceroy's palace; he lived in splendour; he dedicated much of

time to the cultivation of Fiormonda's mind, who grew every day more and more beautiful, but likewise more fond of power and admiration; he had hitherto kept her strictly according to the customs of the country he had left, seldom permitting her to be seen by any but female eyes. "An imperial crown awaits her:" these words, and the promise of himself being King, rendered him proud, and regardless of all the offers of marriage repeatedly made to her. Yet Condulmar was permitted to attend her. All who knew, all who saw, lamented the impression the young adventurer had made upon the heart of so beautiful a girl, and so great an heiress.





## NOTES.

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Note 1, page xvi.

*Like Humboldt.*

M. Humboldt, le 28 Juin 1802, après avoir monté sur les Andes à 2773 toises de hauteur, obligé de redescendre, parce que le mercure s'était descendu à 14 pouces 7 lignes, et que la rarité de l'air lui faisait sortir le sang des narres, des gencives, et des yeux. Ce savant n'a vu ni en Hongrie, ni en Saxe, ni aux Pyrénées, des montagnes aussi irrégulières que dans les Andes, et qui offrent autant de circonstances diverses ; enfin qui dévoilent les révolutions étonnantes de la nature.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparée*, vol. i. p. 37.

Note 2, page xvi.

*Like Park.*

Extract from Amadi Fatouma's Journal :—

“ We departed from Sansanding in a canoe; there were Mr. Park, Mr. Martyn, three other white men, myself, and three slaves, &c. &c.

“ We entered the country of Haoussa and came to anchor. Mr. Park gave me seven thousand cowries to buy provisions; he told me to go to the chief and give him five silver rings, and tell him these presents were given to the king by the white men, who were taking leave. The chief ~~in~~quired if the white men intended to come back? Mr. Park replied, he could not return any more: this reply occasioned his death; for the certainty of Mr. Park's not returning induced the chief to withhold the presents from the king. Next day Mr. Park departed; I slept in the village Yaour. Next morning I went to the king; on entering the house I found two men who came on horseback, they said that they were sent by the chief of Yaour to the king, ‘ We are sent by the chief of Yaour to let you know that the white men went away without giving you any thing; this Amadou Fatouma is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you,’ they continued. The king upon this ordered

me to be put in irons. The next morning the king sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river-side: there is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river; one part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong; the army took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park arrived after the army had posted itself; he, notwithstanding, attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself a long time; two of his slaves were killed. They threw every thing they had into the river and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water; Mr. Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape: the only slave remaining in the canoe was taken to the king, and confirmed this account."—AMADI FATOUMA's *Journal*.

Note 3, page xviii.

*Deeply tinged.*

L'Orénoque a ici, comme le Nil près de Philæ et de Syène, la propriété remarquable de colorer en noir les masses de granit d'un blanc rougeâtre qu'il lave depuis des milliers d'années.—*Tableau de la Nature*, t. xi. p. 202.

A l'ombre des massifs de palmiers, leur couleur passe au noir foncé, mais dans des vaisseaux transparens, les eaux sont d'un jaune doré. L'image des constellations australes se reflète avec un éclat singulier dans ces rivières noires.—p. 191.

J'ai remarqué que l'eau qui sortoit du Rio de Guayaquil prenoit graduellement une teinte jaune dorée, puis couleur de café quand elle avoit séjourné pendant quelque temps sur les prairies.—p. 192.—*Tableau de la Nature*.

Note 4, page xix.

*In a pirogue.*

L'on confie les canots vides, appelés ici *pirogues*, à des naturels qui connoissent bien le *Raudal* et en désignent chaque degré, chaque

roche, par un nom particulier.—*Tableau de la Nature*, p. 210.

Note 5, page xix.

*Like the golden serpent with the bell, &c.*

Le Serpent d'or, ou le Serpent à Sonnettes, que les Indiens nomment *Curi-Mullinvo*, est fort remarquable : ce nom lui a été donné à cause d'une peau de couleur d'or, et tavelée comme celle des tigres ; car *Curi*, en Indien, signifie *or*. Cette peau est toute couverte d'écailles, et la figure du reptile même est affreuse, la tête est d'une grosseur démesurée, et le corps à proportion, sa gueule est armée de deux rangs de dents et de crochets aussi grands et plus aigus que ceux des chiens ordinaires.—*Voyage au Pérou, par DON GEORGE JUAN*, t. ii. p. 305.

There are also fish that cast their shells ; for instance, the lobster, the cray-fish, the crab, the hodmandod and dodman, and the tortoise.  
—See BACON'S *Philosophy*.

Note 6, page xxi.

*Of that song returned.*

The late Lord Bathurst had much frequented the opera in the time of Queen . Frederick Prince of Wales wanted him to sing a favourite air of Nicolini's, which he did not at that instant recollect, as it had been performed not less than forty years before the music of operas was not then published from season to season as it hath been since many years. Some time afterwards his lordship dreamed that Nicolini sung part of the song to him, and when he awoke he remembered the whole song, repeating it from hour to hour till he had waited on his royal highness, when it had escaped his memory.

I took the liberty to desire his lordship to give me an idea of another air of Nicolini's, when he immediately sang it through his lordship was at this time eighty-sev-

the best of my recollection, and affords a strong instance of musical memory being very perfect even in that late stage of life. It need scarcely be observed that he could not probably have heard this song for more than threescore years.

—BARRINGTON'S *Miscellanies*, p. 323.

Note 7, page xxii.

*Manzanillo grows upon her grave.*

Manzanillo, from Manzana, an apple.—A tree remarkable for its beauty and variegated wood, the golden fruit of which is very attractive, but contains a thin white juice of a deadly poison; many have died of eating it, or from even sleeping near it. The natives and the very beasts from instinct shun it.—ULLOA'S *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 53.

Note 8, page 5.

*Reis.*

Captain in the navy.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*.

Note 9, page 7.

*Pasha.*

The Turkish word paschaw is formed of

two Persian words, pa-sehah, which literally signifies viceroy.—VOLNEY'S *Egypt*, vol. ii. p. 78.

Note 10, page 7.

*Bey.*

A title often conferred upon the Pasha's eldest son, and Prince of Tripoly.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 32.

Note 11, page 11.

*Care of the Pasha's harem.*

Ada Reis's harem was not kept with as much regularity and strictness as the Grand Signior's *seraglio* or *harem*.—The *seraglio* means the enclosure of the whole Ottoman Palace, which is not less than a moderate town. The wall surrounding it is thirty feet high. The *seraglio* has nine gates, two of which are magnificent. From one of these the Ottoman Porte takes the name of "Sublime Porte." Where the ladies live who belong to the Grand Signior, is called the harem: no persons but those officially belonging to it, can enter the first gate.



The *harem* looks upon the sea of Marmora. The Grand Signior and his eunuchs are the only persons that come within sight of these ladies. The number of these ladies (always numerous) is regulated by the order of the Sultan; and among all, owing to a singular regulation, there is but one servant. They wait upon each other in rotation: the last who enters serves her who entered before her, and serves herself; so that the first entered is served, without serving, and the last that enters serves without being served. They all sleep in separate apartments, and between every fifth there is a preceptress, who minutely inspects their conduct. Their chief governess is called Caton-Ciaha, which means governess of the noble young ladies. When there is a Sultaness Mother, she forms her court from amongst the ladies of the harem, having the liberty allowed of taking as many young ladies as she chooses and of those she likes the best. When the Grand Signior's intention to allow the ladies to walk in the gardens of the seraglio is made known to the Caton-Ciaha (or governess of the harem), all persons are ordered to retire.

A guard of black eunuchs is ordered to ~~patrol~~ <sup>stand</sup> along the walls of the gardens with ~~draw~~ <sup>draw</sup> swords: if, by inadvertency, any one is found in the gardens, he is instantly killed, and his head is brought to the Grand Signior. The mother of the eldest son of the Grand Signior is called *Asuri*, that is, Sultanness Mother. For the first son, she is crowned with flowers, and then takes upon her the prerogatives of a wife. No other ladies, though they have sons, are ~~exalted~~ <sup>exalted</sup> or maintained with such costly ~~distinction~~ <sup>distinction</sup> as the first, or Sultanness Mother. But they are served apart, have state apart, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> are exempt from ~~mourning~~ <sup>mourning</sup> after the death of the Grand Signior. All the mothers of the male children, who are ~~retained~~ <sup>retained</sup> as ~~queens~~ <sup>queens</sup> are shut up in the ~~seraglio~~ <sup>seraglio</sup> from whence they can never come out, unless any of their sons ascend the throne — *Vide History of a Ten Years' Residence at Tripoli*, p. 261.

Note 12, page 11.

*Lilla*.

*Lilla*, means in Moorish a lady; as *Lilla Kebbierra*.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*.

Note 13, page 13.

*A Damascus blade.*

These scimitars, besides being famous for their beauty and lightness, have the steel so impregnated with perfume in the manufacturing of them, that their fragrance can never be destroyed, while a piece of this extraordinary blade remains. Their price is from fifty to one hundred guineas, the blade only; imitations of them, which are superficially perfumed, are bought for a much less price.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 145.

Note 14, page 14.

*Pierced by insufferable cold.*

They traverse the sands for many days with no other refreshment than a small bag of meal and some water; while at night they are sometimes drenched by heavy rains.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 173.

Note 15, page 15.

*Bags of gold dust.*

The people here may be said to walk upon gold. This precious ore is sifted for on the

sea-shore, and taken up in very small quantities; but whole veins of this rich metal are found inland as they approach Fezzan. When it is found on the coast (which it is on several parts near Tripoly), the people gather up handfuls of it, put it into a wooden bowl, and wash it with several waters, till all the gold which is so much heavier than the sand, remains at the bottom. This rich sediment is then tied in little bits of rags, and brought to that state to Tripoly about the size of a walnut. These small parcels are known by the name of Metagalls. Each of them are worth exactly a Venetian Sequin, or ten shillings and sixpence. The merchants who purchase the Metagalls, melt a certain number of them into bars, which they call ingots, and they are known by the same name in India. The bars of gold are of various sizes.—TULLER *Tripoly*, p. 27.

Note 16, page 16.

*Wandering tribe to which he appeared to belong.*

The Arabs are the descendants of Ishmael

whom the angel foretold before he was born, that he would be a wild man, and that his hand would be against every man, and every man's hand against him," (Gen. chap. 6. v. 12.) this is almost literally true of his posterity, even to this day: the manners of these people are various, and they may be divided into two tribes, the one inhabit towns, while the other wanders from place to place, without any fixed habitation. These wandering Arabs are divided into families and tribes, every tribe, however numerous it may be, being governed by a chief.

The Arabs first passed over from Greece into Africa, 653, under Othman the third Califf, who sent an army of more than eighty thousand fighting men, under the command of Occuba Bennesie. They built the city of Cawen, thirty leagues distant from Tunis on the east. Three other tribes passed over in the year 999, which was the four hundredth year of the Hegira, by permission of the Califf of Cawen.—SHAW'S *Travels through Arabia*, p. 221.—*Le Sage, Atlas Historique*.

There is a horde called the unvanquished

horde, from their living in places where  
 can penetrate but themselves; many  
 reigns have attempted to subdue them  
 none have ever been successful; they are  
 deep copper colour, a dark baracan which  
 times but ill conceals them, with an immense  
 long gun, is all they are usually furnished  
 with. •

The dress of the Arabs in general consists  
 of a blue skirt, descending below the knees  
 legs and feet being exposed, or the latter  
 times being covered with the ancient cloth  
 or buskin. A cloak is worn of very coarse  
 camel's hair cloth, almost universally decorated  
 with broad black and white stripes, passing  
 vertically down the back: this is of one square  
 piece, with holes for the arms; it has a fringe  
 down the back: made without this seam  
 considered of greater value. Here the  
 perhaps behold the form and material of  
 Saviour's garment, for which the soldiers  
 lots. It was the most ancient dress of the  
 habitants of this country.—TULLY's *Trip*  
 p. 171.

Note 17, page 17.

*You are not an Arab sheik.*

A Sheik is the chief of a tribe of Arabs: they are divided into a multiplicity of governments, and pride themselves on their descent.

Note 18, page 17.

*Belted girdle.*

He wore a curious wrought belt (of a manufacture peculiar to this country and the land of an Arab), ingeniously woven in a variety of figures resembling Arabic characters; it was wound several times, tight and even, round his body; and one end, being doubled back and sewed up, served him for a purse. In this belt he wore his arms, and relied himself much on them, not on account of their richness, but from the proof he had had of their execution.—TULLY's *Tripoly*, . 171.

Note 19, page 18.

*Which once resisted the Hamper's shawl.*

While Ben Shabbon and his son thus stood bating, they perceived within the Skiffer





the rate of two gallons a day. It is customary in noble families to have the heart of a date tree at great feasts, such as weddings, the first time a boy mounts a horse, the birth of a son, or the return of an ambassador to his family. The heart lays at the top of the tree, between the branches of its fruit, and weighs, when cut out, from ten to twenty pounds; it is not of a substance to take out before the tree has arrived at the height of its perfection. When brought to table, its taste is delicious, and its appearance singular and beautiful. In colour it is composed of every shade, from the deepest orange and bright green (which latter encompasses it around) to the purest white; these shades are delicately inlaid in veins and knots, in the manner of the most curious wood. Its flavour is that of the banana and pine; except the white part, which resembles more a green almond in consistence, but combines a variety of exquisite flavours that cannot be described.—TULLY's *Tripoly*, p. 50.

## Note 21, page 23.

*Was offered the place of the great Chiah.*

The office of great Chiah is an honorary situation, producing no emolument. He commands the castle in the Pasha's absence, and guards it while in it; he never quits his post night or day, sits always in the Skiffer, and has a deputy under him; all affairs of moment are laid before him, and the keys of the town-gate are at night delivered to him. The Nuba is played at the creation of a Chiah, it only being allowed to play at the creation of a Chiah, a Bey, and Reis of marine; otherwise it only plays for the Pasha.—TULLY's *Tripoly*.

## Note 22, page 39.

*To inhale the inbat.*

The warm air abates nothing of its oppression till a sudden cool breeze arises from the sea, which happens regularly every afternoon during these intense heats; but this sea air rusts all sorts of steel work even in the pocket, and will wet a person's dress entirely through

a very few minutes.—TULLY's *Tripoly*,  
p. 39.

Note 23, page 40.

*Partake of his pipe and sherbet.*

The beverage was various sherbets: some composed of the juice of boiled raisins; very sweet; some of the juice of pomegranates squeezed through the rind, others of the pure juice of oranges. These sherbets were commonly supplied in high glass ewers, placed in great numbers on the ground.—TULLY's *Tripoly*, p. 137.

Note 24, page 41.

*When the marabut sounded to announce the prayer at sun-set.*

Let a Moor be where he may, when he hears the Marabut announce the prayer for sun-set, nothing induces him to pass that moment without prostrating himself on the ground.—page 25.

We met one of the noted Moorish saints or holy men—this man, contrary to the general appearance of these Marabuts, was tolerably

covered with a long wide blue shirt reaching to the ground, and white trowsers underneath. He wore nothing on his head, which was shaved close, except a long lock of hair descending from the back part of it.

The whole dress of many of these Marabuts consists of a bit of crimson cloth, about four inches square, dexterously placed on the crown of their head. The Marabut we met in the castle was returning from the Pasha, with whom he had had a long private audience. His appearance, from the furious and strange gestures he made, with an immense large living snake round his shoulders, was truly terrific, though we were all aware of the unfortunate reptile having been rendered harmless by the wearer's extracting its sting before he attempted to impose on the credulous in making them believe he alone was exempt from death by the reptile's touch.

The devotion of another order of the Marabuts consists in wounding themselves, affecting madness, and walking the streets almost naked, or dancing religious dances for many hours, during which they incessantly scream

out one of their names of the deity. They at last throw themselves on the ground foaming at the mouth, appearing in a state of madness and in the agonies of death—this order of Marabuts is named the Kadru, they have a convent near Pera.—TULLY's *Tripoly*, p. 102.

The name of Marabut is given both to the mosque, and to the saint or holy man who resides at it. Iman is the crier to prayers, and Shrief a churchman of an order belonging to Mecca.—See TULLY's *Tripoly*.

Note 25, page 41.

*And parched lips for the moon of Ramadan.*

Ramadan is the great Moorish fast: the word in Arabic is said to mean a consuming heat. It lasts thirty days; during this period no follower of the prophet, upon pain of death, is allowed to take the least refreshment between sun-set and sun-rise. This fast is rigidly observed.—BLAQUIERE's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 59.

Note 26, page 41.

*The batteries announced the feast of Beiram.*

The morning after this fast (Ramadan) the

castle guns, and those of all the batteries round the town announce the feast of Beiram, which lasts three days in town and seven in the country. All sorts of noise and rioting seek to make up for what the Moors have suffered during the fast. Men go about dressed in kinds of strange and awkward garbs, resembling nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath. Though they call themselves lions, camels, &c. the greatest complaisance cannot lead you to make out the least similitude of any thing but a bundle of sticks and reeds strangely packed up together.

They go about dancing with reeds and other music. Swings are erected between two extremely high wheels in the streets, where the people swing for a small piece of money each. No fish can be procured during this feast, the boats are all taken up, rowing the common people about the harbour. Though drinking wine is against the law of Mahomet, immense numbers of Moors get intoxicated with liquor they call lakaby, which renders them very troublesome, as it literally puts them in a state of madness. In fact, during these three

or four days, it is dangerous for Christians to go into the streets. In the consuls' houses a table is set out in the court-yard, and kept covered with fresh supplies of wine, oil, bread and olives, during the three days of the feast, for as many hampers, chouses, and black slaves belonging to the Pasha as choose to partake of it; and the Dragomen, or guards, call them in parties, according to their rank. During the feast, every night, all the mosques are illuminated. The town not being otherwise lighted, but totally dark, shows to great advantage the bright glare of several rows of lamps. The coffee bazaar is where the Turks meet to tell the news of the day, and to drink coffee; it is filled with coffee houses and coffee kitchens, which are very black on the inside with smoke, and where nothing is dressed but coffee. No Moorish gentlemen enter these houses, but send their slaves to bring their coffee out to them at the doors, where are marble couches covered with green arbours. These couches are furnished with the most beautiful mats and carpets: here are found, at certain hours of the day, all the principal

Moors, seated cross-legged, with cups of coffee in their hands, made like essence itself. The coffee served to the ladies of the castle sometimes in it a quantity of cinnamon, clove and nutmeg. The Moors, when at these coffee houses, are waited on by their own black servants, who stand constantly by their masters; one with his pipe, another with his cup, and a third holds his handkerchief while he is talking. His hands are perfectly necessary for his discourse, marking with the fore-finger of right hand upon the palm of the left, as accurately as we do with a pen, the different parts of his speech, a comma, a quotation, a striking passage.

This renders their manner of conversation very singular, and an European, who is not used to this part of their discourse, is at a great loss to understand what the orators mean.

The Bazaar is illuminated from one end to the other, during every night of the feast, and after one or two o'clock in the morning. I walked in it one evening during the Feast, till after twelve o'clock; it was crowded with the first people in the place, on each side,



of them richly dressed. The perfumes of amber, orange-flowers, and jessamine, were much too strong to be agreeable. From the immense quantity of lamps, the whole place was as light as day.—TULLY's *Tripoly*, p. 16.

Note 27, page 50.

*And her eyes, which saw even more than other eyes can see, never looked in the same direction.*

During my residence in the country, I had frequent opportunities of examining that most singular of the animal productions, the cameleon. It is hardly necessary to adduce any proof to the philosophers of the present day against the vulgar error, that it feeds only upon air. The fact is, its principal support is flies, which it catches by darting out an exceedingly long tongue, covered with a matter so glutinous, that if it but touch an insect, it is impossible for it to escape. The most singular part of its conformation is the eye, the muscles of which are so constructed that it can move the ball quite round; and I believe it exists the only known instance in all animated nature of

a creature which is able to direct its vision to two different objects at the same time, however those objects may be situated.—*Tour from Gibraltar to Morocco, by WILLIAM LEMPRIERE, p. 91.*

Note 28, page 54.

*A favourite golpha.*

The golphas and best rooms in the country houses are sometimes delightfully relieved by a considerable stream of clear flowing water conducted, in a marble channel, through the middle of the room. The floors and sides of the apartment are finished with coloured tiles, and the ceilings carved and painted in Mosaic. In the inner court belonging to the house is a gebbia or reservoir, continually filled with fresh water from the wells near it, and which flows through it into the gardens; it is surrounded with a parapet of marble, and a flight of marble steps leads into it. There is only a broad walk left round it, which is paved or terraced, and into which the best apartments belonging to the house open. This circumstance affords a refreshing coolness to the house, and is most

atful during the extreme heat.—TULLY'S  
*ly*, p. 53.

Note 29, page 57.

*A light Persian jelioue.*

er chemise was covered with gold emery at the neck; over it she wore a gold silver tissue jileck, or jacket without a, and over that another of purple velvet laced with gold, with coral and pearls, set quite close together down the; it had short sleeves finished with a gold not far below the shoulder, and disad a wide loose chemise of transparent ornamented with gold.

Note 30, page 58.

*hands, such as the ladies of the blood royal are alone entitled to wear.*

wore round her ancles, as did all the of the Pasha's family, a sort of fetter, of a thick bar of gold, so fine that they round the leg with one hand; it is an nd a half wide, and as much in thick- each of these weigh four pounds. None

but the Pasha's daughters and granddaughters, are permitted to wear this ornate gold; ladies who are not of the blood are obliged to confine themselves, in article of dress, to silver.—TULLY's p. 31.

Note 31, page 58.

*And a girdle of charms to save her from  
eyes.*

Disapprobation was strongly displayed on the nurse's countenance, while she showed the infant to the Christians. She hid it as much as she could with the charms it wore, and at every look the Christians bestowed upon it, she wetted her finger and passed it across the forehead of the babe, pronouncing, at the same instant, the "Ali Barick," (a prayer to Mahomed to serve it from "bad eyes," or malicious spirits.)—TULLY's *Tripoly*, p. 12. Description of the visit to Lilla Uducia, after her accouchement.

Note 32, page 64.

*Small as the Indian piccaflore.*

The gardens of all kinds in the villages are much frequented by a bird very remarkable both for its smallness and the vivid colours of its feathers. It is generally called Picaflores, or flower-pecker, from its hovering over them and sucking their juices, without lacerating or so much as disordering them. Its proper name is quinde, though it is also known by those of rabilargo and lisongero, and in England by that of humming bird. Its whole body, with its plumage, does not exceed the bigness of a middle sized nutmeg: the tail is usually near three times the length of the whole body, yet has but few feathers; its neck is short; the head proportioned, with a very brisk eye; the bill long and slender, white at the beginning and black at the end; the wings are also long and narrow. Most of the body is green, spotted with yellow and blue. Some are higher coloured than others; and all are variegated, as it were, with streaks of gold. Of this bird also there are various species, distinguished by their size and colours. This is

thought to be the smallest of all known birds; the female lays but two eggs at a time, and those no bigger than peas. They build in trees, and the coarsest materials of their nests are the finest straws they can pick up.—ULLOA'S *Voyage to South America*, vol. i. p. 477.

Note 34, page 79.

*Salem Alicum.*

“Be there peace between us.” “There is peace between us.”

Note 35, page 102.

*Already a family of children.*

The Moors marry so very young, that the mother and her first-born are often seen together as playmates, equally anxious and angry, in an infantine game. The women here are often grandmothers at twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age; it is therefore no wonder they live frequently to see the children of many of their generation.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 30.

Note 36, page 148.

*The nuba sounded.*

The royal band of the Pasha. The nuba never played but for the Pasha and his eldest son when they go out with the army, on any public occasion.

The sounds of the nuba are singular to an European ear: they are composed of a Turbuka, a sort of kettle-drum, the reed and timbrel; the Turbuka belongs to the Moors, the reed and timbrel to the blacks.—TULLY'S *History*, p. 28.

Note 37, page 148.

*Give me your signet-ring.*

The town has been in some commotion to-day, from a general search having been made of the guards for Sidy Hamet's great seal, which was stolen from his person last night. It was of gold, chased with Turkish characters; all of the princes have one of these seals or signets as soon as they arrive at a certain place. It is worn near the bosom on the left side of the jileck next the watch, with a rich chain hanging from it. The mould is de-

stroyed when the seal is made; and as they never suffer it to be taken away from their persons day or night, they do not fear its being counterfeited.—TULLY's *Tripoly*, p. 162.

Note 38, page 181.

*To drink of the waters of Guancaveli.*

Dans la ville de Guancaveli, au Pérou, on montre une fontaine dont l'eau, dit-on, change si promptement en pierres, que la plupart des maisons sont bâties de cette pétrification.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, par M. DROUIN DE BERCY, p. 551.

Note 42, page 183.

*Stupified with their own buffooneries.*

Aux environs de James Town, en Virginie il croît un arbre dont la pomme, lorsqu'elle est cuite, produit les effets les plus étranges. Quelques Anglais, ignorant ses dangereuses propriétés, s'empressèrent d'en manger: au même instant, ils devinrent tous imbécilles pendant plusieurs jours. L'un passait son temps à souffler des plumes en l'air: un autre à lancer des pailles; un troisième s'accroupi



était dans un coin, faisant les grimaces d'un singe; un quatrième ne cessait d'embrasser ceux qu'il rencontrait, et leur riait au nez avec mille postures bouffonnes. On fut obligé de les renfermer l'espace de onze jours que dura cette frénésie. L'usage de la raison leur revint, sans aucun souvenir de ce qui leur était arrivé.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées par M. DROUIN DE BERCY, p. 54.*

Note 43, page 184.

*A stream of light.*

Quand on se baigne le soir dans le golfe de Cariaco près de Cumana, quelques parties du corps restent lumineuses au sortir de l'eau. La mer, entre les tropiques, est lumineuse à toutes les températures.—M. DROUIN DE BERCY.

Note 44, page 184.

*A hundred echoes have answered to the strain.*

Après avoir navigué sur le fleuve du Potomack, dans la Pensylvanie, on arrive dans un certain endroit, à travers les Montagnes Bleues, où l'on entend les échos les plus extraordinaires

qu'il y ait au monde. Ailleurs (dit Jean de Crevecœur, écrivain et cultivateur Américain) ils balbutient; ici ils s'expriment distinctement. Nulle pars ils ne sont aussi nombreux ni aussi attentifs à répondre. Les intonations de leurs voix ressemblent aux conversations de personnes placées à des hauteurs et à des distances différentes. Les uns vous parlent à l'oreille; la voix des autres est plus forte, leurs accens mieux prononcés: les uns vous répondent sur-le-champ; les autres après une certaine intervalle, comme s'ils pensaient avant de parler; quelquefois ils s'écrient tous ensemble. C'est surtout quand on rit, que le mélange de leurs éclats rend l'erreur complete. Lorsque les vaisseaux approchent du rivage en louvoyant, il est impossible de ne pas croire entendre des personnes assises derrière les rochers; ceux qui répondent du haut des montagnes le font toujours si distinctement que l'œil, guidé par l'oreille, croit apercevoir l'arbre derrière lequel ils sont tapis, ces Hamadryades entendent toutes les langues, et répètent avec plaisir les chansons des voyageurs. Jouet-on de la flûte ou de la clarinette, elles imitent

l'instant les mêmes instrumens ; alors c'est un véritable concert exécuté avec la dernière précision. On compte jusqu'à dix-sept de ces admirables échos qui vous répondent à-la-fois ou les uns après les autres, ou qui se répètent à eux mêmes après qu'ils vous ont parlé.  
—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 64.

Note 45, page 184.

*I have slept in the cavern of Guachero:*

La Province de Cumana fournit une curiosité naturelle digne de remarque, dans la caverne du Guachero, dont le nom lui vient d'un oiseau qui habite dans l'intérieur de la grotte, qui y multiplie d'une manière prodigieuse, inconnue aux naturalistes d'Europe, et qui offre le premier exemple d'un oiseau nocturne parmi les passereaux dentirostres. Il a la grandeur des poules d'Europe, et le port des vautours. Quoiqu'on en fasse, tous les ans, un horrible massacre, pour en prendre la graisse, qui sert de beurre ou d'huile, le nombre n'en diminue pas. Ils attachent leurs nids à la longue voûte de la caverne, et quand

on y pénètre à la lueur des flambeaux, les oiseaux effrayés poussent des cris tels que les Indiens, effrayés à leur tour, n'osent jamais avancer jusqu'au fond de la grotte. Ils attachent des idées superstitieuses à cet antre habité par des oiseaux de nuit, et d'où sort le rio Caripe. C'est leur Tartare, leur Styx : ce sont leurs oiseaux stygiens.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, par M. DROUIN DE BERCY, p. 49.

Note 46, page 185.

*Silver hill of Parimée, &c.*

Selon la tradition de plusieurs naturels, les nuées de *Magellan* du ciel austral, et même les magnifiques *nébuleuses* du vaisseau *Argo*, ne sont que le réffet de l'éclat métallique que jette la montagne d'argent de Parimé, &c.—*Tableau de la Nature*, p. 188. HUMBOLDT.

Note 47, page 185.

*The Eldorado, &c.*

Le Lac Parimée est fameux par le rocher de talc qui réfléchit comme un miroir les

rayons dorés du soleil ce qui a fait croire longtemps que les rues de la ville d'Eldorado étaient pavées d'or.

Note 48, page 186.

*Mines which produce silver.*

Les mines d'argent de Sainte-Maries dans les Vosges, de Bassory, dans les Pyrenées, de Châlons près d'Allemont en Dauphiné, enfin ces mines de Norwège, avec celles du Perou, du Brésil, de la Terre-Ferme, du Mexique, du Chili, de la Castille d'or, de la Californie, de la Nouvelle-Grenade, &c. Ces fameuses mines d'argent du Potosi, après avoir enrichi le monde pendant plusieurs siècles, sont encore aujourd'hui une source intarissable de richesses.—  
*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 65.

In most of these mines, arsenic is found in combination with the silver: also antimony and copper.

Note 49, page 186.

*Thou, lake of Guatima, art witness to this.*

Le Lac de Guâtiva, au nord-ouest de Santa-fé de Bogota, est célèbre par la quantité

d'or que les Indiens y jetèrent, lors de la ~~conquête~~  
quête de leur pays par les Espagnols.—  
*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 77.

Note 50, page 186.

*And thou, lake of Ibara, art red with the blood  
of the murdered.*

Le Lac d'Ibara, fameux dans l'histoire de ~~l'Amérique~~  
Incas, fut surnommé le Lac de Sang, pour ~~avoir~~  
avoir été le tombeau d'une multitude d'Indiens ~~qui~~  
qu'un Empereur y faisait jeter, à mesure qu'o ~~en~~  
les égorgaient sous ses yeux: ses eaux en furent ~~rougies~~  
rougies pendant quelque temps, ce qui lui ~~fit~~  
donner le nom de Lac de Sang.—*L'Europe*  
*et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 78.

Note 51, page 193.

*Valley of Orcos.*

Dans le Pérou, le Lac de la vallée d'Orcos  
est cite pour contenir dans son sein, la fameuse  
chaîne d'or que l'Inca, Huayna-Capac, avoit  
fait fabriquer lors de la naissance de son ~~fil~~  
Huescar.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*,  
p. 78.

The first *Inca*, or *Inga*, the people of Peru

tion was *Mangocapa*, who they feign, after a flood, came out of the Cave of Tammbo, or six leagues from Cusco; and from him descended the chief families of *Ingas*, the first of them, called *Hanan-cusco*, and the other *in-cusco*; from the former of them came the sovereigns who conquered the country.

It is to be observed, that *Inga*, among the Incuvians, signifies King or Emperor: and *pac Inga*, the only King, which was the title they gave their sovereigns; all the male issue being called *Ingas*, and the queen *Coyas*.—*Historical Account of Peru, taken from ERREIRA'S History of America.*

Note 52, page 193.

*Like the calm lake of Xicaragua, from whose bosom the mountain Omotepec shoots forth its volumes of flames.*

*Le Lac de Xicaragua s'étend, en longueur, plus de 60 lieues, et en largeur 21 lieues; Omotepec élance son sommet enflammé du fond de ce Lac.—L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées, p. 76.*

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**ADA REIS.**

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# ADAREIS,

*A TALE.*

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Τοιαῦτο μὲν περὶ τούτων ἔπαιζεν, ἄμα σπουδάζων.

Xenophon. Memorabilia, lib. i. cap. iii. §. 7.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

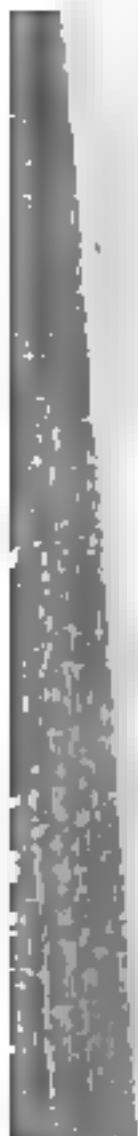
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# ADA REIS.

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## CHAPTER I.

It is not the city of Lima, as it now is, that Ada Reis describes ; he speaks of the wonder of South America, the city of the kings, as Lima was called in the days of her glory ; and not of her in her fallen state. He tells of times gone by, when magnificence and opulence were displayed in her streets ; and knights, and scholars, and fair ladies, adorned the capital of so large a portion of the western world. He tells of her vast riches, of her splendid buildings, her wealthy citizens, and the gay brilliancy of their as-

semblies; her processions and theatres; her bull-fights, hunting-matches, and revelings; her steeds, unmatched for strength and dexterity<sup>1</sup>: much, too, he dwells upon the beauty of the surrounding country, abundant in wine, grain, fruit, and flowers, wool, cotton, and silks, and rich perfumes; he speaks of her mines of precious ore and jewelleries; her seas abounding in pearls; and her great rivers, which water the rich country around.

The city of Lima was founded by Don Francisco Pizarro, on the feast of Epiphany, 1535. It is situated in the spacious and delightful valley of Rimac—Rimac being the name of an idol to which the native Indians used to offer sacrifice under the incas: and as this idol was supposed to return answers to the prayers addressed to it, it was called Rimac, from an Indian

word, meaning properly, he who speaks.

Lima, once the capital of Peru, commands the prospect of a country diversified by rivers and mountains, adorned by forests and groves of olives, orange and lemon trees. Northward, though at a considerable distance, runs the Cordillera, or chain of the Andes, from whence some of the hills project into the valley, the nearest of which are those of St. Christopher and the Amancaes. The river in its course approaches the very walls of the city: a superb stone bridge is built over it; at one end of which a gate, remarkable for its architecture, forms the principal entrance into the town, and leads to the great square. In the centre of the square is a fountain, from which the purest water is thrown up by the trumpet of a bronze statue of Fame,

and is also poured from the mouths of eight lions which surround it. Here every morning, Ada Reis informs us, flower girls and market-women, with their mules, and runa Llamas<sup>2</sup>, stationed themselves with baskets filled with vegetables, fresh flowers, and fruit, whilst singers and dancers enlivened the scene. The young, the rich, and the fair, in their carriages, or on horseback, assembled thither before their morning and evening drives, to purchase flowers. The east side of the square is filled with noble buildings: there stand the archiepiscopal palace; the cathedral, a massive structure without, and within adorned with paintings, sculpture, and magnificent altars: there also is the palace of the viceroy, in which are the several courts of justice, together with the offices of revenue; whilst on the west,



The council-house and city prison face the cathedral. The south is reserved for private houses, erected upon an uniform plan beneath regular colonnades.

The government of the viceroy is triennial; but at the expiration of that term, the sovereign has power to prolong it. The office is of the highest dignity and importance; he who holds it enjoys all the privileges of royalty; he is absolute in all things, civil, military, or fiscal; to him are subordinate all the tribunals for executing the several functions of government: so that the power of this employment is equal to the dignity of the title; and the pride, and pomp, and expensiture of the viceroys of Peru were in those days proverbial.

Ada Reis alone exceeded these temporary sovereigns in profusion and

magnificence, and was wont to ~~appear~~ carelessly, that were the appointments ~~be~~ offered to him he would disdain ~~it~~. He had, indeed, assumed the symbols of royalty; his slaves were dressed in superb Eastern dresses, and he had hampers to guard his palace, such as are employed in the service of the Pasha of Tripoly: he had, besides, other adherents from different countries, so as to form a considerable retinue. Notwithstanding which, it was sometimes his pleasure to ride about the city or into the neighbouring country alone and unattended. His daughter was seldom seen, and never went into public, except closely veiled.

But, as it may be supposed, this concealment only increased the report of her extraordinary beauty, so that little was talked of in Lima but Fiormonda. She was called at times the

ebbiera<sup>s</sup> of Tripoly (the greatest of princesses), and at others, the beautiful Labrian.

Suitors were on all points vying for the acknowledged and only heiress of Ada Reis's immense wealth. Don Antonio de la Cerda, and the Marquis of Santa Spina, were ever on the watch to seize the first occasion of urging their pretensions—all persons of the highest rank, whose homage any other lady in the kingdom would have received with gladness, paid obeisance for Fiormonda's sake to Ada Reis; and amongst the many who, morning after morning, watched impatiently in the public square for the chance of a moment's interview, the most distinguished of all her suitors was Alphonso, Duke of Montevallos. He never had spoken, but she was well aware of his feelings. Love needs not the intervention of

language ; a single glance can communicate the sentiment of the heart more fully and more forcibly than words. Fiormonda knew his passion ; and with that passion it is not in the nature of a woman, however innocent, however modest, or however preoccupied, to be offended or displeased.

The Duke of Montevallos, though not so rich as many of those who were anxious to offer themselves to the notice of Fiormonda, was absorbed in family pride ; he was connected with the royal family of Spain ; he had fifty titles. His ancestors had risen from their tombs in horror, could they have now heard and credited that he entertained even an idea of lowering his Castilian blood by uniting it with that of the illegitimate daughter of an Algerine merchant ; yet was he seen wandering at early dawn and of an even-

late in the public walk called the *a Mode*, between the rows of orange and lemon-trees, or strolling along the banks of the river, whither the calashes conveyed all the youth and beauty of Lima, to enjoy at that hour the balmy and refreshing air, and eagerly did he watch there, in the hope of catching a single glimpse of Fiormonda's form as she passed.

If by chance she appeared in the great square, where the ladies assemble to purchase, almost at any price, the most valued and precious of plants, the *chirimoya*, for which there is much valship, the largest sums being given for a single blossom, to her the fairest and most fragrant were instantly presented by the young Duke; and envy self durst hardly murmur at the preference he showed her, so cautiously and boldly did she receive his proffered gifts.

Yet, although she frequented so little the public places of meeting, she drove often into the country, beyond the extensive gardens which for miles around adorn the environs of Lima, as far even as the golden hills of the Amancaes, to gather the yellow flowers which first gave them their name.

By some it was, however, suspected, that neither the flowers nor the beauty of the country were the objects which led her to such a distance: it was rumoured, that notwithstanding the general reserve and even pride of her demeanour to the Duke and to her other admirers, these excursions gave her the opportunity of meeting and conversing with Condulmar.

The young Duke was perfectly ignorant that he even had a rival; he hesitated to declare his passion for Fiormonda to Ada Reis simply upon the

ledge that such an alliance would be suffered by his friends. He had returned with the last envoy to his native country, where his father eagerly awaited his being offered to unite his hand in marriage with a woman of her own noble parentage and fortune. He hesitated, he delayed: at length he resolved to wait a month longer at Lima, upon the pretext of witnessing the entry of the viceroy into the city; at which time he was informed Fiormonda would be presented to the public, and allowed to mingle in the gaieties which take place at that period. The Duke ofavallos was well known to the viceroy; he had visited him twice while since his residence in America, his mother had in some measure placed him under his care.

## CHAPTER II.

OF all the solemnities observed in America, the public entry of the viceroy into the city of Lima was considered as the most splendid. Nothing was to be seen in the days to which we have gone back, on this occasion, but gilded carriages, the greatest pomp of retinue, the most laboured magnificence of apparel, in each of which the families of old Spain and the native nobility vied with the most profuse and eager emulation, and every thing was now preparing for the celebration of this day. For at this period, Don Joseph Manso de Velasco, Count of Superunda, knight of the order of Santiago, and late governor of Chili, had arrived to assume the viceroyalty of



Peru, to which he had been appointed on the 12th of July, 1745. According to custom, he remained at the fort of Callao until the day fixed upon for his grand entrance into the city of Lima. Here he was waited upon by all the Spanish and native grandees, and here he inquired of one of the officers of his predecessor's suite, who it was whose superb state liveries and richly caparisoned steeds had attracted his attention. "The arms in particular," said Don Joseph, "are singular; for, I being somewhat read in heraldry, know them to be the sigil of Melchior, one of the three Magi kings."

"It is Ada Reis," replied the Marquis de Santa Spina, "a merchant of Tripoli, or, as some say, an Algerine Reis—a singular personage, who has made millions. He has been resident in America these three years past. He is

supposed to be the richest subject in Lima. He is of great use in the consulado, to which he has at times advanced considerable sums of money. He has agents at Quito, Carthagena, Porto Bello, and indeed in every province and city belonging to his most Catholic Majesty; and these agents purchase the first of every thing at the greatest price, which gives a life and spirit to commerce, of late much needed."

The result of this information was the highly respectful and gracious reception with which the new viceroy greeted Ada Reis upon his first presentation. Nor was he less struck with his conversation and manner, than he had been before with his magnificence, insomuch that he insisted upon his accompanying him that evening to the theatre<sup>4</sup>, where the ladies, all veiled in their usual dress, were admitted, ac-

According to custom, in order that they might have an opportunity of seeing the new viceroy. He had, however, fought with him a formidable rival, who withdrew from him much of the public attention, for all female eyes, in particular, were fixed upon the wonderful, the beautiful, the magnificent Ada Reis, who but seldom appeared in public, and had only once before visited Callao. A young man, who some said was his son, and others a noble Venetian, stood near him: his countenance was peculiar; the expression varied every moment, as if his thoughts were painted in their passage across his dark intellectual brow. Don Joseph Manso eagerly inquired who he was. If he had accompanied Ada Reis, it was believed, from his own country; he inhabited his present residence at Lima, as ever with him, and was supposed

to be the intended husband of the beautiful Fiormonda. "And his name?" said the viceroy.

"It is Condulmar."

"And Fiormonda?"

"She never appears in public."

The ensuing day being appointed for the viceroy's public entry into Lima, the streets of the city were cleared, and hung with tapestry; and triumphal arches were erected at proper distances. At two in the afternoon, the viceroy went to hear mass, and meet his predecessor, at the church belonging to the monastery of Montserrat<sup>6</sup>, which was separated, by a triumphal gate, from the street, where the cavalcade was to begin.

As soon as all who were to assist in the procession had assembled, the viceroy and his retinue set forth, and the gates being thrown open, the proces-

sion began in the following order: the militia, the colleges, the university, with the professors in their proper habits; the chamber of accompts; the chamber of the audience, on horses with trappings; the magistracy, in crimson velvet robes, lined with brocade of the same colour, and a particular form of cap upon their heads, used only upon this occasion; the courts of inquisition in full dress, according to order, attended by a number of noblemen; whilst some members of the corporation, who walked on foot, supported the canopy over the viceroy, and the two ordinary alcaldes, who acted as esquires, held the bridle of his horse, a magnificent steed from Chili. The procession was of considerable length, but not so long as the description of it given by Ada Reis. They passed through all the principal streets till they came to the great

square, in which the whole company drew up facing the cathedral; then the viceroy alighted, and made a general obeisance, whilst the archbishop and chapter advanced to receive him. The whole of the immense assembled multitude were silent as the grave. At this moment burst upon the ear the solemn hymn of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the most melodious voices, and accompanied by the greatest power of instrumental music.

The recollections of the greatness of the Spanish monarchy, the thought of the vast territories of which the new viceroy was, as it were, taking possession, the immense display of wealth, and the gorgeous magnificence of the Roman Catholic religion, continued at once to subjugate and overpower the minds of all who witnessed the inspiring spectacle.

At that moment, when even the very  
ul of vanity and pride must have  
en touched and gratified, when man,  
in man, drest in a little brief au-  
ority, must have felt something like  
ety and enthusiasm, the viceroy's  
es were attracted by Ada Reis and  
s daughter. Ada Reis, whose ob-  
ct at all times was distinction, and  
ho sought it by deviating from every  
neral rule, appeared on this occa-  
n in plain but becoming attire: he  
med to make one in a mere show;  
be a subordinate character in the  
ma that was performing: he liked  
r viceroy, nor pageant, which could  
al or even approach himself in mag-  
icence. He attended, therefore, the  
emony as a common observer, whom  
iosity alone drew to be present at

But the observation, which this  
culiarity of dress and manner would

otherwise have attracted, was now entirely lost in the deeper interest excited by the appearance of his daughter, who, trembling and agitated, supported herself upon her father; so deeply was she affected by the sublime choir of voices, and the solemnity of those religious rites, of the effect of which she had hitherto known so little. First she knelt in enthusiasm, and now she wept upon her father's bosom.

When sudden hope springs up in the mind, or when we are moved with unexpected pleasure—when we meet with those whom we love—we shed tears; and these are the tears which spring from the fullness of joy. We shed tears, too, when we part from what we love, whether it be friend or country, or, still dearer, a parent: but they are tears of bitterness and regret. There are tears, too, which flow less freely,



And these are for the dead ; such tears  
save the heart from breaking. But  
the tears which Fiormonda shed were  
none of these ; they partook of the  
anguish of all of them, without afford-  
ing any of their relief. They were as  
a lost soul had heard the prayers of  
saints, the hymn of angels ; yet could  
not, might not, join in the hallowed  
train and pious supplication. They  
were as if the heart dropped blood, for  
her agony was great and real. When  
the pealing organ rolled through the  
vaulted nave the fullness of its note,  
then the whole choir swelled at once  
through that vast edifice the song of  
devotion and praise ; the strain came  
upon her with the memory of past and  
better times, like the voice of those who  
were no more, of those who had left  
her for ever. Virtue, honour, early  
piety, and sacred faith were in those

blessed sounds. She remembered her youth, when she also had knelt and prayed, when her guardian spirit had borne her hymn and orisons upward to her Creator. But now she never prayed. She was conscious that she was present at this solemnity, as at a mere spectacle and vain pageant, deprived of all its essence and meaning, without belief, hope, or comfort; with the greater mortification of witnessing in others those feelings and those aspirations of better things, which she had herself abandoned and relinquished. Her father reproved her for betraying so much emotion, and one dearer than her father chided her for her weakness and superstition. Condulmar smiled with scorn upon a scene which appeared to him either vanity and folly, or fanaticism and imposture.

“ It is the only daughter of Ada

Reis," whispered the Duke of Montevallos, in answer to the viceroy's inquiring look. The maiden was veiled, —no feature was exhibited,—he could only contemplate the grace and symmetry of her form. She never cast her eyes upon the assembled company, nor upon any part of the pageant, but appeared entirely absorbed in the emotions of her own mind.

After the ceremony, the viceroy proceeded to the palace gates, where he was received by the audiencia, and conducted to the banquet which awaited him. "Is Ada Rcis served?" said Don Joseph de Velasco to his attendants; "if not, send to desire that he and his daughter may sit at my table."

Ada Rcis had returned to his own house; and when the message from the viceroy was delived to him there, he politely declined the honour intended

him for himself, and said his daughter could not appear in public until she had formally been presented to the Spanish governor, which could only take place after the whole of these solemnities had concluded.

Suppers and public assemblies, and moonlight dances, and bull-feasts, followed in long succession, as was the custom of the country; but during almost the whole continuance of the festivities the viceroy saw not again either Ada Reis or his daughter; for the former was too proud to appear often in places where there was a greater than himself. At length, on the last day of the bull-fight, as the viceroy was passing on horseback to the crowded scene, the royal arms again attracted his attention, and he eagerly watched the calash, ornamented with gold, and containing within it two females, as it

passed him. The beautiful girl he instantly recognised to be Fiormonda; and she appeared to be entreating and imploring an inexorable old woman to permit her to stop and see the spectacle. The cross gouvernante, with a tone of voice at once querulous and resolved, was commanding the driver to turn about. The viceroy immediately approached the calash, and was silent for some moments as he took a nearer view of the young Fiormonda, who stood up all unveiled, her countenance animated, and her eyes, naturally gentle and timid, now brilliant with eagerness: a cavalcade of gentlemen surrounded the calash, and the viceroy himself now requested the duenna to permit her lovely charge to indulge her inclination. But Shaffou Paca, in a language strangely formed of a combination of almost every tongue,

loudly remonstrated against any such intention. A grandee present reminded her that it was to the viceroy himself she had the honour to speak. She cannot, she said, to what or to whom she addressed herself; she had her master's commands, and, whatever might be said, the Lilla Fiormonda should not see any thing, or be seen of any one.

During this altercation, Fiormonda, with great sweetness and dignity, stood up in the calash, silent, but casting contemptuous glance upon Shaff Paca, whose tongue, being once in motion, continued a sharp and unceasing alarum. Don Joseph Man de Velasco in a moment understood the proud contempt indicated by her silence, and the indignant feelings suppressed: he also saw a little smile and assumed tranquillity curling up her lips, as she listened to her gov-

ness's harangue. He seized the opportunity of breaking forth into expressions of unbounded admiration; he gently took her hand, and raised it to his lips; she received the honour as she might have done a courtesy from a slave, with politeness, but with marked indifference.

At this moment Condulmar rode up; his pale sallow complexion, dark hair, and deep intelligence of countenance, had already attracted, it may be remembered, the attention of Don Joseph the first time he had seen him at the theatre; he recognised him immediately, and slightly bowed—the young Venetian, without parade, returned the salute, and with an air of easy familiarity, said to Fiormonda these words: “And does my lovely mistress wish to see a festival, which ladies more timid and gentle fear? and

does Shaffou Paca dare to oppose her? Follow thy desires; indulge freely thy pleasure or thy curiosity, and I will remain the while and teach thy gouvernante somewhat of more compliance; for thou wert born to command; thy least wish should be a law to all."

Fiormonda hesitated,—but Conduimar, dismounting, handed her from the calash. The viceroy now also dismounted, offering to lead Fiormonda to a seat, where some of the ladies of his own family were already stationed; he said they would be delighted to have this opportunity of making acquaintance with one of whom they had heard so much. He asked her, however more than once, as they proceeded, if she thought her father would be really displeased at the liberty he was taking for the viceroy had no desire to offend.

Ada Reis.



“Oh, he never can be long displeased with me,” said Fiormonda, smiling; “and if Condulmar plead for me, I am sure of being forgiven directly.”

“And does Condulmar, whoever he may be, hold as great a power over the heart of the lovely Fiormonda as it would appear he does over the mind of her father?”

Casting her eyes down, whilst a deep blush overspread her complexion, Fiormonda answered, “I scarcely know, sir; but this I will say, that whenever I desire any thing, he is kind enough either to obtain it for me, or to show me the manner in which it should be obtained; and I consider him, upon the whole, in the light of a friend.”

“Upon the whole!” said Don Joseph, eager to penetrate the young maiden’s real thoughts; “wherefore upon the whole only?”

“ Oh, sir,” said Fiormonda, “ because a real friend would, perhaps, repress those wishes sooner than indulge them ; and I sometimes think—nay, am intruding upon you that which concerns only myself.”

“ Oh, no intrusion! Speak frankly to me; you know not, you cannot believe the interest you have already awakened in me.”

“ Why then, sir, to be sincere, considered one, whom I left in my own country, as a brother and a friend but Condulmar as a very dangerous though, alas! too fascinating, companion.”

“ And who is he whom you left in your own country?”

“ Why, I hardly know how to answer,” said Fiormonda, smiling: “ his name, sir, I believe, is Zevahir; he was a playmate, a friend of mine, and

boy; and yet, under his fair locks, it may be truly said, ‘*Sotto bionde capei canuta mente,*’ for he had indeed all the wisdom of age. He was not a native of our country, neither do I think he came from this land, unless he is from the Eldorado, or perchance the bright mountains of Calitamani. There is no silly tale that is not told of him; but for himself, he never spoke to me of his parents or his country; and,” continued she, with a sigh, “of what matter from whence he came? This I know, at least, that he was all goodness, ay, all gentleness and goodness; but he is lost to me, and I only named him because I thought him a real friend. Condulmar hates me to remember him; calls him a foolish boy, and affects to be jealous of him, as if one so young could have inspired me with——.”

“With what?” said the viceroy, seeing the deep blush which now again overspread her cheeks. “With love, were you going to say? Has that young bosom then already felt those dangerous fires? Is it possible? Alas! I see by your hesitation at the very name, that I am not wrong in my presumption.”

A sigh was Fiormonda’s answer.

At this moment the Duke of Montevallos approached them. “Alphonso,” said the viceroy, “will you accompany us?” Pale, trembling, deeply moved, he hesitated for a moment, then placed himself on the other side of Fiormonda, who, on her part, drew her veil more completely over her countenance, and turned away her head from the ardent gaze which she was conscious he was fixing upon her.

Love, though strong in itself, receives a great accession of strength

from perceiving the admiration paid by others to its object. It becomes at once confident in the justice of its choice, and alarmed for the success of its suit; it feels itself sanctioned by example, and stimulated by rivalry.

Such were at this moment the feelings of Alphonso. The sight of Fiormonda leaning upon Don Joseph's arm, and the general devotion paid by all who beheld her, so inflamed his soul, so vehemently excited a disposition naturally impetuous, that he could no longer conceal or suppress his passion. "Of what avail is it to me," he said, "that I am allied to kings and princes, if this malady consume me? I love, I worship this beautiful girl. The earth contains no other like to her: the young and the great surround and kneel to her, whilst I keep aloof, and by this means shall lose her. She

knows not, as yet, the world ; her inexperience may be misled ; she may believe others to be as great as myself, because more rich. See at this moment what crowds are gazing upon her.” A circle, in truth, was formed around Fiormonda ; it was the first time she had been seen unveiled. “ I will open my heart to her father on the instant,” continued the young Duke, as he stood at some distance, intently watching her : “ in the title of Duchess de Montevallos the merchant’s daughter will be lost, and the unrivalled Fiormonda be my own.”

No sooner had he formed this determination, than, impatient at the length of the show, and still more at the increasing admiration bestowed upon Fiormonda, he called the Marquis de Santa Spina apart : the latter heard his intention with the utmost

surprise; insisted that he should consult the viceroy; and upon his demurring, himself communicated the secret to Don Joseph. They could by no means believe him to be so mad, ~~his youth,~~ his distance from his friends, ~~the relation in which he stood to the court,~~ were all reasons why this precipitate step should be suspended; but in vain they reasoned. Montevallos looked again upon Fiormonda, and would hear of no prudential delay. He gazed with fatal passion upon the too-conscious lady, and remounting his horse, galloped rashly off, to lay himself, his dukedom, and all he possessed, at the feet of Ada Reis.

## CHAPTER III.

ADA Reis was seated, according to the custom of his country, upon a small flat cushion, laid upon a Turkish carpet; a scarf of the finest cachemire half concealed his resplendent dress. His turban was of cloth of gold, having an heron wrought upon it; the foot of the bird was worked in diamonds; a collar of large pearls hung about his neck; sherbet, and a Persian apparatus for smoking, were upon a marble slab near him, whilst slaves, in magnificent attire, were standing with their hands folded before them at the entrance of the apartment. He appeared lost in thought, and there was a gloom upon his countenance, which repressed familiar intercourse. The Duke, young



and inexperienced, hesitated as he approached ; at length he broke silence. He hoped, he said, his intrusion would be forgiven ; he had much to communicate. Ada Reis rose, and laying his hand upon his bosom, with eastern courtesy saluted him, and bade him speak without reserve. The Duke hastened to explain himself at once. He expressed his love, and declared his intentions ; he then adverted, although with some timidity, to his rank ; but said that the consciousness of it was only precious to him, inasmuch as it might render the offer of his hand more acceptable to the father of Fiormonda. He paused, and in anxious silence awaited the answer.

How great was his surprise, when for that answer, the words, " My daughter is highly honoured ; but I aspire to a greater match for her,"

were tranquilly pronounced. His indignation was so great, that it rose to absolute fury;—death, destruction, revenge!—insolent, low-born merchant! a torrent of abuse rushed from the incoherent and offended suitor, but in vain.

Ada Reis listened to his rage with an unconcern as calm as he had before listened to his professions; then, with a smile, resumed his pipe, nor vouchsafed him any further reply. Stung to the quick by this neglect, the Duke was hurrying out of the apartment; when Ada Reis following him ceremoniously to the entrance, requested the honour of his presence at an entertainment he was about to propose to the viceroy upon the day of Fiormonda's presentation; and assured him that if he felt himself hurt at the honour of his alliance having been declined, he might console

himself with the information, that he was about the hundredth of those who had already been obliged to submit to a similar mortification.

“But not a prince,” replied the Duke.

“Ay, sir,” said Ada Reis, gasconading a little, and concealing somewhat of the truth, “the Bey of Tripoli, himself, the son of the Pacha.”

“The Bey!” rejoined Montevallos; “heavenly powers! to name him even! —a Moor, a Mussulman! Why, the alliance of the Pacha is not to be compared with mine! No wonder that Fiormonda disdained to add herself another slave to his harem. But to refuse me!”

“Of this,” said Ada Reis, “I presume the young lady is innocent; I alone, therefore, am guilty.”

“ To what, then, do you aspire for her ? ”

“ I deem her worthy of an imperial crown. ”

“ So do I, Heaven be my witness ! ” said Montevallos ; “ and were I possessed of an empire, I would share it with her on the instant. But why await for impossibilities ? ”

“ It is enough, ” said Ada Reis ; “ you have my answer. Bear it like a Christian, ” he added with a sneer, “ and I will not betray your secret. ”

The Duke had now recovered himself, and perhaps still cherishing hope that neither Fiormonda nor her father would ultimately prove inexorable, acquiesced for the present in the advice given to him ; and Ada Reis, taking down from its place a beautifully wrought Turkish scimitar, requested

that the Duke would accept it as a token of good-will and reconciliation: "And if she whom you must not possess," he continued, "should ever be in danger, draw thou this weapon, the gift of the father, in defence of the daughter."

"I will," said Montevallos with enthusiasm. "Pardon the offence I have given you; I am not yet twenty years of age—I have been taught ever to consider myself, save my sovereign and my own kinsmen, as the greatest personage in the world. The presumption of pride and passion have led me to address to you language such as none of high parentage and courteous manners should ever use—forgive me. You know not what it is to love as I do."

"Not know it, young enthusiast—not know it!" said Ada Reis, and he laughed aloud. "I too have permitted

my eyes to wander ; I too have given myself up to the dominion of passion ; I too have made an idol of that which is but dust—beauty has misled and betrayed me, as it has done others ; but with this difference, my heart felt with more desperate force, my feelings were stronger, my power greater.—Not love ! Ye gods ! may you never feel what I have felt. I have been the greatest slave that love has ever made. Montevallos, believe me, no Castilian blood ever flowed with more fervid violence around a heart than mine ; but where the feelings are deep and strong, they give not utterance often to their magnitude by words and outward gestures. Neither can the contumelies you have not disdained to use affect one like me : for the sneer of ridicule, and the grin of folly, I can return a bitterer and more deadly jest : to the clamour of

the multitude, and the erroneous judgment of the world, supreme contempt and real indifference is my answer. At passion, outrage, and the petty wrongs which make common men mad, I smile : but arouse me—injure those I love—awaken the sleeping lion—and dread Ada Reis as a fiend, at once above and below mankind. Dread him who dreads nothing, who acknowledges no superior, no law, no master ; who hopes for nothing in life, and fears nothing beyond it ; to whom pain is as a scratch, existence but a dream, and death the termination of all things ! Bestow your professions and regrets, your contumelies and abuse, on such as seek the one, or fear the other : Ada Reis thinks of his fellow-men as the leviathan thinks of the tribes who inhabit with him the depths of the ocean !”

As he said this, his muscular form

became convulsed; his eyes kindled and rolled with anger; his teeth clenched within each other, and he exhibited to the young Duke the disgusting and appalling picture of uncontrolled passion.

The Duke retired; but encountered, as he quitted Ada Reis' palace, the object of his entire devotion; for whilst this interview had been taking place between himself and Ada Reis, the viceroy, proud of his charge, and eager to show every possible attention to her father, resolved to accompany Fiormonda home himself, and to ask forgiveness in person for having, contrary to the orders of her governess, ventured to conduct her into the gay and fair assemblage which she had been so anxious to behold. Fiormonda, animated, but no way flattered, by the encomiums she had heard on all sides,



added to the grace and dignity of eastern reception somewhat of the ease and freedom of manner which characterizes the European courts. Happy she was and proud—too proud to be rendered vain. With the Marquis de Santa Spina and the viceroy she conversed easily, and her conversation was full of spirit, and even of good-humoured raillery. When Condulmar addressed her, she was reserved, embarrassed, and almost affected. Thus they proceeded, Shaffou Paca following after, fatigued and angry, and keeping up, in a low voice, a never-ceasing murmur of complaint at her pupil's disobedience and apparent disregard of her father's displeasure.

As soon as they arrived in the presence of Ada Reis, the *gouvernante* commenced an harangue which she had been preparing ; when a glance of

his eye at once imposed silence upon her. He received the viceroy with the most marked respect, and was evidently flattered by his condescension in paying him this unexpected visit; he conversed with him on many subjects, and before he withdrew respectfully entreated that he would honour his dwelling in a few evenings with his presence. The viceroy accepted the invitation, and with a look of admiration cast upon Fiormonda, took leave of her and of her father; and thus the visit which had begun with some awkwardness and apprehension, terminated with general ease and satisfaction.

“Fiormonda,” said Ada Reis, when the viceroy had retired, “I have been thinking, child, that it is time to present thee to the world and marry thee, as thy years are many; and the accomplishment of a wizard’s prophecy

seems too long deferred. Blanch, the fair Princess of Ildebar, of whom all the grandees were last season enamoured, is thy senior alone by two years—thou wilt number thy eighteenth year in a few months: I must not let the flower wither upon its stem, to be devoured by the caterpillars that seek to destroy it. Appear, fair child, in all thy splendour and beauty; accept the hand of him who is the highest; and when I have seen thee rendered great, I shall perchance depart,—for a restless spirit torments me. What is grandeur? what are honours? what are riches, if the mind remain idle and unemployed?" Then, addressing his discourse to his attendants, he commanded, that upon the first day of the ensuing week, a magnificent entertainment might be given, for the double purpose of showing honour to the new viceroy, and

presenting Fiormonda to an astonished and admiring world.

These commands were promptly obeyed. The arrangements for the entertainment were of such extent as to employ many hundred workmen. Condulmar undertook the whole management and direction; all that appertained to arrangement, taste, ornament, beauty, comfort, he fully understood; and Fiormonda, assisting him with designs and hints, thus obtained a pretext for passing hour after hour in the society of her lover.

Display and ostentation are generally delightful to the female mind. The poet Virgil tells us, that Camilla, in the midst of the action, was suddenly and deeply attracted by the armour of an adversary. Fiormonda was not indifferent to the magnificence which surrounded her. To her was now arrived

that term of life which excites in the bosoms of the young the liveliest feelings of interest and pleasure. She was now to see that world she had so long looked forward to and anticipated: she was now to be free from the tyranny of Shaffou Paca, to go where others go, and enjoy the society of those, of whose wit, talents, beauty, and rank, she had heard so much.

Condulmar painted in glowing colours the delights of liberty, the enjoyments of the world, the various amusement of company. Her hopes were raised, her mind perturbed by his descriptions; but his discourse sunk still more deeply into her soul, when he assured her, that by the side of others, that even amidst all the beauty of Lima, that even by the as yet unparalleled Princess of Ildebar, she would still be the most lovely in his eyes, and the first

in his affections. She heard him with pleasure ; but she loved, and therefore doubted. This her apprehensive doubt, her strong solicitude, her desire of pleasing him alone, and fear of losing him ; these feelings, which in the vain eyes of men communicate an interest even to ordinary features, gave to Fiormonda a loveliness and fascination the most seductive and irresistible.

## CHAPTER IV.

At length the night of the entertainment arrived, and exceeded all that even expectation had imagined. The carpets were of gold tissue; emeralds, amethysts, and rubies adorned the candelabras; the service for the banquet was, without intermixture, of highly-wrought gold. Yet, amidst objects so costly and brilliant, no eye could look on any thing but the daughter of Ada Reis. The beautiful women of Lima, who valued themselves on their rich brocades, short full petticoats, and little feet adorned with diamonds<sup>6</sup>, were outshone by the more simply-attired Fiormonda, whose ringlets, according to their mode, falling gracefully behind the ear, were fastened by

a gold pin, called the polyzone, adorned with a diamond aigrette at each end. Her rosary was of pearls; her dress was somewhat longer than that worn by the other ladies, and of it the girdle alone was remarkable for its splendour; the stones which composed it appeared to be rubies, and cast an almost supernatural light: they were, alas! the gift of Kabkarra! Vanity could not resist the display on such an occasion, and Condulmar's piercing and jealous eyes had not apparently as yet detected them.

Fiormonda, perfect in loveliness, seemed already to set some little value upon the admiration of the men, and the envious observation of the women, to whom she was now for the first time presented. Yet she demeaned herself with a modesty, reserve, and dignity, which added to her attractions. Her




personal charms were heightened by those of her mind,—inviting love, but commanding respect. The delight of her conversation was beyond common praise; her ideas were all original, natural, and just; her expressions the purest, and her manners the most artless and innocently playful. Such was she the first time she was publicly seen at Lima, and introduced into a world of gaiety, which had appeared to her, in its distant prospect, replete with amusement and happiness.

With Fiormonda the Duke of Montevallos opened the ball; to her alone every honour was paid. The viceroy seized every opportunity of addressing himself exclusively to her, and Montevallos gazed till his eyes beheld scarcely any thing beside: the gay scene appeared to vanish from before him; his brain turned, and feverish

with her than Alphonso. “And who,” said he, endeavouring to penetrate her inmost thoughts, “is he to whom you have granted the envied privilege of that smile? I observed his remarkable air, his easy grace, his light intellectual glance, the first time I had the honour of beholding him at the theatre at Callao—I would I were like him, in the hope that you would grant me also some little share of your attention!”

Fiormonda's cheeks became of a deep red; the colour quickly extended to her throbbing bosom. In early youth, nothing is so beautiful as a blush, that quick transition of colour, and the change of countenance which accompanies it.

At length, recovering herself, “He is,” she said, “a stranger here; some say he is an Italian, one of my own country; but I believe his history is



known to my father ; he came to Lima with us ; his vessel was wrecked at sea, and he was saved by ours ; of his birth and parentage, I am in truth ignorant.”

“And yet, lovely lady,” said the viceroy, “you seem to me to take no common interest in this stranger’s welfare : your eyes have followed him the whole of this evening ; when he spoke just now to the Princess, you trembled and changed colour, and your present confusion shows me plainly that he is not indifferent to you.”

A deep sigh from Fiormonda was her only answer, while her eyes, bent downwards, again testified extreme embarrassment. Her silence and her manner naturally increased Don Joseph’s curiosity, and he instantly began to make inquiries of all respecting Condulmar.

How strange it seemed to him, that

no one could gratify his curiosity! Great personages cannot bear to be thwarted; and princes and viceroys are at all times over-curious: they ask fifty questions in a breath, without waiting for an answer. In this case it was different; the questions were asked, but the viceroy waited in vain. In the mean time, the object of so many inquiries stood abstracted from the throng, leaning against a pillar, and gazing with a wild and anxious eye upon the Princess of Ildebar. The viceroy observed him narrowly; various emotions seemed to be passing in his mind. At one time his eye brightened; at another he smiled; at another frowned: his manner excited surprise, and commanded an attention not entirely unmixed with awe and terror.

Ada Reis performed the honours of the feast with princely dignity. The

entertainment concluded with a superb banquet, and during the repast the strain of music, and the voice of the singer, sounded full, and yet softened in the distance. There was a young Italian singer, in particular, whose voice was the theme of general commendation, to the annoyance of Fiormonda. Condulmar hung over her whilst she sung, and seemed more than others delighted. Nirza returned the glance of admiration. Fiormonda felt the first pang of jealousy at that moment.

“Are you happy?” said an old man with a long beard, addressing Ada Reis as he passed from one of the tables to another in order to pay a fitting attention to all his guests. “Are you happy?” said the old man, in an abrupt tone of voice, and in a foreign tongue. Ada Reis inclined his head, with his hand upon his heart. “Be-

ware, then," said the old man, "beware of yon cloud!" and as he spoke, he raised his eye towards the heavens with an expression of prophetic fear.

Ada Reis, who saw nothing but his painted ceiling, and the hundred lighted tapers, made sign of inquiry as to his meaning. "Beware," repeated the old man, "of the approaching ruin! Upon the 28th of October, at half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three-quarters before the full of the moon, thy signal crimes shall meet with their recompense, and the deed that thou didst in the far distant desert shall be revenged!"

Ada Reis started: he thought, now, he recognised in the stranger the merchant Muley Hadgi, long since, as he had good cause to know, dead; but the different habit could not disguise those grim features he had too just

cause to fear. He shuddered, and pressed his hand to his head; the word Kabkarra was distinctly heard; and a laugh rose, hollow and triumphant, none knew from whence, no one could say from whom; but all eyes were turned upon the master of the feast, who in vain attempted to recover himself, and appear as before. At length, making apologies for his sudden indisposition, he retired, and the amusements of the evening concluded with something of disorder and precipitation.

## CHAPTER V.

THE ensuing day Ada Reis sent, at an early hour, for Condulmar. When he came, he told him that he was ill in body, and miserable in mind; that, without being superstitious, he was subject to the weaknesses of human nature; that either sudden madness had fallen upon him, or he was pursued by an avenging spirit. If either were the case, what was to become of Fiormonda? He spoke with an inquiring look, as if to penetrate Condulmar's intentions; but he noticed only the former part of his discourse, and expressed surprise at his terrors; saying, they were the effect of mere indisposition, and would pass away with the momentary disorder. Ada Reis re-



plied, with impatience, that it was not momentary, and regretted in bitter terms, that he had so abruptly rejected the offer of the Duke of Montevallos. "Death," he said, "is striking at my heart; I know it by the single beat of that heart, and the sudden stop of the pulse; and what is to become of my child? Even now," he said, grasping Condulmar by the hand, "now that I gaze on you, methinks your eye glares like fire, and I see before me a fiend, not a man. Recall Alphonso; he shall marry my daughter."

"A favouring look soon recalls a lover," said Condulmar, scornfully; "and the impassioned Duke is too deeply enamoured to despond."

Ada Reis heaved a sigh, and was silent; and Condulmar seemed little inclined to continue the conversation.

As the day advanced the viceroy and

many of the nobles waited upon Ada Reis, to inquire after his health. Fiormonda wished not to receive them; yet so many compliments and professions had been made to her on the preceding evening, and so much interest expressed, that she could hardly decline returning this courtesy by a moment's interview with her father's illustrious guests. Condulmar encouraged her to admit them; and it appeared somewhat strange to her, who liked not her lover to look at or to speak to any other woman than herself, that he was so little jealous and apprehensive, and permitted every one to approach her; he seemed even to assist and encourage the hopes of the proud Marquis de Santa Spina, and the Duke of Montevallos; and yet, with a malicious smile, he whispered in her ear that he knew those hopes would be disappointed.

Was his real love? Alas! it bore none of the beautiful features of that holy passion. Love for the young and the innocent is pure as youth and innocence themselves. It delights to strengthen and cherish virtue, and is ever anxious, that even its most ardent desires should be sanctioned and purified by the sacredness of religion: but Condulmar was continually scoffing at constancy, and deriding marriage: and Fiormonda, while she had suffered him to establish an irresistible dominion over her heart, had too much sense not to feel, that him, whom it was now impossible that she should not love, it was impossible that she should esteem. To beauty has been given, by nature, a fatal ascendant over man and over woman. Condulmar was more than beautiful: every feeling, every passion of his soul animated and spoke in his countenance; a

depth of thought, apparently the most profound, gave at times an external calm and repose to his features ; but the quick intelligence of his eye relightened in a moment at the slightest look or word, that moved the quick sensations within. His gifts were the most various ; his language the most impressive. He could touch the hardest heart and excite the coldest ; yet when he had made others feel the deepest, he could, by a jest, make dignity descend, and gravity forget itself, and turn at once the beautiful and solemn into the ridiculous. With such qualifications he was naturally admired and sought by all ; but whilst he encouraged their court, and was evidently gratified by it, he had the dexterity to persuade Fiormonda that, as before upon winning, so now he was solely intent upon fixing and retaining her affections.

## CHAPTER VI.

How often is love described! its birth, growth, decline, and death, in all languages, in all countries! Authors of both sexes seem never to tire of descanting upon this master passion. In the MS. there follow 662 pages of romantic love, such as former times were enthusiastic and patient enough to read. The present age, though as liable to the affection, is somewhat more impatient of common-place dissertation upon it. So many lovers sighed round Fiorionda, that many petty adventures of course took place: sighs, presents, moonlight walks, balls, plays, rides, quarrels, treacheries, frowns, jealousies, hopes, follow in the regular order; and

at length, upon the lover's side, neglect, inconstancy, and coldness.

Fiormonda yet, notwithstanding, seemed to have forgotten every thing on earth but Condulmar. Vain was her pride; vain a promised diadem; vain the distraction of Montevallos; vain the adoration of so many courtiers; vain the flattery of the viceroy: weeks and months passed, to appearance, in a round of amusement; but really in the indulgence of violent and restless passion. The period when young ladies require the greatest care; when the feelings are the strongest, and the reason the weakest, when they are exposed at once to the temptations of novelty and the ardour of solicitation; that period is often selected, even by the wisest of parents, for removing from about them those who have hitherto guarded and restrained them. This was now the case.

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with Fiormonda. Shaffou Paca, offending Ada Reis one evening by an abrupt and unsolicited intrusion upon his presence, he sent her back to Egypt; but previous to her departure, she boasted that Fiormonda was now no longer in need of her assistance;—that her son Kabkarra's predictions had been fulfilled, and that before long he would pay her an unexpected visit.

Fiormonda was thus left entirely to her own guidance. Indeed, Ada Reis was not much used to watch over the female sex, with a view to admonishing and protecting them; and as he advanced in years, began, as is sometimes the case, to feel her somewhat of a charge and burthen. With her childish sprightliness and infantine caresses, her chief charm in his eyes was gone. He was engrossed by his own favourites, and he now viewed his daughter merely

as a means of gratifying his pride and ambition. His love for low society had never left him, nor slackened in the slightest degree; and he preferred dancers, buffoons, and revellers, to viceroy, state, and ceremony.

The Duke of Montevallos, suffering under a hopeless passion, and despairing of success, resolved to quit Lima, and fix his residence in the mother country. He wished, however, to make one more effort to recommend himself to Fiormonda before he bade her farewell for ever. For this purpose he asked and obtained a last interview. He spoke for some time with calmness, but at length the vehemence of his love broke forth, and in a tone of anguish he demanded of her—"Answer me but this, this one question—Are you to be the wife of Condulmar? Who is he? Has he any right over you? If he has, it is



well ; I must be satisfied ; but if not, let me save you before it be too late.”

Fiormonda hesitated.

“ You know not,” he said, “ how cruelly the world speaks of you—you are not happy.”

“ None can be happy,” said Fiormonda, with a sigh, “ who act as I have done.”

“ I will save you.”

“ My name must never be united to yours,” she replied ; “ there is a shade cast over it would mar your brightness. Go you and pursue your honourable career, and remember these words from one who has made the trial—happiness cannot enter, where guilt has been received.”

“ Guilt,” said Montevallos, throwing himself at her feet, “ can never have defiled that spotless bosom.”

“Alas!” said Fiormonda, mournfully, “you know me not: you judge me by the semblance it has pleased Heaven to endow me with; you judge me, too, by the wealth, the honours, and the pleasures with which I have from infancy been surrounded; but you cannot see into my heart.”

“And if I could,” said Alphonso, “what should I read there but generous feelings, and benevolence, and kindness?”

Fiormonda’s tears alone answered the duke’s vows and protestations.

Compelled to leave her, he forced himself from her presence in the utmost misery and perturbation. “She is scarce eighteen years of age,” he said to himself: “even if seduced from duty, there is time for amendment. Oh! that she were a Christian—that she would kneel

and repent! But that atheist her father, and that evil genius her lover, to what ruin may they not lead her! If it be possible, I will save her. However misled and perverted by the wickedness of others, could I but gain her consent, I would espouse her on the instant, and rescue her from the evil by which she is surrounded. Who can this Condulmar be? What can give him the right thus to destroy with impunity the loveliest of human beings? Her altered looks, her downcast eyes, her embarrassment, her floods of tears, all too plainly declare the base and cruel malignity of his conduct. He shall either openly acknowledge her to be his wife, or decidedly resign her. I will awaken her father to caution; I will inform him of my more than suspicions; I will win her yet,—by ardent attachment and

devotion: yes, I will win her.—For young as she is, the depravation of her lawless and artful companion cannot have reached the purity of her mind, or degraded and corrupted the original nobleness of her nature.”

## CHAPTER VII.

FIORMONDA had sufficient cause for the bitter tears which she had shed during her interview with the Duke of Montevallos. The conduct of Condulmar was too plain to allow even the most devoted love to deceive itself any longer. Amidst her sorrow and remorse, she had no longer the consolation of believing, that she was preferred or even beloved by him. The beautiful singer, who had lately appeared, of the name of Nirza, and the Princess of Ildebar, a lady of high rank, but of little morality, engrossed all his time; and, after the manner of women, lost no opportunity of displaying power, and of subjecting Fiormonda to as much mortification as possible. There is no man,

however unfeeling and remorseless, who does not fear and dislike the reproaches of a woman whom he has injured. This dread made Condulmar avoid seeing Fiormonda alone as much as possible. In public he still paid her attention ; such attention as was calculated and intended to proclaim his triumph and the empire which he had established over her. His conversation, when near her, was in the most personal and scornful tone of satire. " Nothing," he would say, " can be more fatiguing than a permanent attachment ; a beauty or an heiress are, either of them, the most wearisome of human beings ; they are never contented or satisfied : but both characters in one form a compound that is utterly intolerable. We take infinite pains to win a woman's affections exclusively to ourselves, but when they are gained we

find them the most troublesome possession with which a man can be encumbered. When one of whom we are enamoured bestows upon another aught of preference, we are apt to suppose the suffering we endure the greatest that can be inflicted upon us; but we shall find that it is nothing when compared to the tedium of having all her affections concentrated upon ourselves."

This sarcastic levity increased rather than diminished the infatuation of Fiormonda. She sought him in society, as she could rarely find the opportunity of seeing him otherwise: for his sake she submitted to the humiliation of courting those with whom he associated; and the continued round of company, into which her devotion to Condulmar led her, in some measure drove and banished the recollection of her miserable situation from her mind. Involved in the pursuits of this world,

she thought not of that which is to come. A hurried life, though not happy in itself, suspends and postpones the day of unhappiness. The pause of quiet that succeeds the return to tranquillity comes attended with remorse and sorrow. The hours that are passed in mourning and prayer are numbered, but the mind takes no heed of time when worldly pleasures are varying every scene, and worldly interests absorb all attention. Fiormonda sought without in a crowd of adulators for that peace of mind she could no longer find within.

Early, very early the next morning, after her interview with Montevallos, she heard beneath her window the step, as she believed, of Condulmar returning from his nightly revels; she arose in haste, and opening the lattice of her apartment, saw the Duke of Montevallos, who called to her in a tone of re-



proach and impatience, and urged her to speak one moment with him.

Immediately as he left her, he had hastened in search both of Ada Reis and Condulmar. But they were engaged in those pursuits to which they now devoted the whole of their time; and he had been unable to meet with either of them. At length, two or three hours after midnight, he had entered the coffee-room where the young men of fashion were wont to assemble, instead of returning to their homes. He heard the loud laugh of revellers, and found Condulmar at that hour of the morning drinking with his libertine associates. The subject of the conversation was woman, and, one by one, every fair character was impeached by the profane and dissolute. Princesses, countesses, merchants' wives, were all mercilessly branded with the foulest

aspersions. The name of Fiormonda was now hesitatingly pronounced by the captain of the viceroy's guard; with a thousand oaths he protested he believed her at least to be immaculate. Condulmar laughed, and, to the horror and astonishment of Montevallos, boldly proclaimed this paragon of excellence, this pure, cold, and chaste daughter of Ada Reis, this spotless maiden, who had refused the hand of so many great and powerful dukes and princes, to be his mistress; voluntarily and almost unsolicited to have resigned herself to him, and to be more the object of his contempt and indifference than of his love. In the first impulse of his wrath, Montevallos clapped his hand to his sword, but recollection of the exposure to which any rash step upon his part would subject Fiormonda, restrained his indignation, and he with-

drew, sensible of the difficulty of his situation, and undetermined how to act; deeply wounded and irritated, but at the same time confounded and overcome. In this temper of mind he hastened on until he found himself in the open square near the viceroy's palace; his servants were there awaiting him. He dismissed them, and walked beneath the windows of the house of Ada Reis: the lattice opened; he heard Fiormonda's voice.

“Condulmar,” she said, “is it you?”

“No, by heavens!” he answered, “it is a wretch, a madman! and if you would not have me destroy myself, or expose you to the scorn of the whole world, see me for one moment.”

Fiormonda looked from beneath the veranda, and with that look of innocence seen so often on the brow of childhood, she gazed upon him, surprised

and struck with the vehemence of his agitation. She was scarcely dressed ; her dark blue eyes, with their black rims and jetty fringe, as if awakened by the hasty step of one she expected, spoke of love, it is true, but the love an infant might have felt ; and impurity vanished from every thought even upon beholding her : her dark rich locks fell carelessly upon her white neck, and her still whiter robe, clasped in front, which showed nor art nor care ; all was simple nature. Yet she wore bracelets adorned with jewels, and a broach made of the hair of Condulmar.

“ He has wronged her,” said the duke, gazing upon her. “ I will tell her what the traitor has dared to say : I will save her from the seducer’s grasp, and bear her away to my own country as my bride. She is innocent ! I see it, I feel it ; for purity and virtue show themselves in every look.”

Fiormonda now descended the stairs, opened the door of the house, and stepped half fearfully towards the duke; she had thrown her veil over her head and face. “I am doing wrong,” she said; “I am acting an imprudent part; but I feel for your agitation; and at this hour of the morning I may converse with you a few moments, perhaps, without interruption. What mean you by those horrid expressions? Why do you appear thus moved, and why looks your eye so wild? Were I not used to Condulmar in these moods, you would terrify me.”

“Do not name him, I conjure you!”

“I am aware,” said Fiormonda, “that you hate him on account of his once great attachment for me; but did I indeed possess the power over your affections which you say I do, would you not at my request, and for my sake,

have learned much, I think, amongst kings and courtiers."

"And have you learned nothing there, madam?"

"I know not what you mean."

"Happy innocence!" said Alphonso, bitterly.

Fiormonda made a motion as if to depart; the duke seized her arm.

"By what power do you detain me?"

"By the power of love, wrought up to madness," he cried: "by the feelings of injured love and desperation!"

"Will you harm me?"

"Not for worlds!"

"What do you wish?"

"To save you."

"It is too late."

"Is it possible?—Oh, Fiormonda! can guilt put on the appearance of such innocence? Can early youth admit of such perversion?"

“ I am miserable ! ”

“ How long—oh ! how long, have you been the prey of this monster ? ”

“ Call him not so harshly :—how long ?—Too long, sir, for my peace of mind. ”

“ You have a proud spirit :—does it not kindle into wrath within you, when you remember how he has repaid you ? You weep : do you not hate him now ? ”

“ It is a hard task to learn to hate, when we have once loved too well ; but I own that I feel some resentment. I feel that I was worth more than the price for which I have sold myself—I see others, whom I consider as less than myself, set up above me—I love, too, and . . . . ”

“ Have you no regard for your fair name ? Can you bear to hear the sneer of the multitude, to be the laughter of men ; the jest, the scorn, the word of

reproach amongst women; to find yourself the sport of slander; you, who have been flattered, followed, extolled beyond even your rare deserts? Can you outlive the world's contempt?"

"I have outlived his love: after that I can endure any thing."

"If you think you can endure the world's contempt; if you believe, that you value not its opinion; be sure, unhappy Fiormonda, that you deceive yourself. Too powerful is that world to be opposed; too precious its good report to be despised. It is pleasant and honourable to be loved and commended. A woman's name should be sacred; it should be rarely thrust upon the public notice; and whenever it is drawn from its sacred and pure retreat, modesty and dignity should surround it. You are running the career which many have run before you: you are



throwing away your fair name, before you know its value and importance; throwing away that character which you will pass the remainder of your days in deeply regretting, and seeking in vain to recover and re-establish. Can it be possible? are you——”

“ Say nothing more, sir; I wish you every happiness: but when I refused your hand, I told you I was not worthy of your devoted attachment. Go, now, and every blessing attend you! Leave me to my fate, and judge me not.”

“ Not judge you! Who should be judged, if you are not? Who possessed your advantages, your understanding? Who might have filled, more worthily, the loftiest situation?—For shame! for shame! Break this disgraceful connexion! Away with those bands, and braids, and jewels; the opprobrious tokens of dishonest love. Put on sack-

cloth and ashes;—kneel in the church ; do penance in thy solitude. But I am mad, I know not what I say. I swear to be revenged !”


“ On whom ?”

“ On you—on him—on Ada Reis !”

“ There is vengeance enough here,” said Fiormonda : “ seek thou for no more. Sufficient punishment is it for me to have lost his affections.”

At this avowal Alphonso could trust himself no further ; he hurried from her, and passed rapidly forward ; but upon approaching to the bridge, he paused, for straight before him, with a cold and haughty air, he beheld Condulmar ; and he was for a moment checked by the perfect tranquillity of his manner.

The mist of morning had dispersed, the sun’s all-glorious rays shone full upon the desperate features of that



mysterious stranger, who seemed neither to seek nor shun the present interview.

“You have wronged,” began the duke, “the sweetest and fairest lady the earth ever saw; you have profaned her name, and disgraced yourself for ever.”

“I seek not your good opinion,” said Condulmar; “nor shall I account for my words or my actions to a madman.”

“If I am mad,” said Alphonso, “you have driven me to it; stand—prepare yourself—one of us shall die on the instant.”

“You have no right over me: I scorn and pity you; I will not fight for that which I have obtained without risk or trouble.”

“But you shall expiate your crime thus,” said the furious duke, rushing upon him, and attempting to stab him.

Condulmar calmly struck the weapon from his hand. Alphonso, baffled and astonished, regarded his antagonist with something of apprehension. "What are you?" he cried: "I adjure you meet me as a man meets man."

Condulmar smiled—Alphonso leapt forward to grapple with him. Condulmar opposed coolness to his fury, and seizing the frantic youth by the arm, threw him to the earth, saying, "Foolish boy, beware whom you attack." His head struck with violence upon the edge of a projecting marble; he fell motionless. Condulmar watched him—approached him—raised him up—felt that his pulse had ceased to beat, that life was extinct. "What have I done? Is this death—can it be?" he cried, contemplating his lifeless antagonist for some moments—"Will the silence which has followed such vehe-

ment and loud parley be eternal? Is that energy of character, and that activity of frame at an end thus, and for ever, in one instant? Are those fierce passions, that ardent faithful love, the thoughts that passed so rapidly through that romantic mind, the palpitating heart, the eager hurried tone of voice—is all terminated, all quiet, and am I the murderer?" Condulmar now looked around him. The sun already shone bright above the horizon;—the people were passing to and fro, and the city began to stir with the daily occupations of its inhabitants. The street in which he stood was still lonely and deserted:—its stillness amidst the general movement appalled him for a moment, but collecting himself, he left the spot without delay, returned to the house of Ada Reis, sought his own apartment, and there awaited the event.

With the early morn, the news of the death of Montevallo's spread through the city; and a burst of grief and generous sympathy sprung from every heart. From the wound he had received, and the place in which the body had been found, it was difficult to ascertain the cause and manner of his death; but it was generally supposed that it had been his own act, and that the unkindness of Fiormonda had driven him to despair. His romantic attachment was known to many; every circumstance that could interest was recalled to mind; all pitied, all sympathised with him who was no more, and the murmur became general against the cold and cruel girl who had, as it was supposed, driven him to his untimely end. The anguish of her feelings may be imagined, when the recollection of their recent conversation

recurred to her mind, and with that recollection the bitter thought that the knowledge of her degraded state, and the misery of ill-requited love, had occasioned and hastened the dreadful catastrophe.

The day ensuing the corpse lay in state. The viceroy ordered a general mourning; the festive dance and song were discontinued; the theatres were closed; and at the hour of night-fall the whole of the nobility, and amongst the rest Condulmar, serious, but collected, followed the funeral of the much-lamented youth.

## CHAPTER VIII.

FIORMONDA sat at her window, and saw the procession pass: the light of the torches fell upon the beautiful features of Alphonso. She watched the funeral train; she heard the tolling of the distant knell; she felt that she had lost a faithful friend, one who, when slander was busy with her name, would have risked his life to defend her. She now lamented the want of firm principle she had shown; she then thought with regret upon the ill conduct of Condulmar; but love was still in her young heart the predominant feeling; she felt with ardour, and she knew not the vanity, the transitory nature, the little importance of all these illusions: she knew not of how little profit, of how little even pleasure it is to yield up the affections of the heart and soul to



any one in this world, be he even really possessed of all the grace, talent, and beauty we imagine in him ; for in the end he will :merely betray the heart which doats upon him, and mock at the devotion which has served to feed and gratify his vanity. To hate is wiser than to love ; but the wisest is to do neither. Better is it to pursue our course upon the earth as the blind mole does beneath its surface, working our way, without seeking or attaching ourselves to aught, that like ourselves, is but dust.

Fiormonda continued at her window, restless and melancholy, expecting one who came not ; she felt oppressed by the intense heat of the atmosphere. She arose ; she approached her table ; she wrote a letter, then tore it—it was filled with reproaches, and of what use were reproaches ? She struck her harp

—the notes reminded her of times past, and brought with them the remembrance of her past life. The singular events of her youth recurred; she recollected her guardian spirit, his care, and his admonitions; she wished again to see him; she sung the song he loved; she thought how happy and pure she once had been, and she suffered her tears to flow without restraint. At that moment, a refreshing breeze blew upon her from the open window, and a note, sweet as that of a distant horn, sounded from below.

If there be in souls a sympathy with sounds, so that the chime of the village bells can melt the heart by awakening the memory; if that simple air, played by the Swiss mountaineer upon his pipe, which calls the herds at evening to their home, can in a distant land make the firm soldier forget and aban-

don his duty ; it is no wonder that Fiormonda dwelt fixed and absorbed as these words were sung by a voice at once familiar and dear :

## I.

Sing not for others, but for me,  
In every thought, in every strain,  
Though I perchance am far from thee,  
And we must never meet again :  
Though I may only weep for thee,  
Sing not for others, but for me.

## II.

My spirit still is hovering nigh !  
Then breathe for me that sacred sigh ;  
The sacred sigh, the thrilling tone,  
Which tells of time for ever gone ;  
Oh, when the heart's tear dims thine eye,  
Think that my spirit hovers nigh.

## III.

In starry night, or soft moonbeam,  
By mossy bank, or rippling stream,

In balmy breeze, in fragrant flower,  
Though dearer hands may deck thy bower ;  
In all that's sweet or fair to thee,  
Think not of others, but of me.

## IV.

If e'er thou sing'st thy native lay,  
As thou wert wont in happier day ;  
That lay which breathed of love and truth,  
And all the joys of early youth ;  
Though all those joys are past for thee,  
Sing not for others, but for me.

## V.

I've mark'd the struggles of thy mind,  
Like bird in gilded cage confined ;  
Vain was the costly jewell'd chain—  
The heart breathed forth a mournful strain ;  
The spirit panted to be free—  
And I could only weep for thee.

## VI.

Farewell ! Alas, I may no more  
Than weep and blame—and yet adore.  
Thy hour is come—I cannot save—  
But we shall meet beyond the grave :

**The sinner's prayer may reach to heaven ;  
Pray then, and mayst thou be forgiven.**

“ And I will pray,” said Fiormonda, kneeling. She did so, and a calm she had not felt for a length of time pervaded her whole frame. She threw herself upon her bed ; but the thought of Condulmar again returned ;—twice she started from her couch and listened to catch again the voice, as she deemed it, of her long-lost guardian spirit.

It was not yet midnight. Fiormonda's mind had not been affected and heated by romances and tales of spectres ; yet an indescribable horror took possession of her mind at this particular moment. She had witnessed the sudden death of one who loved her passionately ; the thought of it chilled her. “ Alphonso,” she said, “ art thou no more—thou who wert so young, so gay,

so handsome, and so much beloved? How often have I seen thee the first in the dance, in the chase, and even (so weak is woman) whilst my heart was Condulmar's, how even I added my tribute of admiration to the general voice!" As she thus lamented him, she felt, as it were, the breath of some one near her: there was in the chamber that deep stillness, which can impress awe upon the mind, even when occupied with overwhelming grief. The light of the moon faintly illumined the apartment, and by that pale light there appeared a dark substance, a gathering mist, which slowly embodied itself, until plain before her stood the shade of Montevallos! His countenance was mournful: his hand was raised to his temple, as if he still suffered from the mortal wound. In a low voice, at length he spoke, "Fiormonda, prepare

thyself: be not alarmed; but repent, for death is at hand."

She looked fixedly upon him; she had no power to avert her eyes: her very heart trembled, whilst her limbs were fixed under the influence of preternatural awe.

The low sepulchral voice again addressed her; "Fiormonda, awaken from the delusions of life; thou hast sinned beyond thy years: repent, for even now sincere repentance may avail."

"I have not sinned," she cried; "he—he first——"

"This will not avail thee," said Montevallos, mournfully; "I also have sinned. We believed not in our hearts the true faith; we prayed not for strength in the hour of temptation; we thought it little to yield to the violence of our passions; to live alone for love,—for pleasure,—for hurry, and

amusement. Prepare thyself to answer for every word, for every thought, for every neglect: for where I am, there is no respect paid to persons; neither the soft voice, nor the bright eye, nor youth, nor beauty, nor fashion, nor rank availeth: humility, charity, faith, forgiveness of injuries, are virtues here."

"And must I, who am so young, die?" said Fiormonda: "will no further time be allowed me?"

"No further."

"Will Condulmar——"

At the mention of his name, the shade passed mournfully away.


"He did not slay thee?" said Fiormonda, rising with frantic eagerness from her couch: "he is too good, too kind!—Speak, yet once more!—nay, thus, thus let me retain thee." Her arms clasped themselves, as she



thought, around Alphonso ; but terror unparalleled overpowered her, when, by a sudden light which now blazed through the chamber, she saw before her, laughing with horrid malignity, not Alphonso, but the fiend Kabkarra!

“ Thou art mine ! Thou art mine ! ”  
he cried.

Fiormonda fainted. She recovered, and in the distance, as in a picture, she thought she beheld Condulmar laughing and drinking with his abandoned low associates in the house of his new favourite, Nirza. Her father was with them—she seemed to hear their loud mirth, whilst a long procession, clad in black, floated ever and anon before her. The knell for Alphonso now distinctly rung upon her ear ; the torches blazed, when again loud laughter and merriment was heard. Suddenly, there ~~passed~~ before her, in all her seductive



charms, the Princess of Ildebar!—Now, now she aroused herself. All had been a dream! She was alone—she was disconsolate, and what had really appeared to her distracted fancy, and what had not, she could not tell. It was near upon day-break—she had slept long: she arose, and returned to the window she had remained at the preceding evening. She thought again to hear the soothing voice of her guardian attendant, she thought to breathe the fresh reviving air of the early morn, and watch the all-glorious sun in its first brilliant beams; she thought too, perhaps, again to see the shade of Alphonso; and thus watching, thus listening, she heard, as will frequently be the lot of those who look for supernatural events or celestial sounds, in their stead only peals of laughter—the rude and noisy laughter of unlicensed revellers,

when reason has fled, and nothing is left of man, except that laughter, to distinguish him from the brute he without reason despises. She started. Another laugh, loud and lawless, again proceeded from an abandoned crew, whom she now perceived approaching the house. Amidst them she was shocked to recognise her father and Condulmar, both of them heated with wine, and crowned with ivy and vine. They were preceded by musicians, and surrounded by maskers, buffoons, dancers, and actresses, who were conducting them home in licentious triumph from their nocturnal orgies. Condulmar was walking by the beautiful Nirza, whilst Fleur de Rose (a pretty Parisian dancer) and Ada Reis followed them, supported by her husband, a French coiffeur, who was vaunting his art, and offering to dress Ada Reis ac-

according to the fashion of his country. In the mean time, the bravura song of the singers was accompanied by guitars and tambourines.

As the procession approached the house, Ada Reis, perceiving Fiormonda, declared it to be in her honour, affirming that this should be her wedding-day. "Ay," said Condulmar, "we have attended my only rival to the grave, and I am now returned" (he said, with cruel mockery,) "to espouse thee, Fiormonda."

Fiormonda turned with desperate grief from such a scene.

The custom of rejoicing upon the night of any great funeral was common at Lima, as in many other places, but it was seldom that any person of rank assisted at these lawless revels.

Condulmar's familiar air, his jests, lowered from the refinement of wit to

the vulgar coarseness of his society, his indifference shown so plainly either to Fiormonda's conduct or her reputation, his perverted laugh of malignity and scorn, were all so many causes of misery to the woman who still adored him with the folly, enthusiasm, and romance of raw and unadvised youth; and who even now, notwithstanding his manner, notwithstanding the associates by whom he was surrounded, was soothed in some measure because she saw him again. For the passion of jealousy in young minds breeds no withering principle as in later years: desire of revenge, deadly hatred, envy, malice, find no harbour in tender open hearts; these love and break; but as life advances, and as bitterness mingles with disappointment, fiercer thoughts spring up. Fiormonda, however, knew only how to love.

“ By the by,” said Condulmar, addressing the Parisian hair-dresser as he entered Ada Reis’s apartment with all his Bacchanalian rout following him, and there met Fiormonda, who had come forward to receive him, “ here is a chevelure worthy of your attention ; these long dark tresses, I should imagine, are such as you were speaking of. See how well this head is set upon this white and unmatched bust. Fiormonda, put off some of your gravity, and amuse yourself awhile : here is a gentleman who has been dressing me, as he calls it, à l’*île de pigeon*, and Ada Reis au coup de vent. Mademoiselle seroit mieux n’est-ce pas,” he continued, “ coiffée avec ses grosses boucles en repentir.” The hair-dresser replied respectfully, “ Mademoiselle est bien comme elle est.” Condulmar continued, the newest of all fashions

was, he heard, at Paris, to be drest en désespéré; but that would not do for him.

They then called for refreshments, and seating themselves around a table, ate dried sweetmeats, and drank mareschino with cream; after which, in a loud chorus, they sung wild and licentious songs, until they retired, long after daybreak, to bed: and this, this was the night, or sooner the day, after the interment of the young and noble Montevallos!

## CHAPTER IX.

HE who with open force and by desperate deeds obtains the object of his guilty wishes does not harm his victim to the same degree as he, who, by consummate art and flattery, seduces a reluctant mind, and corrupts the purity of the soul. Fiormonda's mind was perverted, and she resigned herself to her love more than to her grief. Yet the first time she had an opportunity of speaking to her lover alone, she reproached him with bitterness for his conduct. "My dear friend," said Condulmar, "how it grieves me to hear these complaints! After all, *c'est mieux d'être l'objet du caprice d'une femme que de sa passion, et le pire de tout c'est d'être l'objet de son amour.*"



“ There is something,” said Fiormonda, “ in that French language, in its phrase, in its tone, which mocks at truth, and violates even virtue itself, forcing her into the train and service of vice. Their love, their sentiment, their expressions of passion, their professions of attachment, are all frivolous, heartless, and corrupt. When I was dear to thee,” said she, trying to smile, “ it was in Italian, in Spanish, in my father’s language, thou didst speak to me.”

“ Quarrel not with the French language,” said Condulmar: “ it can express love in all its pathos and beauty as well, if not better, than any other ; but in good truth, why should we make miseries for ourselves, seeing that so many are already inflicted upon us ? Heaven knows, youth and happiness last not long : why should we, by

anxiety and ill-temper, misemploy the one and mar the other? Love should be light, gay, and joyful; a pleasure and an amusement. By the importance we attach to it, and the violent passions with which we associate it, we make it the most serious of occupations, and the heaviest of cares."

"Well, then, we will be merry, if such be thy desire," said Fiormonda, mournfully; "I will speak French, too, if it please thee: yet in that language, *entre l'amour et la mort*, the difference is but of two letters."


"This is an idle conceit," said Condulmar:

"All is over!" said Fiormonda. "I shall not, however, as you have told me the fond Englishwomen do, annoy you by sighs and tears, by whining complaint and vexatious jealousy: it is done—you have struck here—you have

ended all ;—I esteem, I admire, I love you no longer !”

“ Then wherefore do my liaisons with Fleure de Rose and Nirza give you pain? and wherefore, my dearest child, do you mind if the Princess of Ildebar makes me some little dédommagemens for your coldness ?”

Fiormonda turned from Condulmar with proud contempt. “ These are,” she thought, “ unworthy rivals for me. Their names will be forgotten when mine is celebrated, though their insults and unkindness send me to the grave. In beauty, in talents, in understanding, in heart, they are my inferiors; yet for them I am abandoned. Oh! what a lesson of humility is this! What are the gifts of nature? What is the devotion of love? The first new features, the first gay vision, that passes by, leads away, in triumph, the affections



which we have passed years in seeking to secure. I gave thee, Condulmar, my virgin heart; I gave thee the purity of my youth; I gave thee the freshness of the affections, and the entire possession of a mind, let me tell thee, equal to thine own!—All these thou hast renounced;—for methou hast blighted all below!” As she spoke a transient feeling of ambition and revenge, passions not congenial to her nature, sprung up in her bosom, and for a moment appeared to supplant the softer feelings she had so long cherished.

Under such adverse and mortifying circumstances, the hand, which she had refused to the young and ardent Montevallos, she began to entertain the idea of bestowing upon the Marquis de Santa Spina, who was destined by the general voice to be the succeeding viceroy of Peru. “I know,” she

again thought within herself, “ I know the conduct which will make Condulmar love me as he used. He shall see me at the head of the society he courts. For his sake I have neglected the forms to which others are slaves. I have thought only of him; they have thought of the world. The Princess of Ildebar, who now passes me with such insolence of contempt, shall do me homage.”

As these thoughts shot through her mind, Condulmar turned suddenly round, and fixed his eyes triumphantly upon her. “ Do so,” he cried, as if reading her soul; “ and I myself will carry the welcome news to the future viceroy. Do so, once beloved Fiormonda;—’tis well, ’tis well. Those who are ever casting back a retrospective eye, doom themselves, in a world like this, to everlasting repining and regret. Let our hopes tend forward

to that which has not been. The past has flown for me, like a dream, and left nothing but weariness and fatigue behind. 'Tis well that at length thou driest thy tears, and takest these mischances proudly, as becomes thee. I love not your weak watery plants:—the streaming eye has small power over me. I have read in verse of women looking lovely through their tears, but in nature I have always found them produce a contrary effect.”

“ Yet the full heart will find a vent or break,” said Fiormonda.

“ Let the latter be its choice,” replied Condulmar: “inconstancy is a great evil, and causes many woes, I admit it; but it is in our nature, and admits of no remedy. Many idle rhapsodies, much bad poetry, many scenes of absurd violence and desperation, would have been saved, had it been generally known, for truth, that when

two hearts, which have loved passionately, sever, they never can re-unite. We either die in the agony of the struggle, or recover, as I have, our reason and our calmness.”

“ These are hard truths, if as truths they must be admitted,” said Fiormonda.

“ It is a pity,” continued Condulmar; “ but in this world, all that is bright and fair must perish. The sweet scent of the rose—the maiden’s blush—the infantine smile of childhood—the bloom of spring, which adorns every shrub and tree, as with a magic wand—all fades, even whilst we are gazing upon its beauty, and inhaling its fragrance. We must submit to the law of our nature, and endure the condition of our existence.”

“ Endure then my tears,” said Fiormonda.

“ Be it so,” replied Condulmar :

*The Music Composed Expressly by M<sup>r</sup> NATHAN*

**ANDANTE.**

Sym: exp:

**Horns**

**Voce**

Weep for what thou'st lost love

**Accompaniment**



First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics "Weep for what thou'st won Weep for what thou". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is a simple, plaintive tune.

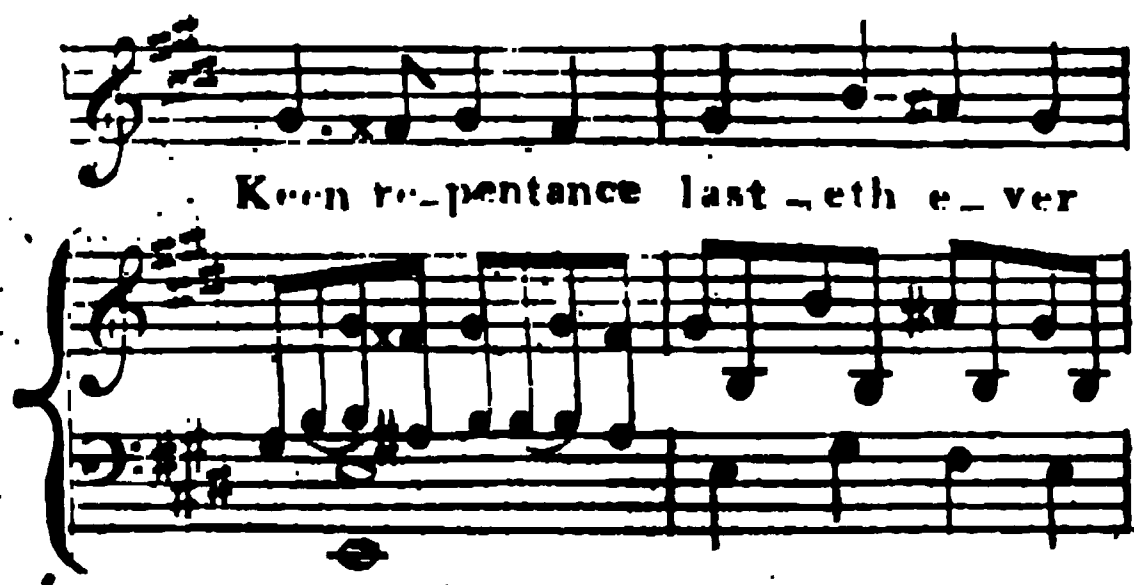
Weep for what thou'st won Weep for what thou

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "didst not do and more for what thou'st done". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a simple bass line.

didst not do and more for what thou'st done

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Time that's gone re-turn-eth ne-ver". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord. The system ends with a double bar line.

Time that's gone re-turn-eth ne-ver




Keen re-pen-tance last-eth e-ver



heart that's pierc'd refuseth gladness

FF



Pia Me-lan-cho-ly cau-seth mad-ness

FF

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "Weep for what thou'st lost love Weep for what thou'st" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings "pp" in both staves.

Weep for what thou'st lost love Weep for what thou'st

pp

pp

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics "w on Weep for what thou didst not do and" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings "ff" in both staves.

w on Weep for what thou didst not do and

ff

ff

Third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics "more for what thou'st done." are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with its accompaniment.

more for what thou'st done.

weep if thou wilt, and I will sing to  
see the while.

Weep for what thou hast lost, love ;  
Weep for what thou hast won ;  
Weep for what thou didst not do,  
And more for what thou hast done.

Time that 's gone returneth never ;  
Keen repentance lasteth ever.  
Heart that 's pierced refuseth gladness :  
Melancholy causeth madness.

Yet if tears avail not,  
Tears of fond regret ;  
Arm thy mind, and proudly, girl,  
Endeavour to forget.

Shouldst thou spend thy days in grieving,  
What is past there's no retrieving.  
Once the hour of passion over,  
Tear nor frown recalls a lover.

Weep for what thou hast lost, love ;  
Weep for what thou hast won ;  
Weep for what thou didst not do,  
And more for what thou hast done."

“ Ah ! sing not now,” said Fiormonda : “ once thy sweet full voice was my delight ; once I lived but upon thy song, and thy enchanting smile ; but now all is over, and all I now ask is one sympathising sigh, nay, one last embrace, and then farewell for ever !”

“ It shall be so,” said Condulmar, embracing her, “ and thou shalt learn to sing with me after this fashion.

#### DUET.

“ The kiss that ’s on thy lip impress’d  
Is cold as parting kiss should be ;  
And he who clasps thee to his breast  
Again can never feel for thee :  
The chain I gave—a true love-token—  
Thou see’st in every link is broken.  
Then, since ’t is so, ’twere best to part ;  
I here renounce the oaths I swore ;  
Correct thy faults, amend thy heart,  
And let us meet no more.

## THE ANSWER.

“ I go : but ere I go from thee,  
Give back what thou hast ta'en from me—  
A heart that knew nor care nor guile,  
A parent's fond approving smile,  
The hopes which dared aspire to heav'n—  
Give these, and thou shalt be forgiv'n.  
Take back the ring, take back the chain ;  
Thy gifts, thy oaths, I will resign :  
Take back thy heart, since pledged in vain,  
But, oh ! restore what once was mine !

“ Hope not for this, thy course is run ;  
All that is left thee is to die.  
The dew drops with the setting sun,  
And see the winds pass scornful by :  
So when thou'rt left by me, thou 'lt find  
The world as scornful as the wind.  
A stamp is set upon thy name,  
A blight clouds o'er thy early fame.  
There's nothing now thy fate can save :  
Live scorn'd—or hide thee in the grave !

And so, farewell ! once best-beloved  
Fiormonda.”

## CHAPTER X.

THE last sound of Condulmar's deep-toned mellow voice yet rung upon the ears of Fiormonda, as, leaning her head upon her hand, the clustering locks fell over her face, and entirely concealed her weeping eyes and the struggles of her countenance. Ada Reis entered, his air wild and terrified. "Didst hear nothing?" he cried. "Hast seen nothing?" he said, darting by her. "Hark!—Again!—Look! look from thy casement!"

A lurid beam burst from the dense clouds; a noise, loud and terrible, aroused every inhabitant of the house. Condulmar returned, calm and with a smile. The heat was intense; the forked lightning flashed along the

skies ; screams rent the air ; the terrified slaves and menials rushed into the presence of their master, kneeling and quaking. The howling of dogs was then heard : strange and dismal sounds filled the air : a sulphurous smell infected the streets : the beasts of burthen, as they passed along, seemed scarcely able to sustain themselves under the loads they bore. In the market-place, in the grand square, the gardens and plains, adjoining the town, the terrified inhabitants had assembled together, lamenting aloud, and saying the last day was at hand. The churches were suddenly filled ; and of whatever religion,—catholics, protestants, heretics, and pagans, prostrated themselves before the altars, fearful of they knew not what menaced danger.

Condulmar addressed himself to Ada Reis, and proposed that before it was



too late, they should fly from this state of horror and alarm, and remove, as quickly as possible, to Callao. There the fresh breeze would probably alleviate the burning heat, and from thence they should be able to put to sea, and escape from the terrors which now surrounded them. With great difficulty they induced their attendants to exert themselves, so far as to take the measures necessary for their departure: and when, at length, they did set out, the heat was so excessive, that the journey could not be accomplished under several hours.

Arrived at Callao, they found the scene there, if possible, more terrific than at Lima. Never had the sun arisen upon greater calamity. The whole population of the place were assembled upon the beach; parents clasping their children, and husbands their wives, and

all invoking Heaven for mercy and compassion.

The night proved more sultry and oppressive than the day had been;—cattle and dogs traversed the country alone, in wild affright: children wept, they knew not why: strangers inquired of each other the meaning of these terrible portents; many fled from the city and fort of Callao, and betook themselves to sea; but Ada Reis was of opinion, that to attempt the sea in its present state were more dangerous than to remain on land, for the whole sky was of a purple tint, and the waves, with a still swell, seemed rising above the level of the shore. Subterraneous noises were heard the whole of the day, sometimes resembling the bellowing of oxen, and at others the discharge of artillery, or thunder rattling at a distance.

At eight o'clock that evening, Fiormonda having been left alone in her chamber, arose to seek Condulmar: the floor rocked beneath her feet; in speechless terror she threw herself upon a couch. Condulmar entered, and she reposed her head helplessly upon his arm.

In a short time Ada Reis joined them; and even at such a moment they could not abstain from impious raillery and profane jesting. "Should the earth quake, I will not," said Ada Reis.—At that instant a tremendous shock threw Fiormonda forward, and in the next, a concussion so violent ensued, that the building broke asunder into ruins. Ada Reis heard a voice—a shriek as of a dying woman sounded near him; he saw a mist, a cloud, and heard a convulsive laugh; an eye terrible and fiery glared upon him—the

word Kabkarra!!! was pronounced. The concussion was repeated: sulphurous flames broke forth from the bosom of the earth; then at once were heard, on all sides, the screams of the dying, the roaring of thunder, the wild howling of animals, the crash of churches, palaces, buildings, toppling one upon another, all in a moment destroyed, and burying under them their miserable inhabitants.

The fort of Callao sunk into ruins; the ocean, receding to a considerable distance, returned in mountainous waves, foaming with the violence of the convulsion, and the whole country became as a sea—the multitudinous waters covering all that had so lately been fair streets and stately buildings.

Cavallos and Guanape, and the towns of Chancay and Guaura, and the val-

leys Della Branca, Sape, and Pativila, all underwent the same fate.

At that hour the fair and beautiful city of Lima <sup>7</sup>, with its cathedral, its edifices, and all its grandeur, was overwhelmed and annihilated. The labour of architects, the master-pieces of painting, the pride, the wonder, the glory of men returned to the dust, from which it had been raised: thus showing the little worth and durability of all human possessions, and the vanity and folly of fixing our affections and interests upon any thing in this transitory and fleeting world.

Ada Reis was struck to the earth, amidst the fragments of the mansion, in the which he had sought for refuge; yet a preternatural power seemed to support him. As soon as he could again rise, he rushed forward, and was

carried by the whirlwind far out into the sea. When he opened his eyes, he found himself floating upon its bosom. He raised his head and gazed around him. The angry heavens appeared like one vast sheet of fire. Of the strong fort of Santa Cruz one huge and massive fragment had resisted the general ruin, and stood erect and unbroken amidst the rolling of the waves and the conflict of the elements. So was it with the mind of Ada Reis in that vast struggle and general confusion; for he retained the full possession of his senses, whilst his eyes gazed upon the fearful scene. And now suddenly he beheld before him the gaunt figure of an Indian, supporting himself upon a broken buttress, holding an arrow; and he heard him thus address himself to the sun:—  
“ Oh, sun! thou father of our king,

covered as thou art with the veil of unnatural night, and warred upon even to destruction by the rebellious elements, I, thus cast to the disposal of the powerful and pitiless waters, still call upon thee to hear my vow. By the poison of the herb which anoints the steel of my arrow—by the bones of my dead father—I swear I will yet seek and destroy my country's foe:—not the horrors of the ocean—not the fury of thy intense heat—not the crash of cities, nor the dissolution of nations around me can diminish or divert my wrath. I must slay him, even at the feast of Vitziliputzly. For me there is tranquil existence neither here nor hereafter, if Ciulactly escape my vengeance; and if he fall in the course of nature or by any other hand than mine, I shall not be revenged, for he will have escaped me. Oh, mightiest! spare

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him, spare him, that I may dye my hands red in the blood of his heart.”

Scarce had the Indian spoken these words, when a shock, more violent than the former, forced him from his hold, and plunged him again into the waves. Ada Reis clung to him in the effort; and clasped together, as is usual with drowning men, they were, with the returning ocean, forced onwards to the shore. The convulsion, stronger than any of the preceding, which let loose the sea from its natural bounds, and drove one of the vessels in the port many miles forward upon the land<sup>s</sup>, threw, in the same direction, the bodies of Ada Reis and the Indian; where they remained stunned and senseless. Ada Reis had continued longer in a state of insensibility had he not been aroused by a shout of triumph from his companion, over the desolation.



which had been spread around. He was exulting in the attainment of his wishes; boasting that the sun had heard his prayer, and that at his request Lima had been destroyed.

“ Christians they were,” he exclaimed; “ and merciless tyrants. The blood of the natives of his own fair country was on their heads. Him they had chained, until liberated by nature herself, because he disdained to submit to their domination, as he had disdained to bow even to the power of the Incas<sup>9</sup>. Months upon months had he suffocated in the prisons of their inquisition; but his secret curses, he boasted, had now taken effect; his prayers had been heard; his gods had listened to him, because he had been wronged. The world was convulsed to give him liberty, and assist him to his revenge.”



Thus reasoned the infatuated savage, and Ada Reis, desolate and solitary, almost envied him the blindness of his violence, and regretted that he, too, had not some master passion to stimulate and hurry him on, for now all appeared gloom and apathy before him. What to him now were the long list of sciences he had learned—what his riches, power, former strength—what even the remembrance of his child, for whom all his love now revived, and whose form, like that of an angel, arose in his fancy as he had seen her last. Vain was it that he had dived into the depths of philosophy, metaphysics, morals, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, astronomy, meteorology, psychology, painting, music, sculpture, architecture, agriculture, and political economy; commerce, manufactures,

crystallography, zoology, anatomy, surgery, pharmacy, and medicine. He was now at the end of his career. "Blood will have blood," he cried; "the evil predominates; I am lost, and my child, my Fiormonda, my innocent, my tender, my white-bosomed, blue-eyed comforter,—where, where art thou?"

Some poor Indians who heard the distant sound of his lamentations, towards evening approached the sufferers, and attended them with kindness and hospitality. They restored them by their care, and shared with them their meal, matalotage and maize<sup>10</sup>. They expressed no terror at the earthquake;—it was past now;—cities, and towns, and forts, had been destroyed, without its occasioning in them either regret or surprise; their humble huts had re-

mained secure, their dog still lived, and they were perfectly indifferent as to what others had suffered beyond the narrow circle of their native village. Ada Reis wished to partake of their ignorance—of their philosophy; but the recollection of his wealth and his grandeur, of his menials, his companions, and his daughter, disquieted him: and he was anxious to return to the spot upon which Lima had stood, that he might seek for all that he had lost.

The Indian proposed a contrary course. This strange and stern being exercised over him an influence which he could not resist. Ada Reis felt the passions of his companion communicated to himself, and almost sympathised with his thirst for revenge. The dark eyes of the Indian rolled

restlessly, and his large muscular arms worked with agitation until they began their journey: but when they set forth, he yelled with triumph, and laughed with exulting joy.

## CHAPTER XI.

FOR many days Ada Reis and the Indian traversed vast savannahs, and deep woods of plantain. The natives, as soon as they beheld them, brought the *vi-jahua*<sup>11</sup> leaves, and erected huts for their reception; so pleased were they to see and to show courtesy to those whom they believed to be superior to themselves.

The beauties and wonders of nature met Ada Reis and his companion at every step of their journey. At one time a beautiful cascade opened upon their delighted view; at another there yawned beneath their feet a deep precipice, over which they had to pass by a bridge, formed of a single tree, so narrow and so unsteady that they

could scarcely maintain their footing upon it; then on a sudden the land teemed with all the rich beauty of cultivation; whilst fields of wheat, barley, and maize, diversified the scene. The climate, too, was as various as the view: at times they suffered from the piercing cold and drenching mist, and at others from the burning heat. Hundreds of wild peacocks, bustards, pheasants, resting upon the tops of trees of enormous height, now attracted their attention; whilst tall marimondas, erect upon their hind legs, with visages like ugly men, seemed a satire upon the human race. There also the snake folded and twisted itself amidst the branches of the trees; the vi-jahua and the bejuco abounded; the canas, of which the huts were built, grew plentifully; and amidst the forest the matakalo and the manzanillo shot above all

other trees, withering them, by imbibing all the moisture and nutriment of the earth.


The Indian paused upon the top of a mountain to show his companion the lightning flashing from the clouds beneath them, and hear the thunder roll from below ; (for even the savage admired the wonders his feeble reason could not comprehend ; ) the earth appearing involved in tempests, whilst they rested upon the mountain's head in sunshine and security.

“ It is fine,” thought Ada Reis, “ to contemplate thus the bustle of the world from such a height. So gazes the philosopher at a distance upon all the busy scenes and conflicts which distract mankind.—And so, perchance, at this moment, must be the feelings of that Being, who takes no share in the unimportant quarrels and petty interests



of mankind. Here I feel a calm, which I never knew whilst I dwelt in cities, and amongst those whose narrow views clashed with my own. However, I must descend from these heights, and follow, as others do, a leader whom I heartily wish (were it not that I have no better) at the devil.”

Ada Reis and his companion, if they laboured hard, at all events lived well during their progress, eating rice boiled with flesh of fowl, and drinking strong spirit whenever they could meet with it. They slept at the little cabins of the Indians, or in the stables prepared for their cattle, which were scattered up and down on the skirts of the mountains. In the course of their long journey they passed through and conversed with many different nations, who all differed in their customs, beliefs, and dialects.



Ada Reis had no knowledge of the latitude in which he was, or of the direction he was pursuing. Were they now upon the banks of the great Maranon<sup>12</sup>? who might say? Many of the natives were half converts to christianity; some were white, others copper-coloured, and others entirely black. In some of these countries the Spaniards had established settlements, and a brisk traffic was kept up between them and the people: in others all was barbarous ignorance and superstition. The Indians who lived in villages were under some kind of government, obeying their curaca chiefs, or caciques, and these were less turbulent and corrupt than the rest: a proof, if belief be given to Ada Reis, that any government is preferable to the following of simple nature. Some flattened the fore and hind parts of their children's heads; some:

made holes in their upper and under lips, and in both sides of the cartilage of the nose; others stuck into their chins and jaws feathers or little arrows eight or nine inches long; others prided themselves on their long ears, extending them by various arts until they reached the shoulders; many thought it a crime not to paint their bodies with great nicety, and a virtue to sacrifice their children to idols; and, as if the quadrupeds were as singular as the men, caymans, alligators, tortoises, and pexe bueys, swarmed upon the shores and islands. The Indian assured Ada Reis that these pexe bueys (or sea-calves) were Spanish seamen who had been wrecked upon an island, and transformed into that shape. "The mari-mondas or apes," he said, "were the descendants of the indigenous natives, who had been so terrified that they had

lost their intellects when the great waters of the flood had descended upon the earth."

Ada Reis saw, in the midst of a river, an island, which was said to be enchanted; all was white in it, the rocks, the trees, the eagles, the cattle. He found Indians fishing with inebriating herbs or poisoned arrows; the quality of which poison is so frigorific as to repel all the blood immediately to the heart. Wherever he turned, he found new cause to wonder. Here also he marked the strange varieties of lofty trees, the wood of which, some white, some red, some beautifully variegated, distilled balsams of an exquisite fragrance, rare medicinal gums, or poisons, terrible and sudden in their effects. Passing along the banks of the river he met with the jacumana, a serpent of a frightful magnitude, which irresistibly

draws, by its breath, the unwary animals who approach it, swallowing them whole. At one time, if we may believe him, he met with a people, male and female, who all had tails, which they wagged when pleased, and turned down when frightened<sup>13</sup>. This people showed greater marks of sagacity, and were more courteous in their manners, he affirms, than any of the others, albeit far inferior to us christians. The Indians appeared every where to Ada Reis slow, as he describes them, but persevering, and possessed of an immutable calm, undisturbed by either fortunate or unfortunate events; in their mean apparel or nakedness they were as contented as a Prince, a Bey, or Pacha, in all his splendid jewels and attire; nothing appearing to move them, or discompose their minds: interest seemed to have lost its power; fear.


could not stimulate, respect could not induce, punishment could not compel. They cooked their matalotage, they ground their barley to make machea, their maize for the camcha, and brewed their chicha, regardless of every other care; and moved as little as possible from the side of the fire, at which they sat watching in idleness their food.

One evening Ada Reis found a number of Indians near what they termed a village, celebrating a great festival. A table, covered with a Tucujo carpet<sup>14</sup>, was placed before the door of the inn, or public-house, where a quantity of camcha and some wild herbs were prepared. Each guest held a jug, from which he ate his frugal meal in haste; then the women appeared with calabashes, or round tutumos, full of chicha; some played upon the pipe and tabor, others sung and danced in slow un-

graceful measures, whilst the rest sate upon the ground. They welcomed Ada Reis and his guide, without inquiring who they were, or whence they came, or whither they were going, and pressed them to accept their hospitality. Intemperance, and excess, and noise followed this feast to such a degree, that women, men, husbands, fathers, mothers, and children fell down together, their feeble sense extinguished by strong drink, a miserable and disgraceful picture of human brutality.

The extremes of barbarism and civilisation, thought Ada Reis, are then similar in the excess, though not in the modes of vice and self-indulgence. What is man when he has forsaken the restraint of reason and of law? Alas! what am I next to witness, with whom am I condemned to associate?

They now left the inhabited country,



and traversed the wildest mountains and the most lonely deserts, the Indian continually assuring Ada Reis that they should soon be at their journey's end<sup>15</sup>.

How different, thought Ada Reis, in idea, is distance and time to different individuals.

The thirst of revenge, which entirely possessed the bosom of the Indian, lightened to him every fatigue and privation; but the luxurious habits of Ada Reis rendered the sufferings he had to endure almost intolerable; and he felt in mind even more than in body, from the recollection of his wealth and his child, the overthrow of his ambitious hopes, and the prospect which lay before him of beginning life anew, certainly under no very auspicious circumstances, nor in a very eligible situation; yet he desired not to



die, for neither his own disbelief, nor the jests of infidels, had hardened him to that degree of insensibility, that he could feel calm upon this point; he feared death—he feared that beyond the grave “dreams might come;”—he thought, as some of a better mind have thought, that it was better to endure any thing than “not to be;” he, therefore, bore his present evil destiny, but not without repining or complaint.

In this temper they journeyed on, with few other adventures than such as have been before related; until as they were travelling by night, having lain by during the heat of the sun, Ada Reis beheld, by the clear light of the moon, the appearance of the country around him change, from a level and fertile plain to a mountainous and rocky desert. He had scarce observed the alteration before his guide uttered

three terrific yells, and leaping exultingly from rock to rock, exclaimed, that he could see his own land before him, and that his heart felt lighter from the certainty of vengeance. Dipping his arrow again in the mortal poison, which he ever carried with him, "Woe be to thee, Ciulactly," he said, "proud cacique, thou shalt feel my power."

A whizzing in the air startled Ada Reis; he beheld in the moonlight a white line, passing with such celerity that, but for its noise, he had not known it was the Zumbadore<sup>16</sup>. "And where, in the wide world, are we now?" he cried. "Are these the solitudes of Aturée? Are the rushing waters I hear from afar, those of the cataract of Maypuré? Is this superb river the Orinoco, or is it the famed river of the Amazons?"

The guide answered not; perhaps,

indeed, knew not how to answer these inquiries : his heaving breast, his eager eye, his convulsive gestures, only shewed the agitation of his mind.

The vast tract of land before them appeared as if it never before had been trodden by the foot of civilised man. There dwelt in it vast flights of wild-fowl of every species ; every kind that shun the haunts of man were there in numbers, tame and unapprehensive of danger ; the golden crested pheasants dwelt in the thickets, and over the wide-extended plains the vultures hovered, casting their shadows across its barren surface as they took their heavy flight ; whilst eagles, and the condor of the rock, soared above them to the very heavens. All around the country appeared wild, abrupt, extended, and yet beautiful.

Ada Reis now beheld a large moun-

tain, around the foot of which wound a majestic river. The cocoa and the almond abounded upon the banks, and the air was scented with the fragrance of pines and aromatic shrubs. He thought he was in sight of the island of Pumacena, or the silver mountain of Parimé, of which so many fables are related; or it might be he was approaching the Calitamani<sup>17</sup>, so bright appeared the shining sides of that extraordinary and impassable rock.

When they drew nearer to the stream, the Indian again stopped and yelled loudly, after the manner of his country. A thousand voices answered him from the heights, and swarms of the natives instantly poured down to the side of the river, crowding its banks, and putting forth their pirogues and coracles, in order to meet and welcome their countryman and his companion.

## CHAPTER XII.

UPON passing the river, Ada Reis found himself in the midst of a vast multitude of people. The natives, assembling around him, knelt before him in wonder, seeming to consider him as a being of a superior order. The Indian, who had so long conducted him, perceived now that he was much fatigued, and desired his countrymen to remit their attentions for a while; he then led Ada Reis to a cabin, where maize, and milk, and fruits were set before him. Once more he there informed him, that this was his own country; that these were the men who had never been subdued; that their hearts were warm and pure; that they

worshipped the god who arose every day to warm them with his beams; that from the lips of an image, placed upon a hill, in the form of a dog, they received daily notice of his wishes; and that Ciulactly, their cacique, was descended from the sun; that he, Papo Taguacan (for that, he said, was his name), was a kinsman of the caciques; that he had been absent one year, having been taken in battle, and imprisoned at Lima; but neither that, nor any other event, had diverted him from his intention of slaying the enemy of his country, the tyrant who had wronged him; and, when Ciulactly was slain, the people, he said, would make Ada Reis king; for the priests had told the people that a stranger, a white man, who could speak their language, a descendant of the great Manco Paca, would come into their country and

reign over them, and drink the blood of their enemies.

As he spoke these last words, Ada Reis began to see the drift of all that had been taking place, and acknowledged at once the probable fulfilment of the promises held out to him by Kabkarra. He had not time, however, for much reflection, for the impatient savages began again to flock around him, bringing their tambours and pipes, and dancing before him with wild and extravagant gestures. He took this opportunity of observing a little the manners and appearance of those who were to be his future subjects. They were nearly black in their complexion, tall in their stature, ungainly in their manners, and wore no other clothes than feathers and hides, no other ornaments than pieces of tin and glass, either stuck into their flesh, or hung about

their limbs. The women, with their coarse black hair hanging straight upon their shoulders, carried their infants upon their backs, and stared in stupid astonishment. Their understandings appeared to be utterly contemptible; their habits slothful, dirty, and their characteristic features indolence and low cunning. Upon the whole, nothing could be more unfavourable than the opinion which Ada Reis conceived of them. "I see now," he said to himself, "how the Spirit of Evil has deceived me: the wish, for which I have bartered my soul, may be fulfilled, I may become a monarch and wear a crown, but over whom am I doomed to reign? None here will ever sympathise with my feelings. My wisdom, knowledge, and experience will become a curse to me. Is it for this I have



learned the customs, manners, and laws of distant nations? Is it for this I have traversed seas, waded through crimes, and rejected the happiness within my grasp? I must begin again as with mothers' milk, but without the simplicity of taste, which alone could enable me to endure it. The dream of ambition is at an end, even now that the first prayer of my heart is about to be accomplished."

These reflections, however, disquieting as they were, were not sufficiently so to prevent the fatigue which he had undergone, and the food which he had taken, from throwing him into a deep sleep; nor did he awaken until Papo Taguacan, who had taken that opportunity of going forward to the great city, to prepare for his reception, returned with a concourse of the natives,

assembled for the purpose of conducting the stranger to the residence of the cacique.

Ada Reis had often had opportunities of contemplating the earliest state of civilisation, he was not therefore surprised at beholding the assemblage of rude and ill-constructed huts, into which he was led with so much pride and exultation. He could not, however, repress a smile at the vanity and impotence of man, when he recollected that what he now saw was the capital of a great country, and the palace of its sovereign. "If those," he said to himself, "who are repining amidst the conveniences and enjoyments of European society, could come hither for a short time and then return, Heaven help them! how satisfied would they be with their condition."

They now approached, Papo Ta-

guacan leading the way, to the palace of the cacique; a wretched mud-built hovel, somewhat higher and larger indeed than the rest, and surrounded with all the form, all the difficulty of access, and all the circumstances of ceremony and respect, which belong to and distinguish the most splendid courts of the mightiest monarchs. To such a length was this carried, that Ada Reis was informed that many prostrations and other demonstrations of respect were to be shown before he could be presented to Ciulactly; and that with the customary tardiness of the rois fenéans, he was not at present at leisure to go through the long solemnity of giving audience.

To beguile the time until his majesty should be disengaged, Ada Reis accepted the offer made by Papo Taguacan of accompanying him around the city,

and showing him its principal objects of curiosity. In the main street the first building which struck him, and that with no great pleasure, was a temple, much like the one at Mexico<sup>18</sup>, built entirely of death's heads, set with lime and stone, all ranged in rows; the whole adorned with poles, to which were fixed bones placed in the forms of crosses, with skulls between the intervals, made fast to each other. This temple was the residence of the god of providence and the god of war; besides which deities, he was informed that this nation worshipped two thousand other gods; but the chiefest were undoubtedly these two, Vitzilipuztli, the god of providence, and Tezcatliputli, the god of war, together with the Urmulas, the god of grain and harvest. These idols were of gigantic size, entirely covered

with mother-of-pearl, set with emeralds, chalcedonies, and amethysts, and other rich jewels. Their eyes, formed of so transparent and glittering material, shone from afar in the night, by means of lights placed within.

The temple was called Teutcal, from teutt, which is a deity, and call, a house. When Ada Reis was conducted within its portals, the terror he experienced showed him of mortal mind. It was not on account of the opening being fashioned in the shape of a serpent's mouth, that he started back, neither did he mind the tusks and grinders, which adorned the work in relieve, nor the darkness, although that was not much to his taste ; but it was the blood of those who had been sacrificed the day before, at which his spirit revolted, although to do him honour a band of

music played from without, and the Indians danced in token of their respect.

Whilst Ada Reis was yet contemplating this horrid abode of mortality and superstition, the king, who had with savage pride declined to receive him, now hastened after him with all the childishness of savage curiosity; and the prostrations and other ceremonies being gone through with less form than had been at first insisted upon, he began to converse with him in a familiar manner. He wore around his neck a gold chain, of some inches thick, adorned with nine gold hearts, and the remnant of the skull of one of his enemies, with a lock of black hair hanging to it. His manners were very graceful, but Papo Taguacan hardly returned his greeting; and Ada Reis thought he observed something of

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coldness and jealousy in the demeanour of the priests towards their sovereign. He treated Ada Reis with great courtesy, and ordered his attendants to bring him presents, which consisted of two of his wives, many fine feathers, a bushel of cocoa, and a gold collar set with jewels: he then desired him to play at bowls with him, or a game somewhat similar, which required strength rather than skill, and which Papo Taguacan detested the more as the Spaniards had taught it to Ciulactly. Ada Reis was surprised to find that, after all his menaced vengeance, his Indian guide, neither at the game nor at the banquet, times at which naturally the king was most unguarded, had even attempted to execute his threats; but he found himself suddenly in considerable danger, for he had sat with Ciulactly with sandals on his feet<sup>19</sup>, which

was not customary; and he had been desired to cause it to rain, which it was supposed by the priests he had power to do, it having rained, it was said, when some great Spaniard, who had entered their country many years before, had commanded it.

The king, however, pleaded for him, being impatient to show him his palace, which was entirely full of curiosities<sup>20</sup>, Fowls, cuyas, and guinea-pigs wandered loose and tame about the apartments. He delighted in stuffed animals and preserved insects. Creatures of every description were kept in cages; and the noisy chattering of birds, hissing of serpents, roaring of lions, howling of wolves, smell of foxes, and cries of leopards, would have distracted any other sovereign, notwithstanding the order in which, to do Ciulactly justice, they were kept. The king then showed



Ada Reis his plumes, fans, and carpets; —dwarfs, crooked and mis-shapen persons; women and children; after which he sat down upon the floor and grinned. Ada Reis did the same, upon which Ciulactly, seeing he had so merry a companion, sent for his buffoons, and made them sing songs, crack jests, and throw themselves into every sort of ridiculous contortion, which, being intended to produce laughter, did not make Ada Reis laugh so much as certain serious ceremonies, which took place in the course of the day. Indeed, his composure was tried to the utmost, when, to the sound of a sort of fife, and of the teponaztle, or kettle-drum, the grandees of the court, with great gravity, danced, what they called, the netiliztle; many of them, for the purpose of improving their appearance, having thrust their own heads into the

skins of the heads of tigers, alligators, and other wild beasts<sup>21</sup>. During this performance, Ciulactly and his ladies were dressed in coloured feathers, with gold and jewels, mostly worn in their rough state, although the art of cutting and polishing stones was known here.

The king seemed so much delighted with Ada Reis, that he knew not how to show him enough honour; and, in return, Ada Reis wished much to inform him that his cousin, Papo Taguacan, intended to kill him; but it was impossible; for at whatever he said, Ciulactly laughed with delight, exhibiting some new rarity of which he was vain, pressing him to sleep in his palace, a particular mark of distinction, but one which, knowing what was to befall him, perhaps, that very night, Ada Reis would have wished to decline, had it been possible. . In the

night, Papo Taguacan entered the apartment, standing up before the matted bed of his sovereign, and gazing upon him with silent hatred, and eager vengeance; he was armed with his poisoned arrow, and a knife made of a sharp shell. Ada Reis turned away, that he might not see the murder committed, for he thought it best not to interfere in an affair of honour, lest he should himself get into a scrape; and some painful passages in his own life recurred at that moment to his memory. But the morning dawned upon the unconscious Ciulactly as safe as Ada Reis; Papo Taguacan alone appeared perturbed and unrefreshed.

At an early hour some hundreds of Ciulactly's subjects came before his palace, to offer him roses, flowers, bread, fowls, and, what may seem singular, bags of vermin<sup>22</sup>, a tribute levied by

the cacique, in order to keep his people clean. That day a dreadful sacrifice was to be offered to the god of harvest. The unhappy victims were husbands, wives, mothers, and children, all, by a refinement in barbarity, carefully selected from different families, so as to deprive the wretches of the consolation of dying with those whom they loved, and to spread the misery as widely as possible through the whole of the nation. All were led in procession, ornamented with flowers, and accompanied with music to the steps of the temple.

Beside the victims and the priests, Ciulactly and Ada Reis were alone permitted to enter and behold the spectacle within. The crowd, singing and dancing in triumph and exultation, awaited before the steps of the temple

for the signal, which told them that all was over.

Cloths or pieces of carpet were spread under the king's feet wherever he went. He wore gold zagles or sandals, in form much like those of the ancients—his subjects being all barefoot, particularly in his presence; no one might touch him upon pain of instant punishment; to raise the eyes to look upon him was a high offence; but whilst he paused upon each step, his subjects, and even the priests, to honour him, laid their hands on their noses, and passed them along their forehead to the nape of their necks. The cacique turned his head towards his left shoulder in return, to show that he accepted their homage.


All persons danced in this country, slow or quick, according to their rank; the king, the nobles, and the priests,

forming a solemn ring, scarcely moved, whilst the plebeians danced with an excess of gesticulation.

The dance of death now began, the flourish of wild music sounded at intervals. Before the altar was a pyramidal green stone, ending in a point, about five spans high, on which the victims were laid, one after the other, on their backs to be sacrificed. During the whole time perfumes from the incense tree, and other fragrant plants, were burning ;—and the groans of the infants, for the older persons seldom suffered a sigh even to escape them, were suppressed by a sort of low chant from persons appointed, who all the while spinning round, wounded their flesh with lancets made of shells, and spurted the blood upon the king's feet<sup>23</sup>. The chief priest, or topzlm, held in one hand an idol with green

eyes, saying to the purport, "This is your god." He wore upon his head a crown of green and yellow feathers; he had his office by inheritance; he had gold rings with green stones in his ears, and under his lip, about the middle of his chin, a little pipe made of blue stone, his face daubed black. The other five priests wore wigs very much curled, with leathern thongs wound about them, girt in the middle of the head, and small paper targets on the forehead. The hearts of the sacrificed were presented to the idol. This conclusion of the ceremony was signified to the people without, who bowed and shouted, taking up earth and strewing it on their heads, whilst holy maidens brought cakes of wheat, and danced around the temple with garlands.

The dignified priests then came forth from the temple one by one, according



to their rank, followed by a procession bearing out the gods and goddesses, whom they worshipped in several shapes, singing and dancing to the sound of the pipe and kettle-drum.

“So much,” said Ada Reis, “for idolators: why, I have heard men in my country regret that paganism was put an end to; in the name of the prophet, Ciulactly, why suffer these horrors to be perpetrated under pretence of virtue and religion?”

“It has always been so,” said the king mildly; “I know not how to change what was: I walk in the steps of my fathers and grandfathers, who are awaiting me in the grave.”

The whole assembly now broke up. Many great people ate a little earth, and then went to celebrate the solemnity at a feast given by Ciulactly, after which the courtiers disguised themselves like



birds<sup>24</sup>, butterflies, frogs, beetles, deer, lame, blind, or maimed persons, acting every sort of buffoonery in the public streets; and the whole of the ceremonials ended with dancing and complete intoxication.

During all these circumstances many opportunities of effecting his purpose had presented themselves to Papo Taguacan, of which Ada Reis was much surprised that he had not availed himself. But it was not amidst the tumult of the multitude, nor in the abandonment of festivity, nor when overwhelmed with the insensibility of drunkenness and sleep, that the blow was struck. At mid-day, when all was tranquil and composed, in the presence of his priests and attendants, Ciulactly suddenly fell dead, without a groan. It had been urged with such fatal dexterity, that the wound was instantly mortal, and

no one even guessed the hand which had given it. A howl of despair was immediately heard. The news spread with the utmost rapidity, and thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants crowded into the streets and courts around the palace.

Ada Reis trembled not, although he saw all eyes fixed with suspicion upon him. His circumstances were so desperate, that his care for himself, which had ever been his predominant passion, was somewhat diminished; yet still he disliked both death and pain: when suddenly Papo Taguacan came forward, proclaimed himself the murderer, declared his motives to his fellow-citizens, and delivered himself up, without a murmur, to the punishment, which he was well aware immediately awaited him.

The priests paid every customary honour to their lost cacique, the rites of whose funeral are described by Ada Reis with as much minuteness as the sacrifice in the temple. He was laid in state, and mourned for, twelve days. Each brought and placed upon his grave that which he loved and esteemed the most. His trinkets and his treasures were buried with him, but not his wives; after which there was no torture they did not practise upon Papo Taguacan, who smiled at the agonies they inflicted, singing in triumph whilst his breath and strength continued, with the satisfaction of having gratified his revenge; one hundred dogs were sacrificed with him. The priest then proclaimed, from the mouth of an idol, that a descendant of the sun was amongst them; and Ada Reis was

claimed cacique, and borne away  
the temple to be crowned, with all  
usual solemnities, and amidst the  
gratulating shouts of the people.

## CHAPTER XIII.

UPON his return, Ada Reis threw down in disgust the sceptre, which had just been placed within his grasp. "By the prophet," he said, "can man condescend to become the instrument thus of deception and superstition? I am neither good enough to give up my own passions and love of independence for the benefit of others, nor weak enough to conceive myself great, because I am considered so by such as these. Praise, to gratify my vanity, must come from beings, if not superior, at least equal to me; and distinction must be an acknowledged superiority over creatures like myself, and not over those blinded by bigotry and ignorance. But, alas! of what can man

on earth be proud ; if even he be monarch of an enlightened nation ; is it not by accident ?—is it by superiority ? Yet grant that I were chosen an absolute king, by a free and enlightened nation, what then were the reward of exertion,—and what, after a life of toil and fatigue, would be my fate ? Alas ! life itself is, I find, after all, but an illusion ;—the gratification of every passion, every feeling, every sentiment, leaves, as the wisest of men has said, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit ; and the whole pilgrimage, though adorned for a time by hope, and rendered tolerable by vanity, is as a vain dream. Would I had never existed ! but it is of little moment. I have lived and enjoyed all that it is possible. I have seen from pole to pole all that there is to possess ; every wish of my soul has been gratified as it

sprung up within me ! Now, then,  
me die. Nothing in me is immortal  
the vain presumptuous hopes of me  
affect me not ; and if there is no he-  
ven for the frail sons of dust, Ada Reis  
at least, fears no hell.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was in vain that Ada Reis thus reasoned ; he was not only made king, but obliged to witness the most cruel sacrifices which celebrated his accession. Cruel as he was, the sight of so much severity disgusted, though it did not touch him. He had been for a time entertained with the knavery, the theft, the sluggishness, the gross superstition of his new subjects ; but all his desire now was to escape from them. He resolved to leave these wretched creatures and his palace, or rather his hut, and to return, if possible, to civilised society : but he was so watched in all his motions by his priests and adherents, that, without making use of a stratagem, he found it difficult



to make his escape. He therefore pretended sickness, and shut himself up entirely in his palace for several months: during which time he amused himself in writing, with the juice of a fruit, the remainder of his journal, venting his rage, and execrating Kabkarra for having deceived him in the very fulfilment of his promise.

But, unfortunately for him, the lower his subjects fell in the opinion of their sovereign, the higher he arose in theirs. His obstinate retirement was considered as an act of the most kingly dignity. He became the most popular monarch that had ever reigned in the country; and when he proceeded to have his wives suffocated, to squander his treasures, to burn the uncouth figures which his predecessors had venerated, to have the priests sacrificed upon their own altars, and to

issue edicts for numerous sanguinary executions, the people set no bounds to their enthusiastic attachment and devotion. They kept perpetual watch around his palace in order to obtain a glimpse of him, and he saw, with deep regret, that the more he tried to alienate the more he attached them ; and that their affectionate vigilance was such as to preclude every hope of escaping from his palace and his empire.

In this melancholy state he was sitting one evening in his singular apartment, when he saw a large spider making a web ; and, strange as it might seem, the ingenuity of the reptile, for a moment, diverted his mind from his own miserable situation. The spider's eager diligence and dexterity struck him forcibly. The web grew and the insect grew. Its motions were so rapid, its perseverance so great, that now it

had drawn its threads from one corner of the room to the spot near which Ada Reis stood; and now growing larger and larger, its shining eyes and grinning mouth became terrible to look upon: it spun its threads round and round Ada Reis; it moved from side to side; at length he found himself caught like a lion in its toils, and the monstrous spider stopped, staring at him in triumph.

A laugh and a yell now sounded; the word Kabkarra was pronounced. Ada Reis started back through the silken web; then rushed forward; nothing impeded his course,—nor palace, nor people. He found himself in a mountainous desert, once more at liberty to pursue his own course. “Not without danger he climbed up the rocks of granite, perpendicular and impracticable, were it not for the large rock-crystals

and feldspars jutting out, upon which he could rest his foot: then broke upon his delighted gaze the vast deserts of Rhiana. Upon one side the mountain of Nuraama, losing itself in the clouds, whilst a part of the valley, covered by an immense forest, appeared upon the other; there it was that he first beheld the mouth of a cavern, like the famed cavern of Ataruipe<sup>25</sup>: near which it seemed was the cemetery of a whole nation. Skeletons were carefully preserved in baskets and urns, adorned with the spiral leaves of the palm, laid side by side, from the age of infancy upwards, along a solitary valley, by the banks of the river; all perfect, all tranquil; no names recorded. It was one of those nights, serene and fresh, so common beneath the torrid zone; the moon, surrounded with coloured haloes, shone in her fulness, and brightened

the borders of the thick fog<sup>26</sup>; the aromatic smell from plants; the phosphoric light from the millions of flies; the palm and sycamore shaking their spiral leaves to the breeze, and the roar of waters at a distance.

As he journeyed on, he beheld before him, at some distance, past all belief, Papo Taguacan, whom he had, with his own eyes, seen cut to pieces and burnt. He appeared lost in contemplation and the deepest melancholy. Upon approaching (stranger still) he found not the Indian, but one who appeared the exact image of Condulmar, only very pale and exhausted. "Who are you?" said Ada Reis.

"I stand alone upon earth," replied Condulmar. "I have caused the death of every thing dear to me; and thou, lovely flower of this fair world,—Fiormonda!"

“Is it possible?” exclaimed Ada Reis; “do I see Condulmar before me!”

As he approached to embrace his friend, the stranger grew taller and taller, and every moment more and more terrific in appearance. A voice, hoarse and terrible, pronounced the name of Ada Reis; whilst eddying waters rushing round, stunned him with their noise. And now Ada Reis scarcely saw any thing, when again suddenly he beheld upon the summit of that vast pile of granite, laughing wildly, Kabkarra. “Ha! Is it you?” said he, advancing fiercely, to destroy him.

But Kabkarra, waving him off, hailed him as a monarch; and taunted him, one by one, with the long catalogue of his iniquities, saying, at the mention

of each new crime, "And for this dost thou not deserve a reward?"

"Where is my child?" said Ada Reis eagerly, "say, at least, where is my innocent child?"

"Innocent!" said Kabkarra, scornfully: "she is the mistress of a king, nay, holds an empire, and wears like thee a crown."

Ada Reis, whose impatience knew no bounds, and whose curiosity was painfully excited, now gave vent to the violence of his temper, uttering imprecations upon the whole visible and invisible race, ending his rage by kneeling down and saying, "Restore me to my child, and I will be your slave."

"You are my slave already," said Kabkarra, taking from Ada Reis's head the golden crown and high black plumes with which his new subjects

■ had adorned it, and laughing wildly as  
' he leaned back against one of the vast  
■ piles of granite above the roaring ca-  
1 taracts, " Know you the name of this  
cave? Bocca Inferno, the Spaniard  
calls it; and here we will remain, rash  
mortal, whilst I inform you who and  
what I am; for you know me not,  
although from a child you have sought  
me, conversed with me, and seen me  
every day."

Ada Reis threw himself at Kabkarra's feet, and, all eagerness to hear, leant forward in a still and thoughtful attitude. Kabkarra's eyes glared upon the wild scene before him; and clapping his hands when he began, he bade the marimondas and the birds cease their clatter, and like the grey crocodile<sup>27</sup>, whose dim eyes were fixed upon him, be silent whilst he spoke.





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## NOTES.

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Note 1, page 4.

*With their mules and runa llamas.*

In the parts of this country, which are neither taken up by mountains or forests, only tame animals are met with; whence it is probable, that formerly the native species were but very few; most of these having been introduced by the Spaniards, except the llamas, to which the Indians added the name of runa, to denote an Indian sheep, that beast being now understood by the runa llama; though, properly, llama is a general name, importing beast, in opposition to the human species. This animal, in several particulars, resembles the camel, as in the shape of its neck, head, and some other parts; but has no bunch, and is much smaller; cloven-footed, and different in colour; for though most of them are brown,

some are white, others black, and others of different colours: its pace resembles that of a camel, and its height equal to that of an ass betwixt a year and two years old. The Indians use them as beasts of carriage; and they answer very well for any load under a hundred weight. They chiefly abound in the jurisdiction of Riobamba, there being scarce an Indian who has not one for carrying on his little traffic from one village to another.

Anciently the Indians used to eat the flesh of them, and still continue to make that use of those who are past labour. They say there is no difference between it and mutton, except that the former is something sweeter. It is a very docile creature, and easily kept. Its whole defence is to eject from its nostrils some viscosities, which are said to give the itch to any on which they fall; so that the Indians, who firmly believe this, are very cautious of provoking the llama. — DON ANTONIO DE ULLOA's *Voyage to South America*, vol. i. p. 478.

## Note 2, page 7.

*She was called at times the kebbiera.*

“Kebbiera” means greatest, grandest; as, ‘Lilla Kebbiera,’ the greatest lady, or princess.—TULLY’S *Tripoly*.


## Note 3, page 9.

*The most valued and precious of plants, the chirimoya.*

The chirimoya is universally allowed to be the most delicious of any known fruit, either of India or Europe. Its dimensions are various, being from one to five inches in diameter. Its figure is imperfectly round, being flattened towards the stalk, where it forms a kind of navel; but all the other part is nearly circular. It is covered with a thin soft shell, but adhering so closely to the pulp, as not to be separated without a knife. The outward coat, during its growth, is of a dark green, but on attaining its full maturity, becomes somewhat lighter. This coat is variegated with prominent veins, forming a kind of network all over it. The pulp is white, intermixed with several almost imperceptible fibres,

concentrating in the core, which extends from the hollow of the excrescence to the opposite side. As they have their origin near the former, so in that part they are larger and more distinct. The flesh contains a large quantity of juice resembling honey, and its taste sweet, mixed with gentle acid, but of a most exquisite flavour. The seeds are formed in several parts of the flesh, and are about seven lines in length, and three or four in breadth. They are also somewhat flat, and situated longitudinally.

The tree is high and tufted, the stem large and round, but with some inequalities; full of elliptic leaves, terminating in a point. The length is about three inches and a half, and the breadth two, or two and a half. But what is very remarkable in this tree is, that it every year sheds and renews its leaves. The blossom, in which is the embryo of the fruit, differs very little from the leaves in colour, which is a darkish green. It resembles a caper in figure, but somewhat larger, and composed of four petals. It is far from being beautiful, but this deficiency is abundantly supplied by



its incomparable fragrancy. This tree is observed to be very parsimonious in its blossoms, producing only such as would ripen into fruits, did not the extravagant passion of the ladies for the excellence of the odour induce them to purchase the blossoms at any rate.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, p. 298.

Note 4, page 13.

*At Callao.*

Being at length arrived at Lima, the viceroy proceeds, as it were incognito, to Callao, about two leagues and a half distant. In this place he is received and acknowledged by one of the ordinary alcaldes of Lima, appointed for that purpose, and also by the military officers. He is lodged in the viceroy's palace at that place, which, on this occasion, is stored with astonishing magnificence. The next day all the courts, secular and ecclesiastical, wait on him from Lima, and he receives them under a canopy, in the following order:—The audiencia, the chamber of accounts, the cathedral chapter, the magistracy, the consulado, the inquisition, the tribunal de Cru-

zada, the superiors of the religious orders, the colleges, and other persons of eminence. On this day the judges attend the viceroy to an entertainment, given by the *alcalde*; and all persons of note take a pride in doing the like to his attendants.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Note 5, page 14.

*Accompanying him that evening to the theatre.*

At Callao, at night, there is a play, to which the ladies and others are admitted veiled, and in their usual dress, to see the new viceroy.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Note 6, page 16.

*Monastery of Mont-serrat.*

See ULLOA's *Voyage to South America*, vol. ii. p. 49.

Note 7, page 17.

*Two ordinary alcaldes.*

The corporation of Lima consists of regidores or aldermen, an *alferez real* or sheriff, and two *alcaldes* or royal judges; all being

noblemen of the first distinction in the city. These have the direction of the police, and the ordinary administration of justice. The *alcaldes* preside alternately every month; for by a particular privilege of this city, the jurisdiction of its *corrigidor* extends only to the Indians.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 44.

Note 8, page 17.

*His horse, a magnificent steed from Chili.*

C'est du Royaume de Chili que sont venus ces fameux chevaux, et ces mules, qui courent si bien. Tous ces animaux doivent leur origine aux premiers qu'on transporta d'Espagne en Amérique; mais il faut avouer, qu'aujourd'hui ceux de Chili sont supérieurs, non seulement à tous ceux des Indes, mais même à ceux d'Espagne. Il se peut bien que les premiers, qu'on apporta en Amérique, fussent coureurs, puis qu'on en voit encore beaucoup en Espagne qui le sont; mais je suis persuadé qu'on a eu plus de soin de conserver les races en Amérique que chez nous, et qu'on n'a point mêlé les coureurs avec les troteurs, puis qu'ils sont infiniment plus parfaits, et que marchant à côte



d'une autre cheval, ils ont l'ambition de ne vouloir jamais être devancé, et galoppent d'une telle vitesse, que le cavalier ne sent pas la moindre agitation.....les plus beaux sont envoyés à Lima, pour les personnes les plus distinguées de cette ville.—*Voyage au Pérou*, par DON GEORGE JUAN, liv. ii. chap. v. p. 41.

Note 9, page 51.

*And little feet adorned with diamonds.*

One particular on which the women here extremely value themselves, is the size of their feet,—a small foot being esteemed one of the chief beauties; and this is the principal fault they generally find with the Spanish ladies, who have much larger feet than those of Lima. From their infancy they are accustomed to wear straight shoes, that their feet may not be suffered to grow beyond the size they esteem beautiful; some of them do not exceed five inches and a half, or six inches in length, and in women of a small stature they are still less. Their shoes have little or no sole, one piece of cordovan serving both for that and the upper leather, and of an equal breadth and roundness

at the toe and heel, so as to form a sort of long figure of eight; but the foot not complying with this figure, brings it to a greater regularity. These shoes are always fastened with diamond buckles, or something very brilliant, in proportion to the ability of the wearer, being worn less perhaps for use than ornament; for the shoes are made in such a manner that they never loosen of themselves, nor do the buckles hinder their being taken off. It is unusual to set these buckles with pearls; a particular to be accounted for, only from their being so lavish of them, in the other ornaments of dress, as to consider them as of too little value.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 60.

Note 10, page 101.

*In the chase.*

Hunting is the only diversion of the country; a stranger at first would consider their extreme ardour as rashness, till he sees persons of the greatest prudence joining in them, trusting entirely to their horses. The horses do not wait for the riders to animate them; they set forward full speed at the shouts of the huntsmen, and cries of the dogs. Then it will be

prudent in the rider to give him his way, and at the same time to let him feel the spur to carry him over the precipices. These horses are called parameros; their usual pace is trotting. There is another species equally remarkable for their swiftness and security, called aquilillas; though they only pace, they equal the longest trot of others, and some of them are so fleet that no other horse can equal them at full gallop. I once was master of one of this kind, and which often carried me in twenty minutes from Callao to Lima, which is two measured leagues and a half, and in twenty-eight minutes brought me back, without ever taking off the bridle. The pace of the aquilillas is by lifting up the fore and hind leg of the same side at once, but instead of putting the hinder foot in the place where the forefoot was, as is the usual way of pacing horses, they advance it farther, equal to that on the contrary side, or beyond it; thus in each motion they advance twice the space of the common horses.—See *Voyage to South America*, by DON GEORGE IVAN and DON ANTONIO DE ULLOA, vol. i. p. 477.

Note 11, page 109.

*A l'âile de pigeon.*

A style of dress for the hair, once in fashion at Paris, as was the repentir, the désespérée; and also the colours, gris de souris effrayée, ventre de la reine, &c. For these consult Hypolite, Le Page, and Rigolet.

As for the French—Coup de Vent was born in Paris.—The translator of the MS. and the printer are alone guilty of the numberless little errors made as to gender, terminations, &c. &c.

Note 12, page 128.

*At that hour the fair and beautiful city of Lima.*

On the 28th of October, 1746, at half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three quarters before the full of the moon, the concussions began with such violence, that in little more than three minutes, the greatest part, if not all the buildings, great and small, in the whole city were destroyed, burying under their ruins those inhabitants who had not made sufficient haste into the streets and squares; the only

places of safety in these terrible convulsions of nature.

At length the horrible effects of this first shock ceased ; but the tranquillity was of short duration, concussions returning with such frequent repetitions, that the inhabitants, according to the account sent of it, computed 200 in the first twenty-four hours.

The fort of Callao, at the very same hour sunk into ruins ; but what it suffered from the earthquake in its buildings was inconsiderable, when compared to the terrible catastrophe that followed ; for the sea, as is usual on such occasions, receding to a considerable distance, returned in mountainous waves, foaming with agitation, and suddenly turned Callao and the neighbouring country into a sea. This was not, however, totally performed by the first swell of the waves, for the sea retiring further, returned with still more impetuosity, the stupendous water covering both the walls and other buildings of the place ; so that whatever had escaped the first, was now totally overwhelmed by those terrible mountains of waves, and nothing remained except a piece of the

wall of the fort of Santa Cruz, as a memorial of this terrible devastation. There were then 23 ships and vessels, great and small, in the harbour, of which 19 were absolutely sunk; and the other four, amongst which was a frigate called St. Firmin, carried by the force of the waves to a considerable distance up the country.

This terrible inundation extended to other ports on the coast, as Cavallas and Guanape; and the towns of Chancay, Guara, and the valleys Della Baranca, Sape, and Pativilca, underwent the same fate as the city of Lima. The number of persons who perished in the ruin of that city, before the 31st of the same month of October, according to the bodies found, amounted to 1300, besides the maimed and wounded, many of whom only lived a short time in torture.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 84.

Note 13, page 131.

*Many miles forward upon the land.*

See ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 85.

## Note 14, page 132.

*Even to the power of the Incas.*

All the Indians of Auraca, Tucapel, and others inhabiting the more southern parts of the banks of the river Biobio, and also those who live near the Cordillera, have hitherto eluded all attempts made for reducing them under the Spanish government. For in this boundless country, as it may be called, when strongly pushed, they abandon their huts, and retire into the more distant part of the kingdom, where being joined by other nations, they return in such numbers, that all resistance would be temerity, and again take possession of their former habitations.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 282.

## Note 15, page 134.

*Their meal, matalotage and maize.*

The common food of the Indians, as we have before observed, is maize, made into camcha or mote, and macha: the manner of preparing the latter is to roast the maize, and then reduce it to a flour, and this without any other apparatus or ingredient, they eat by

spoonfuls; two or three of which, and a draught of chica, or, when that is wanting, of water, completes their repast. When they set out on a journey, their whole viaticum is a little bag, which they call *gueri-ta*, full of this meal, and a spoon: this suffices for a journey of fifty or a hundred leagues. When hungry, they stop at some place where chica is to be had, or at some water; where, after taking a spoonful of their meal into their mouth, they keep it some time, in order more easily to swallow it, and with two or three such spoonfuls, well diluted with chica, or, if that is not to be had, with water, they set forward as cheerfully as if risen from a feast.—ULLOA'S *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 424.

Note 16, page 137.

*Brought the vi-jahua.*

The *vijahua* is a leaf generally five feet in length, and two and a half in breadth. They grow wild, and without any stem. The principal rib in the middle is between four and five lines in breadth, but all the other parts of the leaf are perfectly soft and smooth, with a very fine white and viscid down. Besides the com-



mon use of it in covering houses, it also serves for packing up salt, fish, and other goods up to the mountains, as it secures them from the rain. They are also, in these desert places, of singular use for running up huts on any exigency.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 224.

Note 17, page 141.

*Of the great Maranon.*

See ULLOA, vol. i. 379.

Note 18, page 144.

*All had tails, which they wagged when pleased, and turned down when frightened.*

Copied from p. 31 of *Mœurs des Sauvages*, by Le P. Lafitau.

Ada Reis might possibly have met with such a race as is described by Euphemius. Pausanias says, that anxious to know whether there were really any satyrs, and of what nature they were, he had interrogated several travellers upon that head, although hitherto in vain; but, at length, a certain Euphemus, a carrier, had assured him, that when sailing towards the coast of Italy, a violent storm had sent his vessel far away to the extremities of

The ocean, where, he said, they found islands inhabited by savages. “Dont la chair est fort rougeâtre et qui ont des queueës, les quelles ne sont pas moindres que celles des chevaux.” This account, continues the Père Lafitau, appears to me to be *assez vraisemblable*, and the description of these islanders agrees entirely with the description of the Caraïbes, who were masters of the Antilles, from whence the greatest part have, in later times, been driven by the Europeans. The flesh of this people is red. “Et c’est moins un effet du climat que l’imagination, des mères qui trouvant de la beauté dans cette couleur là transmettent à leur fruit.” It is also, which the Père mentions, red by art, as they are painted every day with the rocou, and thus appear of the colour of blood; as to the tails, which the sailors maintained that they beheld, it was the effect of terror, which made them take

Des queueës postiches, pour des queueës réelles.

And almost all the uncivilized nations of America give themselves that ornament; in particular, when they are going to war.

Note 19, page 149.

*It was the Zumbadore.*

The zumbadore, or hummer, is a night-bird peculiar to the mountainous deserts, and they are seldom seen, though frequently heard, both by their singing and a strange humming made in the air by the rapidity of their flight, and which may be heard at the distance of fifty toises; and when near is louder than that of a rocket. Their singing may indeed be called a kind of cry, resembling that of night-birds. In moonlight nights, when they more frequently make their appearance, we have often watched to see their size and the celerity of their motion, and though they passed very near us, we were never able to form any idea of their magnitude, all which we could see was a white line formed in the air, and this was plainly perceivable when at no great distance.

This being a very particular bird, in order to gratify our curiosity, we promised the Indians a reward if they would procure us one; but all they could do was to get a young one, scarce fledged, though it was then of the size of a partridge, and all over speckled with dark

and light brown; the bill was proportionate and straight; the aperture of the nostrils much larger than usual, the tail small, and the wings of a proper size for the body. According to the Indians, it is with the nostrils that it makes such a loud humming. This may, in some measure, contribute to it; but the effect seems much too great for such an instrument, especially as at the time of the humming it also uses its voice.—ULLOA's *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 476.

Note 20, page 151.

*Calitamani.*

Le dernier chaînon de ces montagnes auquel les naturels donnent le nom de Calitamini, nous parut au coucher du soleil comme une masse rougeâtre ardente. Cette apparence est chaque jour la même. Personne ne s'est jamais approché de cette montagne, son éclat singulier naît peut-être du jeu des réflets produits par le talc ou le schiste micacé.—*Tableau de la Nature.*

Note 21, page 159.

*Like the one at Mexico.*

The Mexicans being so very exact in all religious observances beyond all others in that new world, either to show the multitude of sacrifices they offered to their gods, or to keep in their minds the remembrance of death, to which all men are subject; they had a charnel of the skulls of men taken in war, and sacrificed, which was without the temple, and opposite to the great gate, above a stone's throw from it, in shape like a theatre, longer than it was broad, strong, and built with lime and stone, with steps, on which the heads were set between the stones, the teeth outwards. At the head and foot of the theatre were two towers, made only of lime and skulls, and having no stone or other material, at least not to be seen; they were very strange to behold, being dreadful, and at the same time a good memorial, death appearing which way soever a man turned his eyes. At the top of the theatre, which much adorned the charnel, there were sixty or more long poles, about four or five spans asunder, to which were fixed, from the

top to the bottom, as many sticks as the height could contain, in the form of St. Andrew's crosses, with heads or skulls placed between all those intervals, and made fast at the temples. The number was so great, that Gomara, who had it from Andrew de Tapia and Gonzalo de Umbria, two persons that took the pains to count them, tells us, they amounted to above one hundred and thirty thousand skulls, besides those that were in the towers, which they could not count; and the said Gomara condemns this practice, in regard that they were the heads of men sacrificed, as being the effect of so cruel a cause, as was the killing so many innocent persons; and he is in the right, for, had they been the heads of men that had died a natural death, it was commendable to expose them to public view, to put the living in mind of their end. They were so careful to keep them continually ranged in their proper order, that there were persons appointed to set up others, whensoever any happened to drop out, which, according to their superstition, they looked upon as a re-

ligious affair.—HERRERA's *Voyage to America*, vol. ii. p. 380, 381.

Note 22, page 162.

*With sandals on his feet.*

The two lords that led him were barefoot for the respect they paid him was so great that no man durst come into his presence without taking off his shoes.—HERRERA's *History of America*, vol. ii. p. 328.

Note 23, page 163.

*Entirely full of curiosities.*

An apartment, which was also called the bird-house, not because it contained more than the other, but that they were larger, nobler, and of another sort, being birds of prey, for game, and they were looked after by skillful men, with the greatest care imaginable. Motezuma went oftener to this house than to any others, to see the birds, because they were more noble than the others, and was wont to ask many questions of their keepers, being very curious in that sort of knowledge; and

was in the right, for there are still here-  
outs more and better birds than in any  
her part of the world. In this house there  
ere many upper rooms, and in them men,  
omen, and children, all with white eyes and  
air, as has been seen in Spain; and, what is  
most admired, in a town called Pocol, in New  
Galicia, a child was born, being the son of a  
black man and woman, all of him as white as  
snow. They said that there were some so  
white in Guinea, that their children were black  
like their grandfathers. It was very extraor-  
dinary to have any such born in New Spain,  
because all the other natives are of the colour  
of boiled quinces. In another apartment there  
were dwarfs, crooked people, some of whom it  
is reported were purposely so deformed in  
their infancy, alleging that it became a great  
monarch to have such things as were not to  
be found elsewhere. Every sort of dwarfs or  
other monsters, were kept apart, with people  
to look after them. In the lower rooms there  
were many strong cages or pens; in some there  
were lions, in others tigers, in others bears, in  
others leopards, and in others wolves. In



short, all sorts of four-footed beasts, only that Motexuma might be said to be so great, that he had all sorts of wild beasts shut up in his house. In other rooms there were vast great jars of water, in which they fed and kept snakes, alligators, vipers, lizards, and serpents of several sorts, so fierce and venomous that the very sight was frightful. The birds of prey were in another apartment about the court, and in strong cages, upon perches; being of all sorts, as hobbies, sparrow-hawks, kites, vultures, goshawks, ten or twelve sorts of falcons, several sorts of eagles, and among them fifty much bigger than the largest in Spain, each of which would eat a cock with a crop, which are very large birds. These eagles were asunder, and all of these birds were every day allowed five hundred of these cocks, having three hundred men to attend them. There were many birds in this apartment which the Spaniards knew nothing of. They gave the snakes the blood of persons sacrificed, which they licked; they had likewise part of the flesh, which was also eaten by the alligators. The Spaniards were very well pleased to see

such variety of birds, so many fierce wild beasts and serpents; though they did not like to hear their hissing, the horrid roaring of the lions, the dismal howling of the wolves, the disagreeable cries of the leopards and tigers, and the dreadful noise of the other creatures, which they made either through hunger, or because they were not at liberty to practise their savage tempers.—*History of America*, by A. DE HERRERA, p. 348, 349, 350.

Note 24, page 165.

*Tigers, alligators, and other wild beasts.*

Many of them, by way of gallantry, or to look fierce, had their heads thrust into heads of tigers, lions, alligators, or other wild creatures; and on their right arm or shoulders they wore some badge of gold, silver, or feathers.—HERRERA'S *Voyage to America*, vol. ii. p. 343.

Note 25, page 166.

*Bags of vermin.*

The house the Spaniards were quartered in being extraordinary large, Alonzo de Ojeda walking about several rooms, found in one of

them many sacks, about half a yard long, and tied up very close. He took one of these which he carried out, and opening it before several of his comrades, saw it was full of lice, which he affirms is certainly true; so they quickly tied it up again, much admiring the meaning of it. They told Cortes, who asked Marina and Aguilar about it. They answered, that all persons were so submissive to the king, that those who through extreme poverty or sickness could not pay taxes to the king, were obliged to keep lice (to pay them) as an acknowledgment, and that the poor sort being very numerous, there were several bags of lice; the most remarkable thing that ever was heard of, and which sufficiently shows the wonderful subjection of these people.—HERRERA'S *History of America*, vol. ii. p. 397.

Note 26, page 169.

*Upon the king's feet.*

After them came out the retired youths and maidens of the temple, and taking their place opposite to one another, played and danced to the beat of the drum, in praise of the solemnity

and of the idol, the prime men and persons of note dancing about them.—HERREERA'S *History of America*, vol. ii. p. 215.

Note 27, page 172.

*Disguised themselves like birds.*

Having bid the idol good morning, they feasted, and then went to the temple, in the court whereof they acted very entertaining farces, with much dancing and joy; they all afterwards appearing disguised after several manners, like birds, butterflies, frogs, beetles, and other vermin, and others like lame persons and cripples, giving a comical account of their misfortunes, which provoked to laughter; and the solemnity ended with dancing.—HERREERA'S *History of America*, vol. ii. p. 219.

At the feast of Beiram, and during the carnivals, do they not much the same? And in England what were the mummers.

Note 28, page 183.

*The famed cavern of Autaripe.*

La partie la plus reculée de cette vallée est couverte d'une épaisse forêt. C'est dans cet

endroit ombragé que s'ouvre la caverne d'*Ataruipe*; c'est moins un autre qu'un rocher très-saillant où les eaux ont creusé un enfoncement lorsqu'elles atteignoient à cette hauteur. Là est le tombeau d'une peuplade éteinte. Nous y comptâmes environ six-cents squelettes bien conservés; chacun repose dans une corbeille faite avec les pétioles des feuilles de palmier. Cette corbeille, que les naturels nomment *mapirés*, a la forme d'une espèce de sac carré; elle est d'une grandeur proportionnée à l'âge des morts, même pour les enfans moissonnés à l'instant de leur naissance.—*Tableau de la Nature*, p. 225.—HUMBOLDT.

Note 29, page 184.

*Brightened the borders of the thick fog.*

C'étoit par une de ces nuits sereines et fraîches qui sont si ordinaires sous la zone torride. La lune, entourée d'anneaux colorés, brilloit au zénith; elle éclairoit la lisière du brouillard, qui, comme un nuage à contours fortement prononcés, voiloit le fleuve écumeux. Une multitude innombrable d'insectes répandoient une lumière phosphorique rougeâtre

sur la terre couverte de plantes. Le sol resplendissoit d'un feu vivant, comme si les astres du firmament étoient venus s'abatre sur la savanne. Des *Bignonias* grimpons, des vanilles odorantes, et des *Banisterias* aux fleurs d'un jaune doré, décorent l'entrée de la caverne. Au dessus, les cîmes de palmiers se balançoient en frémissant.—*Tableau de la Nature*, p. 232.—HUMBOLDT.

Note 30, page 187.

*Grey crocodiles.*

Les petits singes, que depuis plusieurs mois nous portions avec nous dans des cages tressées, attiroient par leurs cris plaintifs, des crocodiles dont la grosseur et la couleur d'un gris plombé annonçoient le grand âge. Je ne ferois pas mention de cette apparition très-commune dans l'Orénoque, si les naturels ne nous avoient pas assuré, que jamais on n'avoit vu de crocodiles dans les cataractes. Pleins de confiance dans leur assertion, nous avons plus d'une fois osé nous baigner dans cette partie du fleuve.—*Tableau de la Nature*, p. 221.—HUMBOLDT.

END OF VOL. II.

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**ADA REIS.**



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# ADA REIS,

## *A TALE.*

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Τοιαῦτα μὲν περὶ τούτων ἔπαιζεν, ἀμὰ σπουδάζων.

· Xenophon. Memorabilia, lib. i. cap. iii. s. 7.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

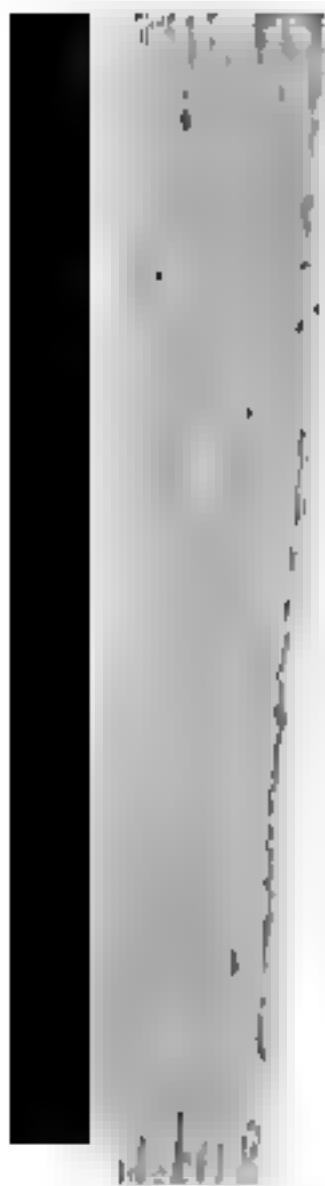
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# ADA REIS.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ EVERY plant,” said Kabkarra, seeks its own soil, and possesses its peculiar property; every insect seeks its peculiar plant; the wild beast roams the forest; the barren rocks are the home of the vampyre. In the same manner, and according to the same law of nature, every country is peopled by invisible as well as visible inhabitants; some prone, like yourself, Ada Reis, to mischief and wickedness, and others virtuous and benevolent. You have the sense of sight, and you see,

as you imagine, real objects ; but I see also those, which you term spiritual objects ; and the sense I possess is not more wonderful than the one permitted to you. We are all under the agency of the good or the evil principle ; the one is continually exhorting us to refrain from what is wrong, the other labouring to seduce us into evil. I serve the latter. My mother was the famous witch Niagara, who, in her early youth, it is said, allured an angel from Heaven by the sweetness of her song. Certain it is, that having crossed the seas, she bore a child amidst the flowery orange groves of Syria ; and the youth Zamohr, my half-brother, is that son : he is the gentlest and most benevolent of beings ; weak, I have heard, at times ; and loves to dwell in the soft moon-beam, and play with children, soothing, with gentle care, the disap-

pointments of love-sick maids and youths. But, to return, Niagara, as she continued her career, gave way to the violence of her passions, until they exceeded every limit; and her crimes drew from the regions below a fiend to visit her, in the shape of the condor of the rock. After her return to her own country I was the offspring of that guilty flame. On the day of my birth the moon came betwixt the sun and your world, so that it was dark upon the summit of the Andes, where I stood at the first instant of my breathing the breath of life. As I grew in strength, my infant steps followed the track of the panther, and my eyes strained themselves after the flight of the eagle of the sun. I climbed the lofty tops of the palm-trees to gather their golden fruit, and watched from behind the umbrageous leaves of the sycamore, to

behold Niagara, as she howled in the moon-shine, and danced along the banks of the great river, whilst the basilisks and crocodiles gazed upon her in affright. She was a mistress of charms and spells; could hear, uninjured, the groan of the mandrake, and sing the lioness to sleep whilst she stole away her cubs. I have known her bind up the torrents with a word, and saddle the black ostrich with the leopard's skin, then ride it, whilst it flapped its wings, flitting along like a night-mare through the boundless Steppes, until she came to the valley of death; there, where the palm, the cypress, and banana sadly blend together their dark foliage over the cemetery, there would she dismount and sit down by the waters of the Orinoko, to watch the skeletons. She had learned a song to raise them up; they would dance together in the

watery mists of night, playing like shadows amongst the vapours, shining with phosphoric light, whilst she laughed or howled to them, and gathered from each the history of his stay on earth. She never gave me suck, she never fed me when I was hungry; but the bird of the mountains<sup>1</sup> came down to me and cherished me, shadowing me with its mighty wings from the hot sun, or fanning me with them to repose: his size was monstrous, his strength matchless, his dark brilliant eye could gaze upon the orb of the sun; and when he arose from the peak of the Chimborazo he bore me with him, where I could count the stars of the firmament, and see the meteoric stones fall hot and whizzing through the air. Niagara's eye was black and penetrating, but the condor's eye was more wild and terrible than hers. The hair of her head was



white, as if time and care had bleached it, but the snow on the top of the Himalaya was more white and more dazzling as it shone in the distance, and thither I went to behold the eastern hemisphere, and gather diamonds and gold, and bathe in the waters of the Ganges. I traversed the burning deserts of Africa upon the back of the swift dromedary, and the frozen moss on the lighter-footed reindeer; over seas I had sailed upon the dolphin's back; and the mammoth was my guide and my defence in a strange land. I became familiar with the Valkyriar of the north, and Mista, Sangrida, and Hilda, wove for me a silver thread, which rendered me invulnerable. From Egypt the sisters of Behirre sent me the worm that never dies. I have spoken with the old man, who was seen, at sun-set, to come out from the great

pyramid, after lying there many hundred years, and he knew every thing, and laughed at all that is, and all that was, saying continually, ‘*Allah acbar ; Eched en la illa Allah\** ;’ but his heart had been turned to stone with grief for the fate of his son, a fate too horrible to relate ; and Niagara wept when she heard it, for she thought of my brother Zamohr ; and I saw her weep at the hour when from the minarets of Cairo eight hundred voices called aloud the faithful to prayer. But perhaps I fatigue you with so much detail ?”

“ Oh ! no,” said Ada Reis, “ go on : it is not unnatural that a being, who has seen so many and such strange things, as you say you have, should prose a little.”

“ Well, then,” resumed Kabkarra,

\* From the Koran—“ God is great ; and I witness there is but one God.”

“ ‘ Allah Acbar,’ I faintly repeated, as soaring above I looked upon that land of plenty, and sighed to think of the pride and presumption of men. ‘ Farewell to Egypt, to the Nile and the Delta; to her rich fruits and flowers; to her citron and orange groves. Farewell to India, to the New, and to the Old World. Farewell to Niagara,’ I said, as upon the wings of the condor I cut the air, for my mother’s call was vain: she could do all that spells and mystic power can do—she could do more—but she could not fix the roving heart of her son.”

Whilst Kabkarra thus spoke, the marimondas, the birds, the crocodiles, all approached the mouth of the cave, as if listening to him; whilst the musk-ox, with his long horns, and the vicuna, stood and stared from the heights with stupid tameness. The waters of the

cataract rolled with ceaseless violence their eternal course, and the bat circled, from time to time, across and around the mouth of the cave.

“What are revolving years? What reckoning can there be of time,” said the spirit, “when existence is prolonged to eternity?—All that was or will be—all that appears to pass before us, is a mere illusion of our senses. When we speak to those who may not understand us, in what manner can we address ourselves to them? When the language of congenial feelings is denied, how can we make ourselves intelligible? What are worlds—what is life—what is night—day—and, more than all, what is man? Yet even mortal mind has detected the illusion of colour and matter, saying, as he truly may, ‘that nothing really is;’ then wherefore doubt that there are still greater wonders, and still

~~greater illusions.~~ The world has circled around its sun three thousand years since first I quitted my native land ; it was in the ardour and rashness of vain youth, that I then attempted to possess myself of mysteries unmeet for even a spirit's ear. I gave my heart up to the dominion of passion. I lived and I enjoyed every good thing that this fair earth could offer ; but my love was like a searching flame, and destroyed its object. My adoration rendered it hateful, and disfigured it. My hate, like the lightning, blasted my victims.—In war, in danger, in the agony of despair, in the hour of vengeance, I was ever present—ever foremost, amidst the crash of ruin, the war-cry of rebellion, and the bloody festival of triumph. It was I who taught the people of these countries their savage customs ; I deceived their credulous spirits ; I but-

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chered their children upon the altars of false deities ; and when they were enslaved by tyrants, I assisted in the work, and excited against them the bloody demons of pride, cruelty, and superstition. Zamohr I chased away to purer and colder regions : for me, I loved the dark nations—child of the sun, I basked in his rays. The universe was before me. Bright shone the dawn of life, and I hailed it with the rapturous feelings of exuberant and overbearing youth. Why need I recount to you the means I used to undeceive myself ? Why need I tell to him who feels it too well, what disappointment waits upon hope, and how unsatisfactory are the researches of science ? Better sit upon the promontory, and sing with my kinswoman, the spirit of the storm<sup>2</sup>, whilst the clouds gather and the ocean rolls beneath her feet ; better ride with her in the simoon,

or the siroc, or in the whirlwind of hot sand, whilst men and animals faint and expire beneath her fury. Better do this than live to be deluded by hope. For however we may dream away the early hour of life, in pleasure, in sloth, or in study, we must awaken at last too soon for happiness, too late for amendment; ignorance cannot learn, and man is both ignorant and presumptuous. Ada Reis, you sigh.—Shall I proceed? Ah! wherefore seek to know that which for wise purposes is hidden from your understanding? The road was plain before you, your duty was prescribed; you have wandered far, and there is no return; for the idle bubbles which played before you, you have lost yourself. Whilst I, seeking for pleasure in liberty, and for light in the brilliant meteor as it flashed along, when scarce midway in my course lost

myself in the labyrinth of error, and sunk down into the valley of despair; there, where death stands sentinel, and he I may not name waits to receive the fallen. Yet if you will hear the rest, mark me.

“ When the condor, my more than father, first carried me into that mournful abode, its monarch sprung forward eagerly to receive me, and all that is evil and terrific upon a sudden burst upon my view. ‘ I am thy sire,’ he cried: ‘ it is I, the friend, the parent of Niagara, whom thou shalt serve.’ In vain I shrunk with horror from all I there beheld: the shrieks of despair, the wailing of the miserable, affrighted me with their continual din. Niagara past her remaining years, inconsolable for my absence, in deeds of darkness and of crime; till time had taken from her every enjoyment: then turning for one



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caused it. That juice, as it can restore the alienated understanding, so can it enlarge and invigorate the sound and perfect; drink of it, and thou also shalt see and know every thing as I do, and accompany me wherever I go."

"Pardon me, my good friend," said Ada Reis, "but before I taste of any more of your enchanted gifts, I should be glad precisely to understand the effect they are likely to have upon me. The case of your former patient, as you have stated it, does not appear the most encouraging. In your extreme kindness you may, who knows, perchance, see fit to transform me into the shape of a beast, or send me to reign over some other nation. Let me hear, therefore, from you the remainder of your history; and when you have concluded it, if I approve the account you give me of the master you serve, I

will obey your commands. Tell me, in the first place, in what manner you employed your time during your residence in that valley of despair of which you have already spoken."

"During the first hundred years that I was confined in that miserable abode, where agonizing hearts make continual lamentations, where hope, and truth, and love are blighted, and only the malignant and rancorous passions can exist, I was seldom permitted to revisit earth. The monarch I served was lonely; in the midst of crowds of slaves, he was desolate; for he was conscious of being detested. He was the parent of deformity, disorder, vice, drunkenness, uproar, and murder. It was my sole pleasure to view, from the enchanted window he had constructed, and where he passed most of his cheerless hours, the splendid orrery of the

heavens, bright in celestial beauty; to hear the heavy worlds as they rolled around, and listen to the choirs of angels, hymning their praises and petitions to the great Being who has created all things. But our sovereign, regardless of their glory, sadly turned his eyes almost continually upon your world; for it seemed to stand a single blot in the fair page of creation, marring the harmony and perfection of the stupendous whole. It was my continual thought, that if the race of man could know their doom, could see a little further than the worm they scorn and tread upon, the deceits we practised to beguile them, and the falsehoods we used to retain them in our sovereign's service, they would not forsake, as they do, the glorious light of truth, the breath of health, the hope of immortality, for the transient, unreal enjoy-

ment of a moment ; but I have since discovered that I was mistaken. I tire you, do I not ?” said Kabkarra.

“ Oh, by no means. You are prolix,” replied Ada Reis ; “ but my time, just at present, is peculiarly my own : I would thank you, therefore, to proceed.”

“ Upon the blue air of the spangled vault of the heavens, around the luminous atmosphere of the circling planets, spirits light and beautiful passed and repassed continually before our eyes, enjoying the beatitude of the blessed, inconceivable to me, but apparent in the celestial radiance of their angelic smile ; and cherubs, as they sported with each other, in all the innocence with which they had returned uncontaminated and untried from life’s infant morn, shuddered, as they flitted quickly along, fearful lest one exhalation

tion from our seats of misery should reach and blast them. You who inhabit earth—you who have viewed with transport the distant stars in the firmament, and the softer moon, which you hail as your own sister planet; could your imagination even conceive the scenes I have beheld, you would fall down entranced, calling out as I have done, ‘*Allah acbar; Eched en la ila Allah.*’

“ Judge thou, then, Ada Reis, child of a world created fair, ‘so much in vain for you,’ what the agony of his heart must have been who viewed, as the king of darkness did, from whence he stood, such a prospect; what the grief, the despondency, of that mighty mind which had known the perfection, and the loveliness of the scenes, he had for ever renounced? Oh! never may you hear a sigh like that his bosom heaved,

as he stood a lone spirit, with the consciousness of strength, without the power of employing it nobly: with a mind capable of every thing, fretting itself away upon the contemplation of its own nothingness—activity circumscribed—energy suppressed—hope baffled—existence prolonged for ever, and a curse to him who endured it.”

“How popular the devil is become of late!” interrupted Ada Reis. “Language is exhausted for the purpose of representing him in interesting colours. We hear of nothing but the high endowments of his mind, and the melancholy beauty of his countenance.”

“I represent him as I saw him,” said Kabkarra, “when, turning from the glorious view of perfect wisdom, truth, and order, he fixed his eyes, and concentrated his hopes upon that one dark spot, where still his name was

held in reverence. ‘Oh earth!’ he cried, ‘let me not lose thee also, thou only remaining hope! Still be blind to the light of reason, and deaf to the promises of benevolence. Worship me, as you have done heretofore, and let me be as a king and as a god. I will flatter and bribe you; my emissaries shall be day and night amongst you.’ The intentions, which he thus expressed, he diligently contrived to fulfil, and I, with many others, was employed to allure the wavering and uncertain, who were still struggling against evil, and doubtful of their course. I called to them when vanity and pleasure had deluded them; my caresses seduced them farther, and my passion inflamed them to acts of madness. Often when Zamohr had been idling away whole years with some silly innocent maiden, I seized upon her



inexperienced heart, and bore it from him, even as I have Fiormonda's. My power fixes itself where pride or hardness have gained dominion ; and when I have seized on a victim, I pervert and transform the soul, so that few can recognise it again. Sometimes, when secure of my prey, I leave it on earth a little longer, to mislead others, and assist me in my work ; but if those whom I have seduced be young, and likely to repent, I so devise my plans, that death, if possible, should surprise them in the midst of their sin ; for my master must be served ; and I, as he, delight to entice and to destroy. His palace awaits you, O king ! his retinue must be kept up."

" Fiormonda, then," said Ada Reis, " is already quartered in that most delectable habitation ?"

" She is in the highest favour at pre-

sent," said Kabkarra; "but to explain this, I must inform you how far, and by what ties, she has connected herself with us."

"And also inform me," said Ada Reis, "if the inquiry be not impertinent, by what means I had the peculiar honour of your acquaintance? for, strange as it may appear, I do not remember."

"Not remember!" said Kabkarra, fiercely. "Not remember! I should have thought '*there were moments never to be forgotten.*' Vice is the mark at which I aim; and where I perceive its seeds to be sown, there am I. In the still night I arm the hand of the assassin: in treason and in war I urge to violence and blood; but mostly I delight in snatching from the lap of security the proud children of prosperity. I give to the seducer that grace and

hardihood which secure him success; before the eyes of ambition I spread titles and crowns; for vanity, mere baubles and flattery; but, above all, I confide and rejoice in infidelity. Thy house, Ada Reis, was long my dwelling, for there it stood forth open and undisguised. I have partaken of thy hospitality, revelled at thy banquets, hallowed thy superstitious rites, and triumphed in thy profaneness."

"Then, I hope, at all events, after such acknowledgments," said Ada Reis, "thou wilt demean thyself to me accordingly; for how wilt thou excuse, for example, the partaking of my hospitality, the receiving all these honours and courtesies from me, and, in return, seducing away my daughter?"

"Hah! these things occur continually," said Kabkarra; "in Europe it is the commonest of all returns. Be-

sides, I had this excuse—I loved thy daughter from early infancy: I watched her as she bounded along, wild as the antelope, and vain and gay as the various-coloured lory. In the liquid lustre of her blue eyes—and blue eyes are ever the frailest—in the mantling blush of her cheek, in the soft smile of her full lip, I read my empire. ‘Passions fierce reign in that bosom,’ I cried, ‘and by their power I shall gain dominion;’ but innocence and piety guarded the shrine, and a rival appeared amongst the good angels that were sent to watch over her: it was my half-brother, Zamohr. He loved her, like myself; and the first sigh of love she breathed was for him. To blight the hopes of youth and beauty, to lure from happiness I must never enjoy, to crush and wound Zamohr, who flies me, and dwells in stars with the blest,

where I may not enter; to accomplish this, I gave up my whole dark spirit: you assisted me by your impiety, and yet the struggle has been great, the conquest difficult, and such as required all my art and all my power. It was in a dream that I first entered into her heart; pride and ambition took the place of love, who timidly retired; and, when these fierce masters gained the ascendancy, passion did the rest. We have her not, however, entirely; she has but half consented to be ours, and Zamohr and love are still attempting to rescue her."

"Zamohr, then, was the youth with the angel countenance. I suspected him throughout; but who was Condulmar, and who was Shaffou Paca, and what became of the Bey, and the Jew Kabkarra?"

"They were all the agents of the

evil one," answered the spirit; "and yet there were such persons: they were passive clay, and permitted our power to enter their hearts; they are now enjoying their own reflections. Condulmar is with Fiormonda, he is the son of Zubanyánn. Shaffou Paca, mother of the Jew Kabkarra, had sold herself to me in early youth. Her son was a wretch capable of any mean action; he applied to me in his poverty and distress, and I gave him gold-dust, the pearls, and the sabre which made his fortune, and received in lieu of these inestimable rarities his worthless soul: they are now suffering as they deserve."

"Suffering what?"

"That you will know when you meet them."

"By what name shall I distinguish

thee, thou most execrable and perfidious spirit?"

"Call me still Kabkarra—you first knew me by that name. I am but a servant of him you call Zubanyánn; you are also his follower: let me hasten to present you to your master."

"Your master is a cheat and a liar, I care not if you tell him so; he has deceived me shamefully; and, as to my daughter, she was to wear an imperial crown."

"She wears it already; but it is oppressive, I fear: however, you shall behold her."

"Where is she?"

"She is at this moment in the chamber of gold, in the palace of riches, where pleasure is striving to detain her with music, dancing, and festivity."

"If this be the punishment decreed,

and the fate to dread," said Ada Reis, "I am not over alarmed or grieved about either my daughter or myself: matters might have been worse, and your monarch's palace, in the valley of despair, I make no doubt, is, upon the whole, as comfortable a residence as that which I have been so eager to quit: let me therefore hasten to it, and join my Fiormonda."

"It is only one of his palaces," said Kabkarra, with a malignant smile; "he has others for the accommodation of kings."

"I will go thither, nevertheless; so let me try this juice you speak of: life, indeed, begins, for some time past, to weary me; and, as Fiormonda is departed, so will I."

"This night," said the spirit, "your wish shall be accomplished. Arrange your worldly affairs, settle the suc-



cession to prevent bloodshed, and swallow from this goblet a few drops of its contents ; death shall strike surer than the famed guaapa juice, and without a pang your spirit shall be released."

" I fear no pangs," said Ada Reis ;  
" but it is death I fear !"

" Death is nothing," said the tempter,  
" when pain and sickness do not fore-  
run it."

" But it is perchance to a hell you  
would bear me ; I have read of such  
things."

" I bear you where all must go ; it  
is to a fairer place than this ; and there  
your cause will be heard and tried. If  
virtuous, you shall be borne by good  
angels to the islands of the blessed."

" Ay, but if the contrary ?"

" Why that," said Kabkarra, laugh-  
ing, " we will consider hereafter."

" I am prepared," said Ada Reis ;

“for as to worldly affairs, they are but as the shadows, which the magic lantern casts upon the white cloth, as the painted glasses are passed before its light. What are these to eternity? I long—I burn to see the wonders you have described. Let one historian alone record that I lived the greatest and wisest of men; and that I died by my own desire, at the respectable age of fifty-four, and I am satisfied. My people may settle their own affairs; a little letting of blood after so much inaction will do them service: so thus I pledge you.”

Saying which, with a firm hand he held the tutumos and drank: it was not the unpleasant taste which made Ada Reis shudder when he felt that he had swallowed the contents, but a love of life, which at that instant returned upon him, or rather, I may say, a fear of death, and he would have given

much not to have drained the draught; it was, however, too late; and shortly afterwards he felt a drowsiness come on; yet before he closed his eyes for ever, he roused himself to cast one last look around him upon a world he had loved so well; never had it appeared to him more fraught with beauty. "I doubt, I doubt," he cried, "the other place I am going to will not be half as delightful."

Suddenly a majestic bird descended proudly and firmly from the heavens. By its swiftness, strength, and magnificent air, Ada Reis soon knew it to be the condor, and almost without a moment's loss of reason, he found himself reposing upon its back, and gently ascending with it into the clouds. Kabkarra, like a wicked urchin, bestrode its neck, laughing and shouting as they proceeded swiftly through the air.

## CHAPTER II.

“ I had a dream, which was not all a dream.”

BYRON.

ADA REIS had read every thing which had ever been recorded of the unknown land to which he was journeying; he had studied the poetry which describes it, and from the learned had gained what information could be obtained in every different country in which he had sojourned. He does not, however, say whether the course he took to reach the palace of Zubanyánn, situate in the unhappy valley, was the same that others had taken before him; he mentions nor bridge, nor

river, harpies, centaurs, giants, hydras, nor chimeras. As he is far from short in his narrations in general, it is somewhat extraordinary, that the only remarks which he makes upon this journey are, that, had he known beforehand what he was to go through, he would not have voluntarily undertaken it.

At the entrance of the Valley of Despair, Death stood before him, in the form of a pale wan woman. She glided by him the moment he alighted. Her breath was so cold, it chilled him as she passed; and her hand, which she offered him, was damp and heavy. She glided by perfectly calm, and her countenance free from all expression. Her appearance so much disturbed him, that he twice attempted to return by the way he had entered—

but that, he heard, was quite out of the question.

However, these uneasy sensations were relieved, and even the emotions of fear were in some degree dispelled, as he found himself at the entrance of a long avenue of lofty trees advancing towards a large building, which was neither gloomy nor terrific in its aspect, but, on the contrary, of modern date; and such as appeared to promise comfort and luxury within. As he approached nearer, he observed that an immense concourse of persons, dressed in the garb of each different nation, were thronging the galleries, and walking in the gardens. He advanced still nearer, and gazed upon the scene awhile before he joined the crowd, surveying the strange prospect before him, as a spectator might from

a gallery contemplate a superb  
or from a secure height a fie  
battle.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE PALACE OF ZUBANYANN.

“ Com’st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds  
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds;  
Nor fear’st the dark and dismal waste to tread,  
Throng’d with pale ghosts, familiar with the  
dead.”

ODYSSEY.

IN a dream, the imagination presents to us distinctly the forms of those whom we have known; they appear to us to be actuated by the same motives that actuate living beings. In a dream we hunger and thirst; we laugh, we weep, we walk and run; yet these appearances are altogether more vain and more transient than the illusions which



mislead us in life. The gardens and long avenues which now lay before Ada Reis were filled with company, who appeared to him as distinctly as, heretofore, the inhabitants of the world which he had left. All, like himself, seemed strangers to the place; some arriving on the moment, others having been there a short time before him. The courts and the hall of entrance to the palace were full to excess; curiosity still impelled, and a desire of being first, led all alike to press forward; but as all, like Ada Reis, had met death upon their entrance, the crowding was not so inconvenient, nor the obstruction to be compared to that which takes place in one of our most select assemblies upon earth. However, if the pushing and squeezing were not as great, the whispering and chat-

tering were in no respect diminished: the Tower of Babel alone could have been a scene of like confusion of tongues. Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Indians, Cherokees, Moors, Spaniards, French, Germans, Italians, Scotch, English, Irish, were assembled together, eagerly discoursing one with another: and though uncivilized Barbarians and Idolaters formed a dark mass behind the rest, rudely and loudly calling for all they required, the only part of this vast community which at first attracted the attention of Ada Reis was a crowd of personages of courtly manners and cultivated minds, who seemed, like himself, to consider themselves as far above the vulgar herd. Eager to pay his devotions where he thought they would be best appreciated, Ada Reis,

not forgetful of his graceful native laams, was bowing rather obsequiously to several nobles, when Kabkarra, who had left him, returned with two attendants in splendid uniforms. He himself having changed his dress. He now wore a robe of purple and gold, at his side he had a golden key, and in his right hand he carried a white wand. His new attire immediately attracted the attention of Ada Reis. "The master we serve," said Kabkarra, "is particular in these trifles: it is his chief amusement to vary our dress and the furniture of his own house; the hangings, trappings, and ornaments, are changed daily; the newest fashions in the best taste are ever studied, and forwarded by one of us to your world, as soon as adopted here.

“ That urchin page in green is chiefly employed in these details. The changes of the mode, the varieties of ornaments, extravagance, and profusion, originate with us. Nothing brings us more subjects in the end than these fashions. France and England greedily seize our ideas; half the rest of the world copy them; but, as your country excels in the really magnificent, your chamber, Ada Reis, is prepared for you in the fashion of the one you inhabited when at Tripoly.”

“ Thus, then,” said Ada Reis to himself, “ I have, after all, been paying this servile court to the mere minion of a sovereign, to the creature of another’s will, whose ornamented habit is a badge of slavery! Ye powers! how men may be continually deceived!”

At this moment a girl, fair as is the goddess of eternal youth and health, smilingly approached: "How tardy you are grown," said she to Kabkarra; "Peiries and Sprites have an hundred times refreshed every flower with dew; the bear and the tiger have left their caves to prowl for food; the imps sent to Tara and Cacao, Adrianople, and Lothmond are returned. The black Swifts have circled around the green islands of England and Ireland the time permitted, and have resumed their posts, and you, you alone, have loitered upon your errand." Kabkarra made no reply.

"What, may I ask, if it be permitted me, are the black Swifts?" said Ada Reis; "I thought they had been birds, who come and depart with wonderful regularity on particular days."

“ They are the souls of certain unbelievers, who studied the laws of nature, without acknowledging the Lawgiver; who dealt in sorcery and witchcraft, and misled the people under the name of Egyptians, necromancers, witches—they are allowed for a time to return and circle around, performing their rites in the countries they once infested; after which, at a moment, they are recalled, and here they perform severer penance than I dare tell of.”

“ Who have arrived since my departure?” said Kabkarra, “ and what is become of the thousands I left?”

“ They are disposed of,” said the damsel, slightly shuddering, as she tried by a laugh to hide her emotion.

Ada Reis, although a professed ad-

mirer of beauty, felt repugnance towards this lady: she had something about her unfeminine, and unrefined; he looked upon her therefore with a degree of disdain, and turning to Kabkarra, he said, "Where is my daughter—is she here?"

"She is," said the lady: "slaves attend around her; and, if pomp and ceremony can confer happiness, she is happy."

Ada Reis, still addressing his guide, somewhat impatiently (for he liked not the lady), added, "Shall I soon see her?"

"Very soon; and in the mean time," said Kabkarra, "you shall survey the suite of apartments, and converse with some of the company."

The porter at the entrance of the first gallery was seated by the fire,

playing with his foot his master's tattoo. The lazy door-keeper arose, when repeatedly called upon by Kabkarra, and admitted Ada Reis and his followers.

Kabkarra, who, though only a servant, appeared, like most of that race, to command every thing in these regions, (observing in a moment the dislike Ada Reis had taken to the familiar air of the lady) led the way, with an air of dignity, showing Ada Reis from one apartment into another, and conversing as he passed freely and jocosely with the company; for well he knew how to use the light satire, the gentle hint, the quaint repartee, and the mortal stab that annihilated every hope at a blow; and, above all, how to nod familiarly to some, and turn aside from others of little consequence: but the princi-



cipal part of those whom he met were not, as Ada Reis observes, personages of much distinction: they were not great and noble characters, fallen from their original destination; neither were they like the followers of Eblis, wandering about, each with his hand upon his heart, wherein an unrelenting fire had been kindled, as told in the sublime and affecting description of Vathek; nor did they, like Achilles, in his sad answer to Ulysses, with few but awful words, express regret of life, and the hopeless misery of the gloomy realms to which they were consigned. They were for the most part second-rate, for there was little sublime or interesting in this quarter of the palace of Zubanyánn. Such as Ada Reis found it, I have rendered it; its general character was frivolity, surprise, chatter, clatter, noise, and disorder, in it and around it. The

temperature, too, was singular; as, in lieu of the sultry heat so often alluded to as prevailing in these sort of places, the air of these valleys and these gardens was cold, raw, and unpleasant, such as is felt in the capital of England when an east wind brings with it a fog that darkens the city and its neighbourhood, or a freezing whirlwind from the North Pole bears quinsies and influenzas upon every blast.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai  
Risonavan per l'æer senza stelle;  
. . . . .

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira  
Voci alte e fioche e suon di man con elle,  
Facevano un tumulto il qual s'aggira  
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta  
Come la rêna quando 'l turbo spira.”

*Canto 3d dell' Infern.*

As the member of parliament for a rotten borough bends before the crowd, whom he represents, but who did not elect him; as a king bows profoundly to those he most detests and fears; as a courtier deprecates the frown of his sovereign, and a demagogue, with exactly the same servility, the hisses of the mob: so Ada Reis, with a humility and a desire of obtaining popularity which he had never felt before, made his obeisances

to the throng who surrounded him. At length, recovering himself a little, he reassumed the air of dignity to which he had so long accustomed himself upon earth, yet leaned his arm familiarly upon Kabkarra's shoulder, and began to ask him questions upon every thing he heard or saw. "Who," said Ada Reis, "are these troops of noisy wanderers, who seem to me more like passengers crowding out of a galley, or guests into a banquet-room, than shades of the departed awaiting their trial?"

"These," said Kabkarra, "are personages from civilized countries, who possessed rank, dignity, and riches when alive; such as have dreamed away life's little hour without committing any actual crime; but, mispending every moment in idleness and folly, have proved the cause of ruin to others, and have brought themselves, by mere wantonness and neglect of duty, into our

abode. Most of them, as you will perceive, are men and women of the world, who never cast a look beyond the moment, nor prayed the heart's prayer until death dissolved them."

"And what will be their fate?"

"They will be permitted to enjoy themselves awhile in the golden chamber and state apartments, until the hour appointed for their trial; then, weak as they appear, they must endure the fate decreed."

"And what are these?"

"Still the idle, as indeed most are who enter our abode; yet look to the tablets in the burning vault, where the red flame kindles for ever and for ever; there neither will you find the idle nor the illiterate."

"And what," said Ada Reis, "is that group of people, that mob I see driven from the palace gate by hundreds at a time?—there seem beasts,

birds, and men; and the din they make is prodigious.”

“ These, sire, are beneath your notice; for to rank and high lineage we pay deference, and he who has bartered his honour for a title or for gold, stands first amongst us. The crowds we drive elsewhere are the lower orders: amongst these you will see negro-lashers, hangmen, beadles, master bakers, knavish tailors; human beings, indeed, of all descriptions; rebellious manufacturers, radical reformers, picadores, drunken patroles, men of the fancy, and about two thousand London footmen, coachmen, and cooks.”

“ But whom do I see? Est-il possible—can I believe my eyes? My old friend Coup de Vent, why, what brought you here?”

“ Ah! Monsieur, je suis charmé de

vous revoir," said the Parisian hair-dresser, bowing low.

"Mais, comment se peut-il?" said Ada Reis.

"Ce nuit fatal," replied the coiffeur, "quand la foudre tomba sur nous, Sainte Vierge! que j'ai eu peur! J'ai toujours détesté l'Amérique, à cause de ces malheureux tremblements de terre."

"Hélas! mon ami, l'on trouve le mal partout," said Ada Reis: "croyez moi, les tremblements de terre, les orâges, les éclairs, les famines, les foudres, la grêle, les pluies, les pestes, les mortalités, se trouvent partout, et les coiffeurs aussi, à ce que je vois!"

"Monsieur est paîtri d'esprit."

"Vous me flattez, Coup de Vent; mais qui le diable avez vous là?"

"Plaît-il," said Coup de Vent.

"Qu'est ce, Monsieur?"

“ Permettez que je vous presente St. Laure, fameux tailleur: il cherchoit en vain votre protection à Lima. Il fait les habits à merveille.”

“ Quelles couleurs porte t'on ici, mon ami?”

“ L'on ne porte absolument,” said St. Laure, “ que les plus recherchées. Il y a premièrement ce draps printanier et la pûce effrayé, mais l'elephant malâde et le gris de souris évanouie c'est la dernière mode.”

“ My next garb shall be gris de souris évanouie,” said Ada Reis, laughing. “ And how, my dear Coup de Vent, is this place for company—does it rival Lima?”

“ O,” said the coiffeur, “ c'est bien autre chose ; et à ce que j'ai ouie dire du beau temps de la Régence : c'est Paris comme autre fois, car il n'y a ici



que le vrai brillant et tout y est enchanteur.”

“ But, my good friends, you have not sojourned here long enough to judge, I imagine.”

“ Nous arrivons dès l’instant.”

“ And Condulmar?”

“ O, pour Monsieur, il nous a fait dire mille politesses, mais nous ne l’avons pas encore vû !”

“ Qu’est ici ?”

“ La Princesse de L., Milédi S., et la petite Fleur de Rose.”

“ Quoi ! est elle ici ?”

“ Oui, Monsieur, cette pauvre enfant a dansée jusqu’à sa dernière heure.”

“ Et Nirza ?”

“ Pas encore.”

“ Et Fiormonda ?”

“ Quant à Mademoiselle nous ne l’avons vue.”

“ And what, my excellent Kabkarra, are they doing in that corner, which makes that most infamous noise, whilst peals of laughter from little mischievous imps show that it is a jest?”

“ That,” said Kabkarra, “ is the famous L., the musician, whose crimes were as notorious as his talent; he is said to have caused more tears to flow than any man, and nearly as many by his wonderful art as by his infamous deeds.”

“ What is his punishment?”

“ He is doomed, as you perceive, to take the shape of that huge viol de gamba, feeling with exquisite taste and sensitiveness, whilst those mock artists are playing upon him out of time and tune, whenever it suits their fancies.— Hark! how that note jars upon the ear; think what it must be to *his* soul embodied in the instrument! it is like

the distracting tooth or ear ache, the grating sound touches upon every nerve, and sets even the dragon Henna's teeth on edge."

"I hope I fatigue you not with my questions," said Ada Reis; "but, as I am here, I would see and learn all things: who are these ladies and gentlemen who seem of gentle, kind, and fair aspect?"

"Fair forms they are in truth," said Kabkarra, "but who showed no spirit; heads ungarnished within, and mostly bald without; souls of babes, though arrived at a certain age; all modern characters, where little defects and great vanity make the sole sign of distinction; lack of virtue alone brings them here—they are nonentities, who, receiving no admittance into the gates of paradise, have been remanded with a smile of pity and contempt to our

abode; they will be placed in the nursery, where toys to entertain them await them; we shall find several of this sort at their games and pastimes as we proceed."

"But we now come," said Kabkarra gravely, "to the picture gallery." The crowd followed, Ada Reis and his guide paused as they entered; it was indeed a sight to surprise; from the days of old until the present hour, there were portraits of every one who had betrayed his country or forsaken his God; and every countenance expressed such anguish, that it pained the heart of the spectator to look thereon; they all were painted to the life. "The eyes move," said Ada Reis.

"They drop tears of contrition," said Kabkarra; "the painter waits to place you with the rest."

“ I wish to go to the end of the gallery first,” said Ada Reis.

“ It would take you four hundred years only to walk through it, beginning since the deluge.”

“ For mercy’s sake, then, let us not think of it,” said Ada Reis.

A large apartment, full of mechanic swings, wooden horses, ups and downs, shower baths, bats, balls, battledores and shuttle-cocks, of an immense size, was next displayed. “ This,” said Kabkarra, “ is the nursery. These are a variety of toys, the uses of which would be tedious to explain; in that swing I have seen a lady swing for two hundred years without ever stopping, until at length she learned to know her own mind. A gentleman, who had loved and left many ladies, coming here, was kept between those battledores for a couple of centuries; the players at the

game being two of our most skilful imps. The two ambassadors, in the what is vulgarly called titter-totters, are to remain there till they have finally settled the balance of power between the respective kingdoms they represent: see, at this moment one is up and the other is down."

"I hope I shall not taste of these amusements," said Ada Reis, hastening on; "and here, in good earnest, are the chess-men and girdle you presented to my daughter."

"If it give you pleasure to view these things, there are millions of them," said Kabkarra, "each more wonderful than the other. There is a stud, too, in which flame-coloured dragons, affrits, ippogriffins, rakshes, sohams, syls, ejders, hyenas, and mermaids are kept. The coach-house and

.

store-rooms, kitchens, and dairy, are also very curious to a new comer, and worth seeing; but the jewel-room, the turning-room, the printing-press, and the women's apartments, with the illuminated galleries and banqueting-halls, are what I think you, Ada Reis, will most admire."

"I wish I were safe back again, my dear Coup de Vent," said Ada Reis with a sigh; "somehow or other, I do not feel comfortable, and the air does not agree with me. Ulysses and Æneas had been used to inconveniences on earth; I have been spoiled, except, indeed, since I quitted Lima. Might I trouble some of you, in the mean time, for a goblet of water?"

"It is the only article we have not here," said Kabkarra, in a confused tone; "but wine of every growth, and

liqueurs the most rare and costly, you can have in one instant."

"What is the hour?"

"We keep no reckoning here; there is no such thing as time."

"Ye powers supreme, what shall I do! no water! no time! why half these gentlemen will not know what to do with themselves; the English gentlemen, in particular, who do nothing but inquire what o'clock it is; and the French—why, Coup de Vent, what will they do without *eau sucrée*?"

"We shall find them occupation, I doubt not," said Kabkarra.

At the end of the nursery Ada Reis saw with surprise grown folk not only attired like infants, but enduring the various entertainments, lessons, or punishments inflicted upon children. "I marvel," said Ada Reis, "what those



rather ancient and precise-looking geography are about?"

"They are enduring all they have inflicted," said Kabkarra: "some are condemned to translate and analyze dark passages in difficult dialects, of which possibly the author himself knew not the import: there, are they to hammer at it daily, and when they cannot expound, they are lashed. That stiff old gentlewoman in a high chair, with a large basin of maize and milk, sees daily every dainty she most wishes for, and must alone, by spoonfuls at a time, eat the potion placed before her. These women and these men are in seminaries now themselves; they are exposed to every temptation, they are permitted to transgress every hour; and on a sudden, at the convenience or pleasure of that sedate little urchin,

they are to be beaten for the detection of the same errors when found out, as it is called, which, until they are found out, they are daily allowed to practise. They are, in fact, made slaves to the arrogance and ignorance of that little despot.

“ If there is any thing they more than another dislike, at which their appetite revolts, they are made to eat it. In fine, these are tutors, governors, keepers, nurses, and bonnes, who, ignorant themselves, and in proportion obstinate, rendered the happiest years, and to many the only happy years, of the life of human beings miserable, not by lawful and necessary restraint nor instruction, but by their false notions, conceit, and tyranny, their ignorance, and hardness of heart. They had a sacred charge, their office was highly respectable, and had they filled it properly, great would have been their re-

ward: but they were only base pretenders. Here too are such keepers of the mad as neglected their patients and benefited themselves.\* Here too are servants who betrayed their trust; nurses of the sick who drank and slept, and suffered their dying patients to want. Here, also, flaunting in the distance, are pretty nursery maids and other menials, who, by over-indulgence, flattery, and vice, perverted the children confided to their care: these are condemned to hard labour now, to sweep and clean the burning vault; to polish the iron-work in the inquisition-hall, and keep in repair the instruments of torture: hateful wretches, who, to gratify themselves, deceived the confiding parent's eye, and blighted the floweret even in the bud; they showed no mercy; ask not, Ada Reis, what is the penalty of their crime.

“ This,” said Kabkarra, hastening forward, “ is the stamp-office. Here also are the scales, the great scales, in which the intellect and knowledge of every man is weighed against his actions and conduct. You will see in many cases the former weigh so heavy, whilst the good works are so deficient, that one scale kicks the beam, whilst the other goes at once to the lowest chambers, through the dark gallery. Hark! they are weighing now!”

“ How awful! how solemn!” said Ada Reis, starting back, and listening to the hollow heavy sound.

“ This, sir, is the printing-room,” said Kabkarra; “ here is the press.”

“ And who are these gentlemen?”

“ Bad authors from different countries, and the friends who have insisted upon their publishing, as also most reluctantly their publisher, and

“all his devils with him : they are  
“demned to be screwed together,  
“stamped for ever with their own  
“ideas, making a *heavy form*, and  
“quiring the whole *strength* of the  
“pressmen, and a *short pull*, in order  
“to bring off a *perfect impression*. The  
“ribs, the tympan joints, the frisks  
“joints, the garters, both ends of the  
“rounce-spindle are all well oiled to  
“prevent any delay.  
“A thousand imps are employed  
“here: the sheets when stamped,  
“formed, and pressed, are made up  
“into these stupendous folios. Now,  
“as beating is an important part of a  
“pressman’s business, which, if not  
“properly done, renders every other  
“operation useless, the beaters here  
“perform their art to a nicety. Pray,  
“observe.”

The over-curious Coup de Vent

Having inclined himself near the form where the beating party was placed in order, perfectly upright, one of the beaters, going on regularly from right to left, beating hard and close, close and strong, hit him a smart rap, which much amused Ada Reis, who now turned to examine the pulling and the mixing and grinding of colours. Here he found light bodies from various countries of various sorts and sizes; they were pounded and ground upon a marble slab until they produced the hue desired. The black in thought—the green and yellow—the bloody-minded—the pedantic blue, all were here, and each preserved his different characteristic colour; whilst, with wonderful dexterity, Greek, Hebrew, Arabian, Chaldean, Chinese, Egyptian, English, Ethiopian, French, German,

Persian, Syrian, Tamoulic, Teutonic, were printed according to their national characters.

"I was never given overmuch reading," said Ada Reis, mending her pace: "it is not my intention to linger long in this place."

"And yet," said Kabkarra, turning into a magnificent library, "here is much to suit your fancy; for I believe we have every profane and immoral work that ever was written: here, too, are authors and authoresses, and bas bleus—"

"And Shaffou Paca, by all that is wonderful!" said Ada Reis, coldly inclining his head to her, for fear she should join him: she was presiding at a tea-table.

"She is a great favourite of the president," said Kabkarra. "And,"

then addressing her, "much respected parent, while you explain to Ada Reis the wonders of this apartment—"

"Enough, enough!" said Ada Reis, impatiently; "I wish to go on. Scientific women and pedantic men were ever my aversion: *bas bleus* I love not. And, I pray you, as you are so very accommodating, before I see any thing more, allow me to eat and drink; for, considering the very long journey I am come, the excessive appetite I ever was famed for, and all I have gone through, it may be thought not less than natural that I should require some refreshment." In one instant a table was served; the dishes were exquisite, and in the best possible style of cookery.

When he had finished the repast, Ada Reis, upon rising from the table, was



attracted by the beauty, the eloquence, and the interesting nature of a conversation which he heard going on near him. It turned upon various topics of literature, and was maintained with infinite spirit. As different questions arose, the library was ransacked for volumes to refer to. A grey-headed librarian was indefatigable in bringing the books as they were demanded.—One of the disputants wished to refer to the Book of Truth and Knowledge.

The librarian hesitated:—"There is but one copy here," he said, "and it is fixed: it cannot be moved."

"Where is it?" said the philosopher, eager to refer to the passage, that he might make out his point to those with whom he was discoursing.

"They shall see it ere long," said the old man; "but I dare not move it now."

“Where is it?” said Ada Reis. “I will fetch it; for I dare any thing.”

“It is,” said the old man, smiling malevolently, “where thousands of eyes are fixed upon it, reading and considering it. You, too, will see it in good time, but you cannot approach it now.”

The mysterious words of the librarian repressed the conversation, and cast a sudden gloom over the whole of the assembly. They began to remember (for they had all been in their day immoral and licentious writers), they began to remember the poison which they had administered to their fellow-mortals. The venom of their sophistry had perverted innocence, and drawn the tear of anguish from the hearts of parents. It had spread into the system, corrupted the blood, and brought many to that place where they were now them-

selves. The fair, the young, and the innocent had been destroyed by them, cut off, and lost for ever. They seemed to hear the reproachful voice of the victims whom they had perverted; the cry pierced the ear, and penetrated the heart: it sounded as mournful and as unavailing as the shriek of the drowning amidst the roar of the overwhelming waters. They had ruined thousands of whom they had never even heard; and they were now themselves about to be rewarded according to their works. Ada Reis, upon perceiving their sudden melancholy, thanked the Prophet that he had never written a line in his life, and was about to quit a society, which had thus in a moment lost all its gaiety and interest, when several good authors, whose lives unfortunately had not entirely accorded with their writings, were ushered in.

■ Their works were immortal, and placed  
■ in the stars with the blessed, but they  
■ themselves were here. They were so  
■ covered with laurel, and so puffed up  
■ with each others' compliments, that at  
■ first it was difficult to recognise any of  
■ them. When all this unnatural and  
■ artificial exterior was a little removed,  
■ and they began to see things as they  
really were, they were surprised to  
discover how cordially they had always  
detested each other, notwithstanding  
the many civil things they had been in  
the habit of mutually saying. "I re-  
member these gentry upon earth," said  
Ada Reis, "both the good and the  
bad; they are just alike; it is impos-  
sible to satisfy them with flattery, any  
more than an actor or a singer. I  
often attempted to address to some of  
them what I conceived would be gra-

tifying; but their expectations were always so much above any thing I could in conscience say, that what I did say fell flat, and was taken rather as a criticism than a compliment."

A body of physicians was next introduced to Ada Reis, each coming with his apothecary. They had been condemned at once, without further inquiry, and with evident justice, to swallow all the execrable and useless draughts, with which, playing into each others' hands, they had drenched the stomachs of their wealthy patients. Ada Reis, however, shook them heartily by the hand; for the greater part of them were highly clever and agreeable. "I like you, gentlemen," he said; "I always did, and the more as your prescriptions I never tasted."

They now entered spacious cham-

adorned with mirrors, fitted up  
silken couches, with easy chairs  
rest and indolence, and others  
hly ornamented for show and osten-  
sion.

“Here,” said Kabkarra, “are a mixed  
multitude, ladies from every country,  
persons of all conditions, from the  
highest to the lowest, waiting to an-  
swer, not for great and decided crimes,  
but for mistakes, prejudices, follies,  
and foibles; for vices which wore the  
garb and spoke the language of vir-  
tue, and for errors of the judgment,  
which often produce upon your earth  
worse consequences than malignity of  
disposition.”

“It somewhat surprises me,” said  
Ada Reis, “to observe how many more  
men there are here than women.”

“The reason,” said Kabkarra, “is

not so much that women are better than men, as that, by one way or another, women are generally punished upon earth for their offences: our master receives no broken and contrite hearts here. However, if you take a nearer view, females are not so very rare in these habitations.—Hark! the clamour which rises from that part of the chamber will tell you that we have some of them here.” The noise, indeed, was shrill and loud; the voices of women were heard in every tone and key of vexation, peevishness and anger, commanding, ordering, whining, complaining, scolding. Maids were called for, and reprimanded in every direction. “The former ladies,” said Kabkarra, smiling, “are here the servants; their merciless caprices, their unreasonable expectations, their vanity,

their meanness, are all returned upon themselves. No wonder both they and their new mistresses are dissatisfied.”

Ada Reis moved towards that part of the chamber, where he found that dresses, jewels, watches, Mesdames, and Mesdemoiselles, and drugs of every description abounded, æther and opium in particular; most medicines coming, as Kabkarra<sup>\*</sup> remarked, originally from and leading to these quarters. Here were boxes of rouge, and pearl powder, and essences; beginning from the simple essence of rose, and ending with eau de mousseline double, lait virginal, eau des souverains et de toilette: nought, that could heighten the charms or conceal the defects of nature, was wanting. “To-day,” said Kabkarra, “they shall see how the king to whom they have paid tribute upon



earth can entertain them; and to-morrow (their to-morrow, I mean) the will of fate must be fulfilled.”

“ Upon looking around the multitude of persons whom I have seen,” said Ada Reis, “ I am surprised to miss some whom I knew upon earth, and whom I should have expected to have met here.”

“ Oh! I dare say we shall stumble upon them somewhere,” said Kabkarra, “ before we have done.”

“ But I am more surprised,” continued Ada Reis, “ to perceive a great many here who bore upon earth the highest and most irreproachable characters.”

“ Very likely,” rejoined his guide: “ we have a great many very excellent characters here; and many of them brought here on account of that, which

you considered as the very excellence of their characters. The religious hypocrites you have found out and exposed upon earth. Indeed, it is not my interest to say so, but perhaps you carry your suspicions of piety and devotion somewhat too far. However, it is for our advantage that they should be discouraged, and so I say no more upon that head. But there are other hypocrites and pretenders, who continue to take you in with the greatest success, and in perfect security."

"Very probably," said Ada Reis;  
"I have always suspected as much.  
"Now, there is a lady, who, in the  
"country in which she lived, was al-  
"ways held up as a pattern and an ex-  
"ample; correct in her own conduct,  
"severe towards others. What can  
"have brought her here?"

"She is here to answer for the gross-

ness of her conversation. Indeed, it was all you have described her; but she paid herself for the strictness of her life by the freedom of her language, and thus made it sufficiently clear that her freedom from error was by no means the result of the purity and innocence of her mind and feelings.

“That lady, who stands at some distance from her, and whom she regards with such a scowl of disdain, I remember her,” said Ada Reis: “I am by no means surprised to see her here.”

“You are very much mistaken,” said Kabkarra, “if you suppose that that lady has any actual misconduct to answer for:—she has to account for having fallen under the suspicion of errors which she did not commit, and of having lost her character without any reason.”

“Is that her fault?” said Ada Reis.

“That is owing to the censoriousness of the world, the general love of scandal, the envy of rivals, the malice of enemies.”

“Never,” interrupted Kabkarra, “never; it is always owing to imprudence and folly.”

“But, after all, is it a crime?”

“One of the greatest that can be committed: it has all the evil effects of actual guilt; it sets as bad an example, and it injures the individual as much.”

“But is injuring oneself an offence?”

“Again, one of the greatest; because, in your world, no one can injure himself without injuring all with whom he is connected, and more particularly those with whom he is the most nearly connected, and whom it is his particular duty to benefit and assist.”

“ But there is one,” said Ada Reis, pointing to another, “ who can be accused of none of these errors:—put herself in morals, as well as life; austere to others.”

“ Oh!” said Kabkarra, “ that is all very true: it will not go hard with her. She is here on account of her violence in politics.”

“ By my faith, but I am glad of it!” exclaimed Ada Reis: “ I hope she will be soundly trounced. I always hated women intermeddling in affairs.”

“ You are wrong in this, too,” answered Kabkarra. “ They may often be of the greatest service in public matters, as in every thing else; but women who engage in politics ought to take great care that they do not become like the women who follow a camp—more savage and ferocious than the soldiers themselves. The duty and

ce of their sex is to soothe and allay  
not to irritate and inflame."

' Well, it may be so," said Ada  
is; "but I never liked them to inter-  
ddle at all."

' Of the others, whom you are sur-  
sed to see here," Kabkarra resumed,  
ome are come to answer for the  
entation of their charity; some for  
petually tormenting and domineer-  
over their husbands and families,  
ler the pretext of care and affec-  
; and many in consequence of  
at you call upon earth a good heart  
possession which leads the owner  
it into more scrapes than any other  
t. I know of. For the male sex,  
ny, whom you accounted generous,  
arraigned here for the misuse of  
eir wealth; and many, very many,  
om you held blameless, for the mis-  
ployment of their talents."

“ Well,” said Ada Reis, “ but how come so many of the poor here?”

“ They are here to account for their poverty.”

“ What is poverty a crime?”

“ Not necessarily a crime; but it is, as the English lawyers say, a *prima facie* case against a man. He must show how he has become poor; particularly if he has fallen below the situation in which he was originally placed. My good friend, if the devil really did all the mischief which you upon earth lay at his door, we should have much more difficulty in making out our case than we have: but of what you call accident, misfortune, calamity, disaster, infliction, you will find here the real names to be negligence, sloth, imprudence, despondency, and intemperance.”

Whilst Ada Reis and Kabkarra were

thus discoursing, a terrible commotion interrupted the conversation; which was found to proceed from a man and his wife, who, having been linked together, were struggling violently to get free. All they entreated was to be released from each other. "Any other punishment!" they mutually exclaimed, "any other punishment I am willing to bear!"—But, alas! this was the doom pronounced; and the reason given for it was, that they had hitherto lived so much asunder.

"Marriages then, I find," said the woman, "are not made in heaven, after all, but here."

The next person whom they met was Fleur de Rose: Ada Reis embraced her with delight. "Et toi, ma petite," said Ada Reis, "comment se peut-il que je te trouve en si sombre demeure?"



— I am bien sûr pour moi  
ne peut douter, « de vous ré-  
soudre en raisonnable supplice de m-  
re question devant ces dames.

— Parler de grâce."

— I me fait absolument le temp-  
n'importe."

— Vous n'êtes que trop charmant  
— Ah vous êtes toujours aimable!"

— Votre crime?"

— Mon crime! n'oubliez donc pas  
ainsi toutes les bienséances."

— Vous avez commis?"

— Du tout, Monsieur; pour vous parler  
nettement, s'il faut tout avouer, s'il le  
faut, voici mes forfaits. Née, monseig-  
neur, avec un cœur des plus sensibles,  
une imagination des plus vives—enfin,  
Monsieur, j'ai été cause de la mort de  
mon père: j'ai quitté mon mari, trahi  
mes amants, et la douleur c'est emparée  
de mon âme. Au reste, je suis morte

l'avoir attrapée un rhume le soir avant  
le tremblement de terre à Lima, où j'ai  
eu le bonheur de faire votre connoissance,  
m'étant trop échauffée en dansant."

"E lei Signora," said Ada Reis addressing an Italian, who put him for  
one moment in mind of his beloved  
Bianca di Castamela.

"L'amante mi ha trafitto per gelosia  
dello sposo," said the lady, passing on.

"And you, my rigid north-coun-  
try Englishwoman, what brought you  
here?"

"Me, Sir! I don't know my crime."

"Your error?"

"My error!"

"Ay, my good lady."

"It was, I believe, Sir, dissipation."

"Indeed! from your appearance,  
that is the last crime of which I should  
have suspected you."

"Yet, sir, I was dissipated, after our

English manner; and I find that here the dulness of my dissipation is no excuse for it: it is just as criminal, they say, as is the levity of a Frenchwoman, or the gallantry and spirit of an Italian."

"And are they dull, then, in England when they lead a life of idleness, and seek for amusement?"

"Oh, sir! if you were but to know how dull. In truth, they never do seek for amusement—they are always aiming to be what they are not, or studying to hide from others what they are: they never love; they never resent; they never hate; they never enjoy: they affect alone, and they assume."

"I pity, but cannot sympathise with either them or you, madam," said Ada Reis coldly: "but pray, what are those gentlemen that torment the air with groans?"

"They are fortune-hunters, who,

Having married for money, thought it no crime to treat with cruelty the victims of their avarice: they are now condemned to drink hot liquid gold and silver. Those whom they so ill treated daily administer the same to them."

"Dreadful," said Ada Reis, "but just. And, I beseech you, who is that handsome man, surrounded by women who seem persecuting him to death; is he a fortune-hunter? Now, by the Prophet, there seem enough women in that quarter; I need not have made my remark."

"Sire," said Kabkarra, "the young man you observe was, when on earth, a general admirer of the wives of others. He made his way into the houses of his neighbours under every false pretence, for the purpose of practising upon the affections of their silly and

frail partners. He took advantage of every petty defect in the character and manners of the husband ; made use of every calumny respecting his conduct; inflamed every domestic difference; in short, acted the part of the skilful and consummate seducer. Idleness, vanity, and entire want of judgment, were not proof against the seductions of so fashionable a profligate. His career was run, of course, in London, for no country but England acknowledges such a master, or bows with submission to such a deity as Fashion. You have seen those who worship the all-glorious sun, and in its up-rising and down-setting think that they behold a God: they, mistaken as they are, adore at least what a God alone could have created or guided in its orbit: but for these singular believers, these enlightened idolaters, who ridiculed the worshippers of the sun

whilst on earth, how can you account for their infatuation? They have bowed the knee to a meaner object than a cow or an image; they have loved, admired, thought on, lived for, a deity, which they themselves had created; a deity composed too of a greater variety of substances than the molten idol which the stiff-necked Israelites worshipped in the desert. They have sacrificed honour, peace of mind, health, wealth, wives, parents, and, shudder when you think of it, their children, at the shrine of this painted doll, this Fashion; and they are now, in bitter accents, lamenting their infatuation. See," continued Kabkarra, "what numbers are advancing to bow the knee and worship even here the image I have described to you, the many-coloured deity who on earth misled them! Not frantic, like the followers of


Atis; not in Bacchanalian riot and disorder, do they advance wildly to perform horrid rites, but gently reserved, and timidly fearful, these fair but faded votaries approach! In their hands they bear flowers once fragrant, now blighted, to strew upon that altar to which in early youth they were sacrificed. How mournful, how haggard is their air!”

“ Yet do they dance and smile, and sing the song of love and joy,” said Ada Reis.

“ It is no effort,” replied Kabkarra, “ for them thus to deceive the eyes of others, whilst their hearts are bleeding: the mask of gaiety, the outward garb of happiness, these misled votaries are commanded to put on; many, however, have no hearts nor minds: these, if you observe, follow the rest, and form the mass of the assembly, whilst the

more distinguished, with heads erect, and insolent air, usurp at parties and at feasts the places of supposed distinction: these wear peculiar badges of servitude to their deity, to raise them in the estimation of the gaping crowd; they mingle not, if you observe, with the vulgar herd—nothing in life for them had charms but honours denied to others. At theatres they sat apart; to public exhibitions they went upon days when the public were excluded; the beauties of nature, the works of art, the mimic representation of passions exhibited on the stage, study, amusement, the voice of song, the fire of genius, were all tasteless and dull to their apprehension, unless they alone might exclusively see, hear, read, enjoy, what others could not.”

“ I would speak with them,” said





Ada Reis, “and hear from their own mouths their divers histories.”

“Alas! the history of one,” said Kabkarra, “is the history of all.”

As he yet spoke, a fly, gaily extending its wings, soared round and round, ever the same continued round until it consumed itself in the flame of a golden lamp, and languished away in agonies.—Kabkarra, pointing to it, smiled scornfully—“Such is the history, and such the fate of those you have gazed upon—but enough of them.—Passion, not fashion, I imagine, sire, brought you here.”

“I would converse,” said Ada Reis, “with that thin woman:—why does she weep thus? Art thou also one of these? Thy faded wreath, thy haggard air, thy lingering step, declare it.”

“I once was one of them,” said the

lady, with a deep-drawn sigh; “but I am nothing now.”

“Communicate to me, gentle lady,” said Ada Reis, “what have been your adventures, and what occasions you such regret?”

“The happy dream of life being for ever passed; the dread, too, lest I should have been thought wanting in gratitude and attachment to those I loved so well.”

“Are you sincerely penitent for your errors?”

“From my heart, I am!”

“What are you doomed to suffer?”

“My punishment is now to see the shades of every one once dear to me pass by me with indifference; to feel intensely, but to know that none do feel for me; to hear from time-pieces, all day and all night long, not the hours, but all my thousand follies and faults

repeated ; and to be conscious that all my thoughts, wishes, and actions are misrepresented. Sir, can I say more? I was idolized—I am—ah! would I were only forgotten!—But it is well—I lost myself. I felt the harshness and the unkindness of some too keenly—I seized a pen—and the pen which knew once but to write with the milk of human kindness I dipped in gall.”

“ No woman should ever write,” said Ada Reis.

The lady sighed.

“ Name to me,” said Ada Reis, “ as they pass us in long procession, these misled votaries, and tell me truly all you know of them.”

“ They have borne with me,” said the lady: “ I will never return evil for good, and—” . . . As she yet spoke, she mournfully turned away, and followed with the rest.

“ If I had but really believed all this,” said Ada Reis, “ nor passion, nor fashion, nor ought else should have brought me here. Why, Kabkarra, you knave of knaves, you never even hinted at such things.”

“ Did I not ?”

“ No, by the prophet ; and, so far from it, you promised to gratify my ambition to its fullest extent ; you even promised me, you dog, to bestow upon me a kingly crown !”

“ That promise alone should have told you,” said Kabkarra, “ that I meant you but little favour ; for whether it be of thorns or of gold, it is a heavy care to him upon whom it is bestowed. Man, when he places it upon his brows, assumes a pre-eminence over his fellow-creatures, and undertakes an awful responsibility : if he perform

the arduous task well, his reward is infinite; and if he fail, Ada Reis, much is forgiven to the difficulty of his situation. But I speak only, my good Sir, of kings who were born to the honour; upon whom it descended unsought for, and not to such as thou, who had no more need, heaven help thee, of being a king than a cook; and as I know you are fond of eating, tell me, by-the-by, if you ever any where tasted such fare."

"I think at Paris."

"Why the very traiteur you allude to is head cook here; and another such left in that city had sent the rest of the inhabitants of that too delightful capital to us without a chance of redemption."

"Oh, this at least is good," said Ada Reis; "then we shall live well, at all events. But Fiormonda?"

“ I hasten to find her,” said Kab-karra, for one moment retiring.

Ada Reis now turned about, and observed that from every apartment, whoever they might be, and whatever might have been their occupation, every soul was following him; he seemed to be the leader of an immense multitude, or the popular representative of an English city, or a Pasha performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet, so great was the increasing number of his followers, and so diversified were their various countenances and habits. An equerry, named Mousti, now opened a door, just peeped through it, then shut it again, and laughed. Ada Reis, who never took a jest well, unless he had provoked it, and who was curious to a fault, was highly offended at this freedom, and might have fallen into a phrensy of passion, had not at that in-

stant the new guide approaching solemnity, requested him to put the royal robe and the crown, permit himself to be conducted to golden chamber and illuminated gallery, where an entertainment had been prepared in return for the voluntary visit he had paid to the master of these regions.

“Belnabi! I think it singular I have not seen thy master before this; it is no mark of respect in him to treat me thus. Where is he? what is he about?”

Ada Reis received no answer to this inquiry.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ROYAL APARTMENT.

“ I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart.”

VATHEK.

KABKARRA returned; the doors of the royal cabinet were open. Ada Reis walked forward. All was gloomy here; nor massive gold, nor imperial purple, nor magnificence, nor cold ceremony, could enliven the cheerless aspect of the place.

“ It is not just! it is not just! it is not just! that we should be here,” cried the multitude, mournfully addressing Ada Reis; as vast numbers surrounded him on his entrance, all lament-



ing, and all looking to him with hope of redress; for even in these strange scenes and halls they required a leader, the Europeans, in particular; and seeing in Ada Reis that manner which bespoke command, and hearing that he was a monarch, without further discussion they accompanied him where-soever he led them.

What had the gloomy party now given for one hour of that life they had lavished away with such prodigal unconcern! Of what matter now were the quarrels, bickerings, envyings, hatings, fears, and hopes, which had darkened or illumined their journey upon earth! How their hearts reproached them for every act of unkindness to creatures as frail, as miserable as themselves! How idle appeared now every useless extravagance, every selfish care! They were at the end of all things;

and as time past was presented to the memory of each, with every action marked, as in a chart, their spirits sickened at the detail and exhibition of so many follies and iniquities; and, what was still more painful to them, they saw that others knew them, and all they had done, and they durst not look around them, so great was their humiliation. A thousand eager voices arising at once, continually inquired—"What was to be their doom?" some asking, others speculating, others reasoning, others fearing, others hoping—no one answering. But as soon as they had entered the royal cabinet a deep and solemn silence ensued; for there, under a canopy, Fiormonda and Condulmar were seated in awful majesty upon thrones, adorned with every badge of royalty. Despair was

pictured upon Fiormonda's countenance; malice and cruelty distorted the beautiful expression of Condulmar's. Ada Reis paused to contemplate this unexpected scene. It is true, Fiormonda wore an imperial diadem, but it appeared to weigh upon and oppress her. She was pale, as is the first hue of death, but, like it, calm, and still lovely: passion no longer lighted her eye, nor moved her lip; a look of suffering only proved that she was alive; but though alive, the heart that had felt so warmly was as ice; the blood that, in its rapid current, had rioted so violently, was chilled; the thoughts, which had burst the bonds and fetters imposed by reason and duty, were all now turned inwardly upon herself.

Ada Reis's was for a moment deeply

affected. He advanced, and would have clasped her to his bosom, but he could not approach her. She only looked upon him with mournful, reproachful silence; her eyes gazing as the eyes of one in stupor, but half-conscious of what they see: her countenance perfect in beauty, but darkened in its expression by all the hopelessness of despair.

“ We keep no sabbath here” was written in large and bright characters above the throne. Kabkarra, to relieve Ada Reis, drew aside a rich curtain, and suddenly the illuminated gallery burst upon his admiring view. This was splendour! this was beauty! It was lighted with a brilliancy unknown in the palaces of mortals, and in the midst of it was spread a banquet of more than regal magnificence. A

burst of rapturous applause proceeded from the astonished crowd.

“By the Prophet, this is fine!” said Ada Reis.

“Enjoy thyself the moment granted,” said Kabkarra.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE BANQUET.

“ A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort  
And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
Gris—amber—steam'd ; all fish from sea or shore,  
Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
Pontus and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
Alas ! how simple, to these cates compared,  
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !”

PARADISE REGAINED.

As the first clamour of wonder and delight subsided, a profound silence again prevailed ; but the spectacle was at once so grand and so fair, that each individual awakened from despair to remorse, from remorse to hope.

The tables were covered with the richest meats, fruits the most tempting,

and wines of exquisite and rare flavour, whilst opening doors displayed a superb range of apartments, ornamented with breathing marbles, and paintings the most exquisite : one charm alone was wanting—the charm of rarity; for jewels and gold were scattered around with such profusion as to be disregarded, and the blaze of light was reflected from so many mirrors, that the dazzled eye had difficulty in fixing itself upon any one object. While thus rapt in enchantment, music was suddenly heard, such as the ear of love listens to with delight; not the martial strain that kindles our wilder passions, neither the mournful tone that melts the heart to sadness, but the soft-breathing flute, the gay guitar, the harp accompanied by the Italian voice, notes that thrill the ear, and vibrate to the heart; and after this a more lively and

a nobler strain. Its effect was like that of a summer breeze on a gloomy day, which puts the feathery spray of the saplings in motion, while the duskier foliage hardly quivers to the sound; for its effect on the youthful and gay was instantaneous. Fairy forms circled with even measure in the easy waltz, or glided in the light quadrille, while the Spanish and the Russian moved lightly to the sound of the balalaika, or bounded to the gay rattle of the castanets. Condulmar and Fiormonda presided over the entertainment, and Ada Reis was to fill the next seat of honour. Fiormonda hitherto had not spoken; and despair still sate unmoved upon her countenance.

Condulmar seemed to regard her with a smile of scorn. In truth, he hated and despised her, and had the misery of feeling she could never die;



turning, therefore, from her with disdain, he descended from the throne, and approached the banquet, making sign for every one to be seated. Ada Reis had been waiting some time for a word of notice. Condulmar now fixed his eyes upon him and smiled a welcome, then casting them around upon the fair assemblage, "Men and women of the world," he said, "I am commanded to bid you welcome by him I may not name, whose sceptre for this night I bear. Partake of this feast, enjoy the moments allowed you, and to-morrow your claims will be fairly heard, and your future state appointed. Ada Reis, as a friend, I greet you."

A nice observer might, perhaps, have detected as much of mockery as of complaisance in Condulmar's address, but it was accepted by the multitude, as it appeared to be intended, when Fior-

monda arising, at length broke silence as follows, in unexpected accents: "Unhappy mortals," she cried, "O yet beware! all here is deception. This palace is but the abode of remorse and grief; these flowers distil poison; these viands carry in them death; in the goblet is a serpent, and the lips of love will whisper curses after they have touched it; eat not, drink not, but repent."

"In life's short day," said Condulmar, "you had time and means allotted to distinguish between good and evil; and having preferred and followed evil, have joined me in this abode. You have chosen for yourselves, and now learn as far as you can yet learn, the value of your choice; it has been yours to sin, it is mine to reward."

As upon a stormy night the shrieking wind sounds mournfully as it passes

over the forests, and shakes with its violence some old battlement, so one fearful cry of wailing and despair burst from the assembled guests, and made the galleries and halls tremble with the sound. Fiormonda again addressed herself to Condulmar, her voice faint and broken, as if no longer supported by hope. “ Were it possible to move the unjust to one act of justice, were there a single chance of impressing the hardened heart, I should yet be heard. It is true, that, in the short deceitful days of life, we committed errors: young in mind, and wanting in experience, we suffered ourselves to be beguiled; we knew right from wrong, I allow; but dæmons in your form being permitted to arise and tempt us, it was scarce possible for us to resist: in the name of these beings, who, like myself, have been beguiled, I plead.—

If it be permitted to you,—if yet a pitying angel hovers over us to snatch us from your grasp,—try us but once again; permit us, with our present consciousness of the punishment that awaits us, to encounter any temptation: and should we, by our conduct, and sincere repentance, merit some mitigation of our menaced fate, may we hope to find it? Alas! we judged but through the medium of our senses; we saw imperfectly, and the intelligence of our minds was not sufficient to penetrate the mystery: young, infatuated, inexperienced, we suffered ourselves to be misled; but had we lived, had time been given us, had we positively felt afraid——”

“ This,” said Condulmar, “ is the general complaint; but Ada Reis knows human nature too well, not to be certain that were you again, with all

the experience you have acquired, to be exposed to temptation, you would again fall before it.”

“ Oh, but we should not!” cried a million of voices at once. “ Put us to the proof now, now that we know to what error and frivolity will lead, restore us but for a few moments to life, give us but one chance more, tempt us as you will, but let us retain a certain remembrance of the consequence of our faults, and see if we shall again commit them.”

“ Why do I waste my tears and prayers,” said Fiormonda, “ upon one who cannot feel. Too happy in our misery, you would not give us this one chance of safety, even were the power granted you to allow of it.”

Something like a smile curled the lip of Condulmar, when a voice arose from beneath, which seemed to shake the

foundations of the palace, “ The power is granted to me, and the trial shall be made !”

“ Creatures of clay, attend!—On  
“ this one night depends your fate.  
“ The master I serve, although reviled  
“ by all, cannot, may not be unjust;  
“ justice wills, that penitence be put  
“ to the proof. We force no votaries  
“ into our train; we need not the harsh  
“ means of force and compulsion: no  
“ one enters the service of our sove-  
“ reign, except willingly and by his  
“ own consent. You came here by  
“ your own free choice; you shall now  
“ have power given, if you desire it, to  
“ depart; Zubanyànn is not a tyrant;  
“ he wins and rules by gentleness and  
“ persuasion, not by compulsion and  
“ violence. Your feelings and passions  
“ will return: remember, in the hour  
“ of temptation, eternal happiness or

" win now depends upon your choice.  
 " Should you now resist the seductions  
 " of vice, and break through her fasci-  
 " nating agents, who yet hover above  
 " in hopes of bearing you hence, shall  
 " snatch you from our grasp.—Energy,  
 " firmness, resolution, may regain  
 " for you that which you have lost:  
 " awake, then, and strive for victory,  
 " as the hour of trial is at hand."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE DAY OF PROBATION.

As in the Mediterranean and summer seas the waves will often not begin to work and whiten till the wind is down, so when the voice, which had been listened to in silence, ceased, a mixed murmur arose. All lifted up their voices, all promised, and all resolved, and at this moment from above the vaulted roof the hymn of penitence and faith struck full upon their hearing. Amidst the choir Fiormonda distinguished the voice of her guardian spirit;—her heart melted into grief, yet hope prevailed. The diadem no longer oppressed her temples, a smile from Condulmar was all that she desired:



he looked upon her, as when first he had loved her.

Oh! what a dream is happiness, since it depends upon a smile or frown! That look restored Fiormonda from despair to ecstasy; and the beauty and vivacity of her countenance returned once again to captivate each beholder. She was now no longer a silent mournful shade, but the idol and queen of the feast; and the first act of her changed feelings was to throw herself into her father's arms, who clasped her to his heart, and wept with tears of joy. Others were there as young and nearly as lovely as Fiormonda, who no sooner forgot their former alarm, than they gave way to their former flow of spirits.

Lovers now wandered around the galleries with the ladies of their hearts, asking of them their adventures, and describing what had occurred to them-

selves, since they had parted. Ada Reis, in transport, calling Coup de Vent, and Fleur de Rose, and Kab-karra, entreated that the splendid banquet might not be neglected, nor the *déjeûné à la fourchette*, of which he had partaken in the morning, prevent the evening repast. Shaffou Paca, as usual, presided at her tea-table of *bas bleues*, to which every one was not admitted.

At the same time, whatever was done was done in fear, and alarm still crept over the guests, as they recollected where they were; so that they might be said to rejoice in trembling, and to feast with dread. Hope, however, was theirs with all her fair attributes; the feast was exquisite, the chambers beautiful, and the whole scene of unparalleled magnificence.

The conversation by degrees grew more and more animated and interesting. "How singular, after all, that there should be such a place!"

"I never believed a word of it, I swear to you," said one, "though I affected to do so, of course, for the example."

"But what do you really imagine, after all, is to happen?" said another.

"Really," replied a third, "I have done with imagining now."

A Monsieur de S——, a celebrated professor of philosophy, who had often proved (to his own satisfaction) the falsehood of all religion, was now discoursing with Ada Reis. "He was," he said, "he must confess, exceedingly discomposed at what had occurred; a point blank refutation, he acknowledged, of arguments which had convinced the most enlightened, and gained

for himself the highest distinction. But that which surprised him even more was, that so many philosophers were wrong, and so much of what they were thought actually to have demonstrated erroneous. I used," added Monsieur de S——, "to talk much of the weakness of the understanding of man, of the narrow limit of human views, of the strength of prejudice, and the wanderings of imagination; but, until I came here, I was never aware of the extent to which they existed, nor of how much the world was misled by them."

Ada Reis stood some moments musing deeply upon what the professor said. "It is strange, sir!" at length he exclaimed: "I too, like you, have been deceived; and now I find that all I thought certain is false, and all that

I derided and disbelieved as impossible is true."

A lady, who had pleaded with eloquence for a respite and further trial, now perceived her lover by her side, "Are you here?" said she; "is it possible?"

"Your hand," said her lover.

"Take it," she said, "it is yours alone and for ever."

But hardly were their hands united, when the chill of death crept over her. "How deadly cold," she cried, as they stood petrified and entranced, while the gay company still laughed around and saw them not, or gazed upon them as on the statues which supported the portico.

Every one perceived with astonishment the weakness of his neighbour; every one in turn proved, that were they to be tempted, as others were,

·they should assuredly resist. Some took the opportunity of the failure of ·others, to preach to such as remained, ·warning them of their danger; some turned with asperity from those whose errors they had observed, wholly unconscious of their own. These supposed advocates of chastity and religion were astonished at finding themselves in such a place—like the pharisees, they enumerated all they had done—like them they looked with horror upon the frail company before them, and with whom to avoid associating ·they formed a little junto of their own, ·when suddenly a mirror was exhibited to their view, in which they saw the malice, the envy, the uncharitableness of their hearts. “For these,” said the guide, “for these who showed no mercy to their fellow-creatures, no mercy shall

be shown : and by the religion and the morality they have misapplied and misused they shall be judged and condemned." Their fate occasioned infinite triumph to the lawless and the profligate ; but short was their laugh, and short their boast : for, strange to tell, every one yielded, however resolved against it, when his own particular ruling passion was excited by temptation. So that before the evening had concluded, the pretended patriot had sold himself for hire ; the minister had betrayed his king ; the king in his resolves, had oppressed his country ; the son had forsaken his parent ; the parent had mis-spent the heritage of his children ; the virgin had renounced her honour ; the wife had forgotten her vow ; the ambitious man had become mean ; and the infidel, after enjoying

all the blessings of a long life in a fair and wonderful world, denied his Creator!

Ada Reis, with new animation in his eyes, filled his goblet to the brim, and laughed at the failure of each departing guest, swearing that he himself had never felt happier any where. “In truth,” he added, “if it were not my own inclination, I have done nothing to deserve being retained in these abodes.”

As he spoke, a female stood before him: it was not Fiormonda, but one little less beautiful, and much resembling her. Could it be? Yes, it was! it was Bianca di Castamela—young, innocent, attached: he approached to greet her—at that instant the shade of Giulliano passed him. Bianca appeared confused—her infi-



delity was beyond a doubt. Jealousy raged in Ada Reis's heart; he seized her by her dark tresses, and, dragging her along, prepared himself to take signal vengeance upon her. She knelt, she implored for mercy: she fell a mangled corpse at his feet. Then with a hollow laugh he rejoiced at what he had done. The vision fled.

“I have done a deed of blood,” said Ada Reis; “but I am secure.”

“Rejoice in that security,” said his guide; “thy crimes are not single: continue, therefore, and enjoy thyself.”

Condulmar again breathed vows of ardour to his mistress. “I have disguised till now,” he said, “my real wishes; your love, dearest and best beloved, is all I ask for. In infancy I watched thee, in maturer years I directed thy mind—thou art mine! My

feigned disdain was but to make trial of thy attachment." At that moment the last faint sound of an evening vesper passed over the ear of Fiormonda; she looked upon Condulmar, his beautiful countenance was softened with the expression of love, his eyes were dimmed with tears. "I am miserable," he said, "and amidst thousands I am alone."

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All have, perhaps, felt what it is to love with ardour; some have, no doubt, been loved again, even to idolatry. Have any, thus loved, been forsaken—have they endured the agonising bitterness of heart of seeing those for whom they have wasted feeling, perhaps their character, unworthy; and what some lovers feel, even more, ungrateful, contemptuous, and indif-

ferent—has this been the case?—in one generous heart has affection yet outlived the hard trial?—has such a one struggled hard, yet failed, to overcome an unworthy attachment; and was that being thus doted upon believed to be superior to all others?—was his smile, like Condulmar's, all beautiful and seductive?—was his voice soft and persuasive?—in his frown was there death to the heart's peace? Let such a one now imagine Fiormonda amidst the base, the vile, the wicked; estranged from every human tie, and lost to that love which she still continued to cherish.

“Is that a catalpa in your bosom?” said Condulmar: “give it to me, in token of forgiveness.”

She looked upon him, and love, more dangerous than an infectious fever,

caught from his glance new fuel wherewith to consume her ;—she hesitated ; she had forgotten his cruelty—his wickedness : she adored him, and she saw that her attachment was returned. She felt again with all the confiding innocence, the ardour, the enthusiasm of first youth, for to that period had she returned. The moment of temptation had recurred, and human frailty could scarcely resist : suddenly springing from its delusions, she knelt and prayed for support.

Scarce had she uttered the heartfelt prayer, when her spirit, like a cloud, dissolved and melted into air. She was borne through the shrieking winds ; she was carried in the lightning amidst storms and whirlwinds. Through flame and through air she saw crowding before her astonished senses all that was, and is, and will be : delirium never con-

jured up such fantastic horrors as passed before her; but her determination continued unshaken, and by that determination she was preserved.

In the meantime the revellers continued their entertainment. The song was gay, the dance was more and more rapid; the wine was quaffed, the meats vanished, and the light became so dazzling that the enfeebled eye could scarce endure it. Condulmar now approached his other votaries and admirers with tempting and deceitful words; but, whilst he spoke, his visage became deformed, and its expression terrible.

His adulators started back. "Is this," they said, "him whom we have loved?"

"I was ever," he cried, "the monster you now see me. I did not even disguise myself, fair and frail ones, but you chose to love me in spite of what

I was. I sought you not; more even than this, I warned you. I have the same splendid talents now, the same powers of seduction; one only gift I retain not, and, to your shame I speak it, it seems the only one which has power to win and keep you—I mean beauty. My conversation shall be as delightful, but my smile more horrible than imagination can conceive.”

Ada Reis heeded not what was passing; he had entered into a fierce dispute with several learned men.

The Book of Life was again appealed to. “There is but one copy here,” said the same malignant old librarian, whom Ada Reis had conversed with in the morning.

“I will fetch it,” cried Ada Reis; “ay, and I will see this king of terrors face to face. I will read in the Book of Life, though millions of demons

should oppose my passage ! Come with me, ye disciples, as I am, of evil : we have seen the beauties and wonders of this palace ; let us now look upon our king himself.”

He arose, and went forward ; all crowded after him ; a sudden darkness enveloped them. The chill from a newly-opened vault could not have occasioned a tremor like the cold which now shook every limb of the terrified guests : they remembered, each of them, that again they had failed under temptation—the hour of probation was passed ; darkness was over all ; none can conceive the depth of that darkness. As in the silence of night a sleeping city is at once awakened by the shrieks of the dying when a sudden fire has broken out and devours whole streets, such horror and astonishment came upon

them. Ada Reis started; but with desperate courage proceeded on his way—low wailings, convulsive sobs, were heard around—the stifled groan, the agonizing sigh, the bursting heart, every where betrayed the victims of uncontrolled passion, lawless ambition, and misused talents. The bright aspiring eye of genius was downcast, as before the mind of each individual appeared his past life in full review, and all his sins blazoned forth without excuse or palliation. Now flames issued from the vault, a dazzling light broke the darkness, and again deep darkness followed the light, till the bewildered brain and enfeebled sight became confused. Then that power, which yet upheld them, gave way, and they fell sinking into that abyss, where myriads of the miserable were condemned to remain in an eternity of anguish, falling headlong for ever, as



in whirlwinds the hot sand circled around their parched bodies, and the cold blast pierced their unprotected lungs—A shrill trumpet sounded at intervals; it sounded the funeral of life's hopes, pleasures, and illusions.

Ada Reis pursued his course—despair had taken possession of his heart. The old grey librarian still guided him on his way: terrific noises now distracted his hearing; sights the most disgusting, huge, and extraordinary, crowded, one after the other, before him; thought travelled with such speed through his brain, that incoherent madness could alone be likened to it; yet consciousness was left him. “I will read in the Book of Life,” he continually cried; “I will see my king face to face.”

Kabkarra suddenly reappeared; he laughed—that laugh grew louder and louder—one prolonged terrific yell

then issued from the burning vault. "Hail, Ada Reis! Hail, king! hail, emperor of the whole surrounding scene!" said Kabkarra.

The various noises, the crowding sights, the intense heat and cold, ceased—Ada Reis gazed as upon one interminable sea; his eye seemed strengthened, so as in one view to grasp a vast ocean without boundary; and far, far as he gazed, all shrouded, all cold, the wrecked, the dead arose silently upon the surface of that still water. They all mournfully gazed upon the gates of fire which yet concealed the burning vault, the only point of land visible in that cold, still, never varying ocean.

Issuing from that vault, a voice loud and terrible thus addressed the multitude: "Cease, wretched beings! to hope: the hour is past! I am your king; you have worshipped me on earth, you

have worshipped me here—fall down and tremble before my feet! Hail, Ada Reis!”

The massive portals opened, and, wide as is the surface of the heavens, the Book of Truth opened upon Ada Reis's view,—every leaf was bright as a silver cloud, or the shining surface of a lake, whilst upon each page was written, in distinct characters of fire, the word of the Most High. It was suspended in the centre, and the atmosphere around it was serenely calm; rescued souls, still performing penance, supported the leaves; with eyes averted and raised towards heaven, they prayed eternally for the condemned; whilst fire and smoke enveloped the evil. The condemned within the immeasurable depth of the area crowded together, all wailing and imploring for release from pain. That release was granted.

They were now silent, and from a distance stood mournfully gazing upon the sacred book; their breaking hearts and sorrowing eyes were all fixed upon its glorious promises, with the consciousness that they had contemned, disbelieved, and rejected its commands.

The bad angels, though not permitted to approach and touch the book, surrounded it with flames of fire, which they breathed from their nostrils and mouths, vainly endeavouring to darken and consume its pages; but, like a stream of light athwart the darkness, it remained unobscured. Condulmar now entered; and with a form which had not yet lost all its original lustre, took his post, and pointed to the sacred volume with a mournful air. The monarch of that abode appeared not.

Whilst Ada Reis pondered upon this fearful and unexpected scene, his feet

became riveted, and his eyes, never more to turn away, were drawn towards that, to him, despairing leaf; the awful sentence upon which so many bleeding hearts, distracted thoughts, and weeping eyes were fixed, was now read to him by a voice from beneath, loud as the shock of clouds and the last tramp:—it said—

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHILST these hardened victims were suffering the punishment of their crimes, impenitence, and want of faith, Fiormonda was borne away by the good spirit, through all the terrors and dangers of that mysterious gulf which separates the living from the dead.

“Have mercy and save me!” she cried, starting from visions of agony and sorrow which pursued her, when, upon opening her eyes, she found herself in an Indian hut, surrounded by faithful Indians, who were endeavouring to soothe her pain, and administer relief to her fainting frame. “Where am I?” she cried, gazing wildly around her. Was all she had felt, then, but

a dream? Could the human mind have pictured that which she had seen? And was she still on earth, saved, by the care of Providence, from that tremendous earthquake which had destroyed so many others? What was the truth she knew not. Never more did she see Condulmar or Ada Reis; never more did she re-enter the ruined city of Lima. Far away from all she had loved, she sought, in a lone country, for a sacred asylum—she dedicated her heart to her Creator; she studied by day and by night to subdue in herself every selfish and weak feeling—and she succeeded.

In the course of time a pious missionary, who chanced to pass near her humble dwelling, hearing of her great piety, called upon her to be baptized, and converted her to the true faith: then, with tears of gratitude, she blessed

the mercy of her Redeemer, and prayed the heart's prayer of the penitent. Her sole object, with respect to others, was to do good; and, for herself, her sole employment was to repent her past offences, and to amend her life. She lived the remainder of her days alone. Peace at length returned to her suffering heart; and when she died, she died in the hope that she had been of use, that she was beloved and regretted by her fellow-creatures, and forgiven by that Being who delights in mercy, and to whom she commended her spirit.



## CONCLUSION.

Not far from the town of Guatemala upon the Rio Las Vacas, in the province of Honduras, in Mexico, are two mountains. The one remarkable for its perpetual verdure, blooming flowers, and richly cultivated land the other for a wild and barren volcano ever groaning deeply from within, and rolling to the heavens volumes of sulphureous smoke.

The native Indians imagine that a good and an evil spirit dwell within these heights.

The good spirit is said to inhabit the verdant mountain, where spring ever reigns; and the evil spirit to dwell in the volcano, from whence it rushes

in flame and desolation. Thus  
is the history of Ada Reis!

Ye, of whatsoever country, age, or  
sex, who have accompanied me through  
these pages, attend to the moral of  
them. Kabkarra is every where, ever  
active, ever zealous, ever lying in wait  
and watching for his prey. But, for  
those who will listen to his voice, Ze-  
vahir is still at hand to rescue and to  
save. There is no seduction so allur-  
ing, that he will not enable the senses  
to resist it; no danger so appalling, that  
he will not animate the soul to brave  
it; no situation so lost and miserable  
that those who will listen to his exhort-  
ations may not extricate and retrieve  
themselves from it.

The resolution and energy which his  
lessons inspire can, by sure but slow  
degrees, raise and elevate to the sum-  
mit of happiness and of honour.

Arise, ere it be too late—the fate of man is in the will of man. The good spirit will confirm the resolute, and embolden the bold; but the timid and the feeble voluntarily deliver themselves over to Kabkarra.

Look then, into your own heart; repent, and pray; beware of the fate of Ada Reis; for, however seductive the paths of pleasure, however delightful the palace, the banquets, and the song of the tempter, remember that, step by step, they lead to the gate of the burning vault, over which it is written—

“ *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate.* ”

## NOTES.

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Note 1, page 5.

*Bird of the mountains.*

*Condour* ou *Condor*.—La région que l'on peut regarder comme le séjour habituel de cet oiseau commence à une hauteur égale à celle de l'Etna, et comprend des couches d'air élevées de seize cents à trois mille toises au-dessus du niveau de la mer. La caverne (*Machay*) d'*Antisana*, située vis-à-vis la montagne de *Chussulongo*, et de laquelle nous mesurâmes l'oiseau planant, est élevée de deux mille quatre cent quatre-vingt treize toises au-dessus du niveau du grand océan. Ainsi la hauteur absolue que le condor atteignoit étoit de trois mille six cent trente-neuf toises; là, le baromètre se soutient à-peine à douze pouces. C'est un phénomène physiologique assez remarquable, que ce même oiseau, qui, pendant

**THE**

*[The page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible text.]*

Le Cur-  
Le Chim-  
Le Concombre  
Chimbo de

Chimpani. Suivant lui, Chimbo-Raço, signifie  
 neige de l'autre bord; parce qu'au village  
 Chimbo, en vue de l'énorme montagne  
 couverte de neiges, on passe un ruisseau.—  
*Tableau de la Nature*, p. 74, 192.—HUM-  
 OLDT.

Note 3, page 8.

*'Alla Acbar,' I faintly repeated.*

In better times, "when a wytych on a broom-  
 stick seeing her friend the devil sailing through  
 the air, advanced familiarly to meet him, a  
 bishop, whom she had not perceived, riding  
 stately on his back, exclaimed, "Ave Maria,"  
 which so frightened her broomstick that she  
 got a fall."—*See the ballad of Bishop Athen-*  
*dus.*

The condor, undoubtedly, if he had under-  
 stood Arabic would have kicked up: it is not  
 the author's fault that he was ignorant of the  
 language.

**Note 4, page 11.**

*Enter at once the promontory, and sing with  
me incessantly, the spirit of the storm.*

It is difficult, but it is possible, to see the  
spirit of the storm. There is a wonderfully  
beautiful drawing of her, which the translator  
of *Ami Bon*: The once was permitted to look  
upon.

**Note 5, page 14.**

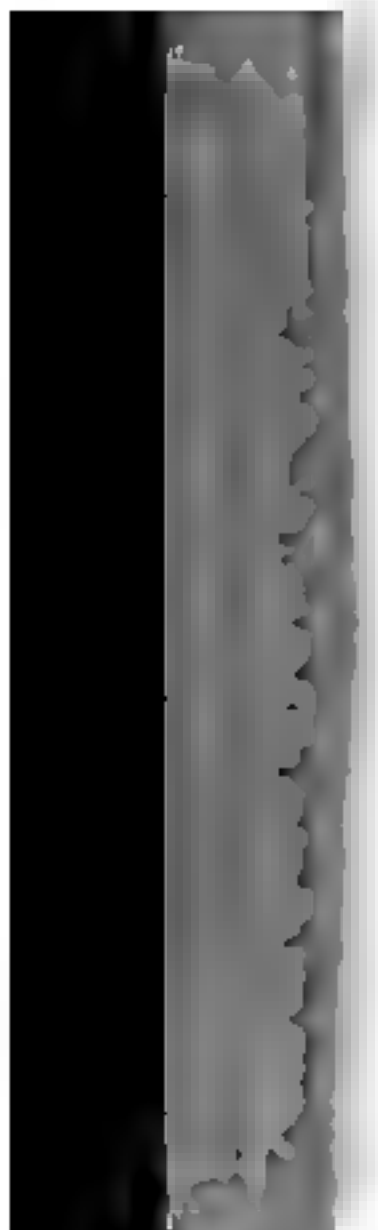
*She is a girl for evermore.*

Les fameux sauts du Niagara dont les prin-  
cipaux se trouvent dans le haut Canada. Dans  
cet endroit la rivière a 600 verges de large, et  
la chute est de 142 pieds. Entre les chutes,  
il y a une petite île : le saut qui est du côté  
des États-Unis a 163 pieds de hauteur per-  
pendiculaire, sur un quart de lieue de large.  
Rien ne saurait dépeindre l'étonnement que  
l'on éprouve en voyant cette énorme masse  
d'eau tomber sur une roche calcaire très-  
dure, durcie par des particules de sable  
quartzueux, d'où elle rejaillit à une grande  
hauteur, changée en écume qui la fait paraître  
blanche comme la neige. La vapeur qui s'en

exhale élançée en brouillards vers le ciel, s'aperçoit de cinq lieues, et les rayons du soleil y produisent un superbe arc-en-ciel. Le bruit qu'elle fait est tel, qu'à plus de six lieues il se fait encore entendre comme celui de vingt tonnerres à-la-fois. Il se forme, après la chute du fleuve, des tourbillons d'eau si terribles, qu'on ne peut y naviguer, qu'à deux lieues de distance. Au pied de la cascade, on trouve des monceaux de poissons et des tas d'anguilles entrelacées les unes avec les autres.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 108.

THE END.





**LONDON:**

**WILLIAM AND ANNE CLAYTON, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.**



